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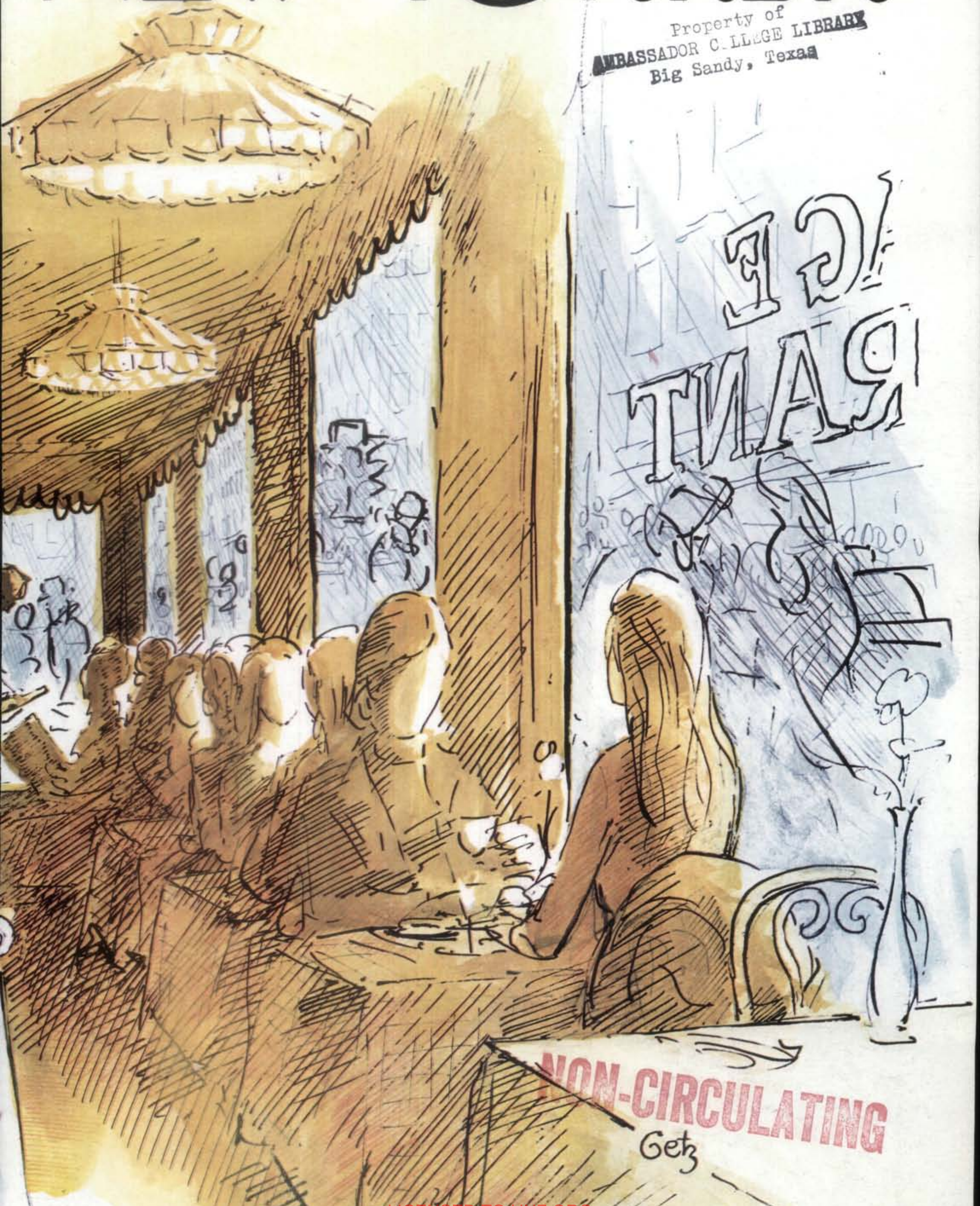

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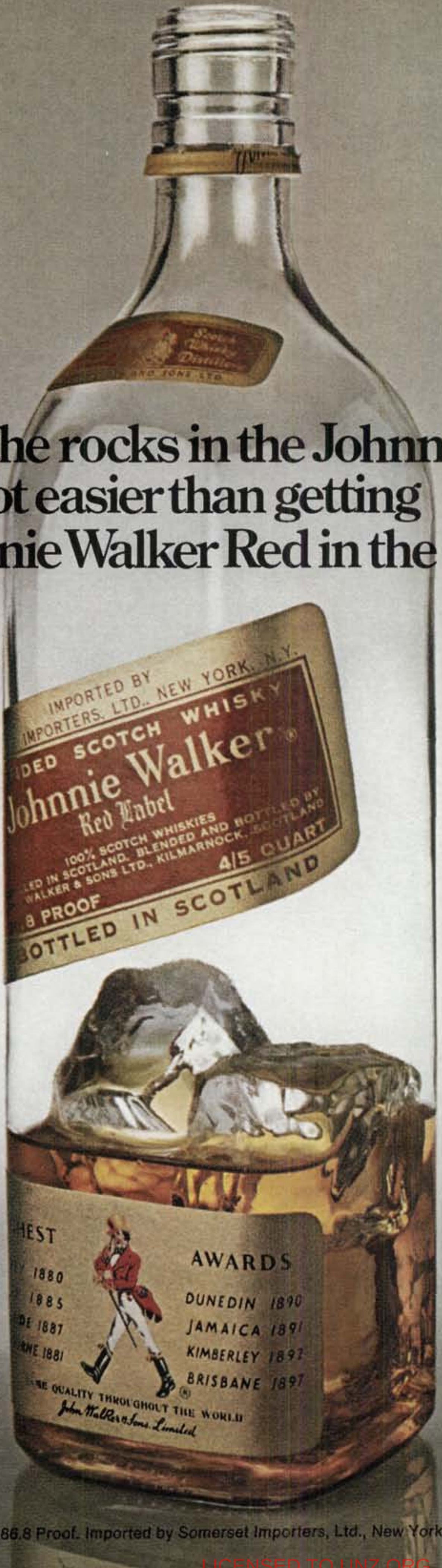
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Tony Roberts, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Jan. 12, at 7:30.)

All Over Town—A carelessly carpentered, not very funny farce by Murray Schisgal. Direction by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Black Picture Show—A play by Bill Gunn. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Dick Anthony Williams, Albert Hall, and Carol Cole head a cast directed by the author. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 2.)

Black Theatre Series—The second bill in a series of four productions: Umar Bin Hassan's "Aid to Dependent Children," performed by the Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A splendid revival of the Tennessee Williams Deep South melodrama about sex, money, and family life. With Elizabeth Ashley and Fred Gwynne. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Enter a Free Man—An early play by Tom Stoppard, written in an uncharacteristically down-to-earth vein but well worth a visit. An admirable production. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 4.)

Equity Library Theatre—A musical, **NEW GIRL IN TOWN**, by George Abbott and Bob Merrill, based on O'Neill's "Anna Christie," will be the fourth show in this season's series of eight. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 9, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

God's Favorite—A grossly inept retelling of the Book of Job, in what the author, Neil Simon, thinks of as a comedy about a rich Jewish family on Long Island. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Hashish Club—A play by Lance Larsen about a small secret society of drug addicts and what befalls them when they celebrate. Faultlessly acted. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-3194. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 11.)

Hotel for Criminals—An enchanting little musical, by Richard Foreman and Stanley Silverman, in homage to a long-dead French maker of vampire movies—how is that for reaching for a subject? Exquisitely staged and admirably sung. (Exchange Theatre, 151 Bank St. 929-2880. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Praise of Love—A sentimental comedy by Terence Rattigan, worth going to see for Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, Martin Gabel, and a set by Jo Mielziner. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

London Assurance—A merry burlesque of an old comedy by the Irish playwright Dion Boucicault. The cast is headed by Donald Sinden, of the Royal Shakespeare Company. The art of High Ham was never more wittily demonstrated. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sund at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 12.)

Madhouse Company of London—Horseplay some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret s ting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 54 8394. Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and S urdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays 8:30.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but t magic tricks by Doug Henning make up f it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-63 Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. M inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, a Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Manhattan Project—Two Andre Gregory pr ductions: Chekhov's comedy **THE SEAGU** Opens Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 6. Wednesda through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays 7. . . . ¶A new play by Wallace Shawn, c **LATE NIGHT.** Opens Thursday, Jan. 9, at 6. S urdays at 10:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette 677-6350.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's pl translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 4 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursdays and F days at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9: and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

The Member of the Wedding—A creditable p duction of the sweet-sad Carson McCull comedy, now a quarter of a century o (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-63 Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday a Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 11.)

The Nothing Kid and **Standard Safety**—A p

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DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, Lee Lorenz, Ton Smits, James Mulligan, Dana Fradon, Georg Booth, Everett Opie, Edward Frascino, Ed Arno, Bernard Fuchs, Jack Ziegle Edward Koren, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Warren Miller, Dean Vietor, James Ste venson, Joseph Farris, William Hamilton, Stan Hunt*

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Of Mice and Men—The Steinbeck play about two misfits and their doom. With James Earl Jones and Kevin Conroy, in an excellent production. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pretzels—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Shenandoah—John Cullum in a musical taken from James Lee Barrett's 1965 film of the same title. Music by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell, and a book by Mr. Barrett, Philip Rose (who also directed), and Mr. Udell. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 8, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 9.)

Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played with incomparable finesse by John Wood, and Philip Locke is superb as his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**——John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 2 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Where's Charley?—A revival of Frank Loesser's musical version of the Brandon Thomas play of 1892. Raul Julia and an attractive cast work very hard to make the old warhorse canter. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wiz—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yentl the Yeshiva Boy—A play adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story by Leah Napolin and Mr. Singer. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,121 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. Reopens Tuesday, Jan. 14. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

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Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Jo Jo Starbuck, Ken Shelley, An Galmarini, and Freddie Trenkler. (Madis Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31 and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays throu Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, a 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Ext matinée Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 2. Clos Sunday, Jan. 19.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule- Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Bugaku," "Ep sodes," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thur day, Jan. 9, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Si fonietta" (première), and "Cortège Ho grois.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8: "T Goldberg Variations" and "Cortège Ho grois.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2: "B gaku," "Sinfonietta," and "Tchaikovsk Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Episodes," a "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Sunda Jan. 12, at 1: "The Goldberg Variations and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 1 at 7: "The Goldberg Variations," and "Co tège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 14, at "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony C.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Danc at a Gathering," and "Pulcinella.". ¶ Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Tchaikovsk Concerto No. 2," "Stravinsky Violin Co certo," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Frida Jan. 17, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 18, at "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at "Concerto Barocco," "Episodes," and "W Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Linco Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Fe 16.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Jan. at 8: "Fancy Free," and "La Fille Mal Ga dée.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Les Sy phides," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort "Grand Pas Classique," and "The River.". ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Pas de Quatre "At Midnight," "Don Quixote Pas Deux," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Saturda Jan. 11, at 2: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturda Jan. 11, at 8: A thirty-fifth-anniversary pr gram of excerpts from various ballets, danc by Erik Bruhn, Agnes de Mille, Anton Doli André Eglevsky, Royes Fernandez, Mar Karnilova, Nora Kaye, John Kriza, Hu Laing, Lupe Serrano, Antony Tudor, a Igor Youskevitch. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 12, 2 and 7:30: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Ja 14, at 8: "Harbinger," "Pas de Quatre "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Concerto.". ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Concerto "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," "Don Qu xote Pas de Deux," and "The River.". ¶ Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Napoli Dive tissements," "Dark Elegies," "Diana a Acteon Pas de Deux," and "Theme a Variations.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at "Billy the Kid," and "La Fille Mal Gardée . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2: "Harbinge and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Saturda Jan. 18, at 8: "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort "The River," "Unfinished Symphony," a "Concerto." (City Center, 131 W. 55th 246-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 2.)

Nureyev and Friends—With Merle Park, Lou Falco, leading soloists of the Paul Tayl Dance Company, and others, in a five-wee engagement. The program: "Apollo," "T Moor's Pavane," "Aureole," and "Flow Festival in Genzano Pas de Deux." (Ur 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nigh ly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturda at 2. Through Saturday, Jan. 25.)

Pearl Lang Dance Company—Performing a ne full-length work, "The Possessed," based Ansky's play "The Dybbuk." (Kaufma Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 8, a Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 12, 5:30; and Monday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

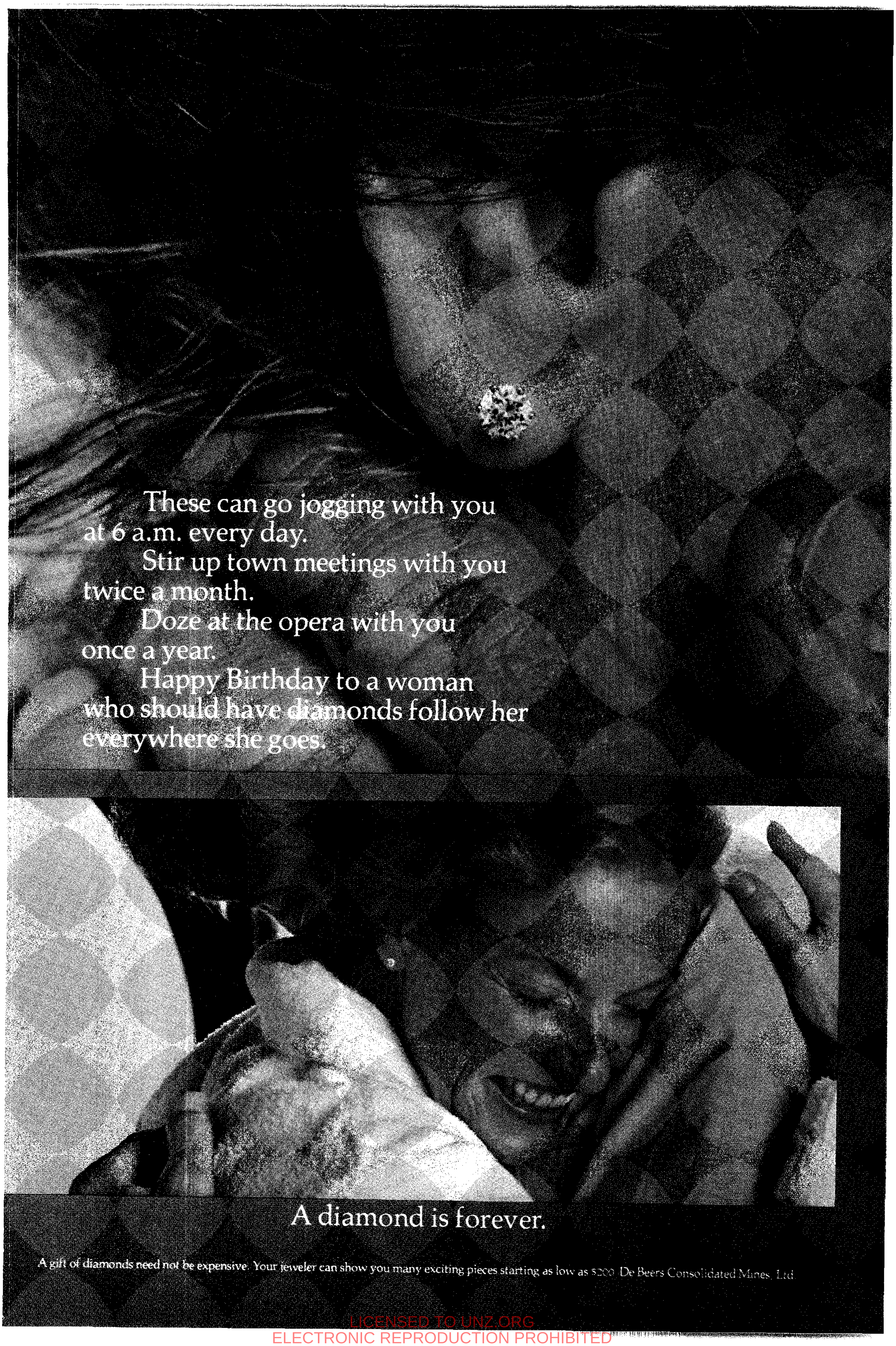
(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town

David Amram—St. James Infirmary, 22 Se enth Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). Sin ing at the piano, Monday, Jan. 13, at ten.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at C lumbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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BRICKTOP AND HUGH SHANNON—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten until two; Shannon is here alone on Tuesdays as well.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

RON CARTER, FRANK WESS, ROLAND HANNA, AND BEN RILEY—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Bass, flute and saxophone, piano, and drums, respectively. Through Saturday, Jan. 11, from nine-forty-five to three.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

ANITA ELLIS AND ELLIS LARKINS—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vocals and piano, respectively. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-fifteen.

TERRY GIBBS—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vibraharp, with Barry Harris, Milt Hinton, and Ray Mosca; beginning Tuesday, Jan. 14, from nine-fifteen to one.

SONNY GREER, RUSSELL PROCOPE, AND BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

CHICO HAMILTON—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 8-11, from ten to three.

ILLINOIS JACQUET—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Tenor saxophone, with pianist Hank Jones, guitarist Tiny Grimes, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Panama Francis. Mondays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, and twelve-forty-five.

ELVIN JONES—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet, at ten, through Sunday, Jan. 12.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

LEE KONITZ—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). With guitarist Attila Zoller, from nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

MARIAN McPARTLAND—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

SAMMY PRICE—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

ROSWELL RUDD—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). Trombone and French horn, leading a quartet, Tuesdays through Sundays, from ten.

PHAROAH SANDERS—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor saxophone, leading a quintet, from ten, beginning Tuesday, Jan. 14.

GIL SCOTT-HERON—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals, piano, and percussion, leading a combo. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 8-11, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

DOC WATSON—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Guitar and folk songs, beginning Thursday, Jan. 16, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

TEDDY WILSON—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, with saxophonist Charlie Ventura, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole, from nine-fifteen to one, through Saturday, Jan. 11.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Long and narrow, like the vessel it is intended to suggest, this seaworthy establishment has moved its bandstand from the bow to midship. The décor remains comfortably cluttered with fishing nets, hanging barrels, even a few fake fish dangling from the rafters, and portraits of sailing ships. The musical crew consists of Cedar Walton's trio on Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features reliable, straight-ahead jazz. Bassist Ron Carter, pianist Roland Hanna, flutist and saxophonist Frank Wess, and drummer Ben Riley—who collectively call themselves the New York Jazz Quartet—play hearty, up-tempo arrangements of standards through Saturday, Jan. 11. On Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 13-14, drummer Michael Carvin leads a quartet, and beginning Wednesday, Jan. 15, Jackie Paris performs with a quintet. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A goodly portion of the seating here—sometimes as much as fifty per cent and more—is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house or sell out the shows and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously and unspontaneously enthusiastic audience. Gil Scott-Heron, a black poet and novelist in his mid-twenties who teaches creative writing at Federal City College, in Washington, has written some provocative and infectious music with his partner, Brian Jackson, a young pianist and flutist. Scott-Heron, an artful, effective, deep-voiced singer, presents a tall, wiry, and intense figure onstage, surrounded by the members of his band. When he finishes his vocal duties, he usually retreats to the side of the stage, letting the band perform a long instrumental segment, as he plays a tambourine or a rhythm gourd. Although his often doctrinal lyrics are primarily, but not exclusively, intended for young black culture, his music—a highly percussive weave of blues and jazz—is as accessible (and infinitely more satisfying) as most contemporary rock. Scott-Heron's rhythmic, hard-to-keep-still-in-your-chair sets are usually sprinkled with readings of his sharp-witted verse. Pianist Gene Harris alternates with Scott-Heron and company Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 8-11. One of Canada's premier rock groups, the Guess Who, performs Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 13-15. On Thursday, Jan. 16, Doc Watson, one of the most respected of folklorists, will bring in his six- and twelve-stringed guitars and mouth harp, and sit down to sing and pick. Bluesman Leon Redbone will open the sets for Watson. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sunday, Jan. 12.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist portraits, and the musical collaborations of Barry Harris, on piano, and his bassist, Bill Takas. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. The following week (Monday through Saturday, Jan. 13-18), vibraharpist Mike Mainieri will work with pianist Warren Bernhardt. These musicians play from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich, the nominal proprietor, on the walls. Illinois Jacquet, Hank Jones, Tiny Grimes, Percy Heath, and Panama Francis are robustly playing together at ten and midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, and twelve-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** what might easily pass for a peaceable room of aging dignity, were it not for its spirited musical offerings. There are upholstered side chairs, love seats at tables, and a line of banquettes flanking pastel muralled walls. Manhattan Transfer—a flashy vocal quartet and four backup musicians—presents a collage of harmonic vocal numbers from the thirties, forties, and fifties. Shows begin at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the **BEMELMANS BAR,** solo pianist Marian McPartland whips out polished fantasies that spring from such diverse sources as John Coltrane, Carole King, and Alec Wilder. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools ornament this often highly animated establishment. Pianist Mary Lou Williams, widely admired and invariably swinging, is still going strong (she first performed professionally nearly fifty years ago). Fender bassist Milton Suggs keeps up with her Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. On Sundays, Dick Hyman admirably presides over the keyboard. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A lively swing threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, Russell Procope on alto saxophone and clarinet, and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten on, alto-sax master Lee Konitz trades ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Wilbur Little, and Lynn Crane sings an occasional tune with the trio. Snacks.

JACQUES AT THE VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Joe Muranyi cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, trumpeter Max Kaminsky is in charge of a Dixieland band from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century, with music that comes from much later eras. Teddy Wilson, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and others over the past forty years, does quite well with saxophonist Charlie Ventura, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole; through Saturday, Jan. 11. On Tuesday, Jan. 14, vibraharpist Terry Gibbs begins a rare East Coast stint. He will be working with Barry Harris, on piano; Milt Hinton; and drummer Ray Mosca. The hours are nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland band breaks loose from nine to midnight. . . . ¶ In the front, glassed-in **BIRD CAGE**, consummate accompanist Ellis Larkins supports singer Anita Ellis, who is making a rare club appearance. Miss Ellis was, in the forties and fifties, a major dubber for movies, and she sang, among many other numbers, "Put the Blame on Mame" for Rita Hayworth in the 1946 film "Gilda." At nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-fifteen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Chico Hamilton guides his latest assemblage of promising musical artisans through some lively sets; through Saturday, Jan. 11. Sundays through Tuesdays, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, Gordon Edwards on bass, and their drummer settle into some very fine rhythm-and-blues. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—Chicken casserole and cinquecento golden oldies are two of the house specialties at this pleasant student refuge and classical musicians' hangout. Most of the young professional musicians who perform here as soloists or in chamber groups normally play with the large orchestras of the New York City Ballet, the New York City Opera, or the Metropolitan Opera. These quarters serve as a unique showcase for their individual skills. Solo performers—including a lutanist, a soprano, and a pianist whose interests and abilities encompass the Goldberg Variations and the "Maple Leaf Rag"—dominate Mondays through Thursdays and Sundays, while Fridays and Saturdays are given over to chamber ensembles, which comprise strings, piano, flute, or bassoon, in varying proportions. A basket for contributions is at the front of the dining area. The hours for live music run from seven to eleven (from six on Sundays).

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Holly Woodlawn, a whimsical female impersonator and one of Andy Warhol's greatest superstars, sings opposite poetess Cherry Vanilla through Saturday, Jan. 11. Novella Nelson, a striking young woman who sings with a confident, dramatic style, arrives on Tuesday, Jan. 14. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, at nine and eleven, Martha Schlamme performs Brecht-Weill compositions. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—This new jazz club, which occupies the cellar of a tiny white-bricked building south of Sheridan Square, features the music of trombonist Roswell Rudd and his able sidemen—Hod O'Brian on piano, Brian Torff on bass, and Beaver Harris, drums—Tuesdays through Sundays. Rudd, whose presence is very loose and relaxed, is responsible for some of the most peculiar, perverse trombonal utterances since Big Charlie Green. (Green was a Fletcher Henderson trombonist, and his expressive intonations were glorified on Bessie Smith's 1927 recording "Trombone Cholly.") Rudd, whose mannerisms stem from both New Orleans and avant-garde traditions, rocks back and forth and up and down as he plays, and then tosses off a series of encouraging grunts, sighs, and yeahs as the other musicians solo. Sheila Jordan sings and scats with the group on Fridays and Saturdays, and bassist Harvey Schwartz replaces Torff Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18. On Monday, Jan. 13, the multifaceted David Amram will play piano and sing some improvised material. Music from ten.

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Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Bricktop, a celebrated night-club hostess in Paris in the twenties and thirties, is currently making an impact on the upper East Side—not exactly Montmartre. Now in her eighties, she is no longer a flaming redhead or the "pale, unspoiled beauty" of a 1925 description in *Vogue*. Her hair is pinned up simply and befitting her age; she dresses in metallic-threaded caftans, and quietly projects a worldly and regal wisdom. Her voice is rich and strong—she has even retained a coy growl, which she injects into "St. Louis Blues"—and she delivers a song with such uncommon finesse that in spite of her somewhat slow, careful pace, she swings. Bricktop is at the Soerabaja with singer and pianist Hugh Shannon Wednesdays through Saturdays (Shannon is also on hand on Tuesdays) from about ten until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Trumpeter Chet Baker works with and inspires a relaxed, smooth, neo-fifties ensemble on Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz and guitarist Attila Zoller renew their simple, basic, thoughtful collaborations, which are something of a relief from excessive amplification, synthesizers, wawa-pedalled saxophones and trumpets, and other current fashionably complex approaches to music. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, free-form music in a modest, spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. Flags and posters adorn the walls, and a quantity of orange-and-white parachute nylon billows from the ceiling. The musicians—drummer Rashied Ali, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, Hilton Ruiz on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soul food and soft drinks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Powerhouse drummer Elvin Jones and his quintet finish after Sunday, Jan. 12. On Tuesday, Jan. 14, Pharoah Sanders, an intense tenor saxophonist, moves in with his ensemble. Mondays are, as always, given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band with Juanita Fleming supplying the vocals. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: pianist Nat Jones works with a bassist Thursdays through Sundays; Chuck Fowler, on piano, and Duke Cleamons, on bass, perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and Robin Clark on piano get together for swing sessions. On Fridays a bop quintet takes the stand. Sammy Price, king of the Charleston in the Southwest in the twenties, and claimant to the boogie-woogie kingship here and now, works with the still formidable Jo Jones, on drums, and tenorman Paul Quinichette; on Saturdays and Sundays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner's dance threesome spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ**, from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Steven Weltner prevails Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lisa Carroll is dispensing songs in the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PLAZA RESTAURANT**, violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does a reprise Sunday nights from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, Christopher David and his rock band play for dinner and supper. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—In this spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan, harpist Eleanor Fell plays Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Michèle Amateau—Oil and sand paintings on canvas, some with shapes suggesting vege-

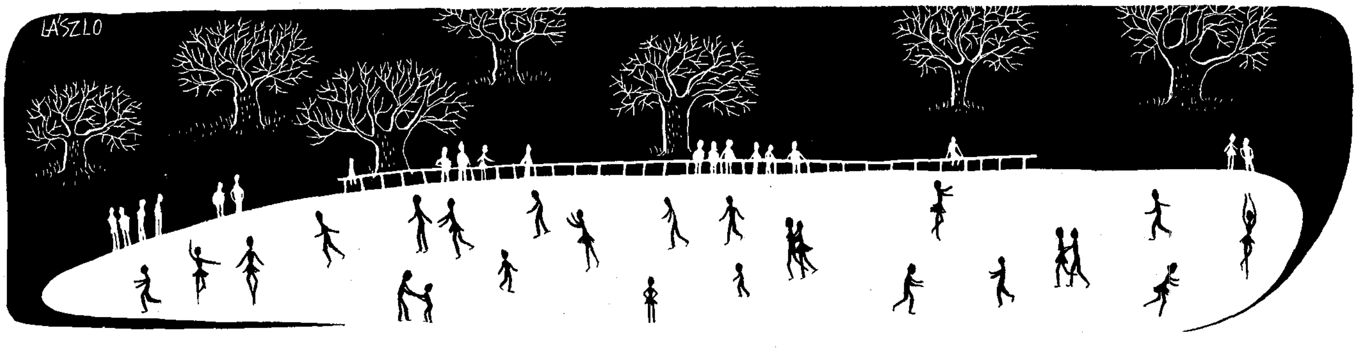

table forms; first solo show here. Through Jan. 30. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Robert Birmelin—A series of paintings and drawings entitled "Apartment Living" and dealing with some of the more unusual related problems. Through Jan. 25. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Abstract paintings from the nineteen-thirties. Through Feb. 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Frederic Edwin Church (1826-1900)—A benefit loan show of more than a hundred oil sketches and drawings by this American landscape artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Dado—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world, done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Jan. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ismaël de La Serna (1887-1968)—Paintings and collages by one of the Cubist stalwarts. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jud Fine—Sculptures, and a single sixteen-foot painting done in various mediums; also, a series of collage and pencil drawings. Through Feb. 1. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Jean-Michel Folon—New watercolors and graphics. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sam Francis—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, executed in the fifties. Through Jan. 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Frederick Frieseke (1874-1939)—A retrospective of oils and watercolors by an American Impressionist whose promising career was blown away by the winds of change following the Armory Show. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Lionel Gilbert—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes. Through Feb. 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Chaim Gross—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Jan. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Tom Hardy—Welded-bronze pieces. Through Jan. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gillian Jagger—Large abstractions made from nylon fibre and based on the anatomy of the horse. Through Jan. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Daniel Lang / Elizabeth Osborne—Landscapes, principally of England. / Abstract acrylic landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist, the earliest one done in 1923 and the latest in 1966. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Henry Moore—Recent lithographs and etchings by the British sculptor. Through Jan. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Motherwell—Recent paintings and collages. Through Feb. 1. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Seymour Pearlstein—Paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 21. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Kevin Pearsh—Abstract paintings based on the figure by an Australian; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 25. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lee Savage—Paintings of figures, including several "Bicentennial" notables, among them the Father of Our Country as naked as a jaybird. Through Jan. 25. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William Scott—Drawings (abstracts, still-lifes, figures) in blue gouache, pencil, ink, and charcoal. Through Feb. 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Vincent Smith—Watercolors of African scenes. Through Jan. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Sergio Gonzalez Tornero—Surrealistic paintings by a Chilean artist who lives in this country; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 8. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Cora Kelley Ward—Abstract paintings. Through

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SLIGHLTY HIGHER IN THE WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Feb. 1. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Halsted S. Welles—Carved sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by James Rosenquist, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . **Babcock**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Clyde Linds. Through Jan. 29. . . . **Deitcher**, 20 E. 67th St.: Drawings, mostly, by Fernando Botero, Oscar Bluemner, Christo, and others. Through Feb. 1. . . . **Nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Feb. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil by Calder, a bronze by Miró, and a still-life by Tamayo are part of this exhibit. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . **Phoenix**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-one women artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . **Raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from the Renaissance to the present, by such artists as Burchfield, Dubuffet, Clodion, and Chagall. Through Tuesday, Jan. 14. . . . **Stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Richard Hickam and Jon Friedman, and constructions by Maureen McCabe. Through Jan. 31. . . . **Weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Matta, Kokoschka, and Picasso. Through Feb. 1. . . . **Willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Drawings by five artists—Billy Al Bengston, John Duff, Pierre Haubensak, Frederick Wardy, and Mia Westerlund. Through Feb. 8. . . . **Zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, and other Americans. Through Jan. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905)—A show of ten works by the nineteenth-century French Salon painter. It is running concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Through Feb. 1. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bert Carpenter—Homage to the tomato. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Allan D'Arcangelo—Paintings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 11. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Herbert Ferber—New welded-steel sculptures. Starts Saturday, Jan. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—Realist landscapes, some rugged and some pastoral, touched with a sense of mystery. Through Jan. 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Norman Laliberté—Appliqué banners, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Les Levine—Taped sound effects accompany these mixed-media works, which are perhaps best typified by a large panel of drawings analyzing in detail the clothing worn by leading Watergate figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Demetrius Mavroudis—Abstract sculptures. Through Jan. 25. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dona Nelson—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tiger Tateishi—Paintings by a Japanese artist who lives in Italy; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Realist egg-tempera paintings: beautifully rendered sun-kissed children, nuns with headdresses like gull wings, and a change-of-pace picture or two. Through Jan. 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Willenbecher—Constructions. Starts Saturday, Jan. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Alice Neel, Jack Beal, and Elaine de Kooning are among the painters represented in an exhibit of informal portraits of the artists' families and friends. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.) . . . **Janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: An unusually rich collection of paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Europeans, including practically every Name you can think of—Klee, Léger, Picasso, Arp, Delvaux, Giacometti, and so on. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **Pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Calder, Cornell, Nevelson, Noguchi, and David Smith. Starts Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . **René**, 6 W. 57th St.: Pieces by Chryssa, Robert Indiana, George Rickey, and others. Through Jan. 25.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ellie Bernstein—Large abstract paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Jan. 23. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

Robert Blue—Realistic airbrushed acrylic paintings of figures; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 25. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Gretna Campbell—Landscapes of Maine, and several studies of female nudes. Through Jan. 23. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Betsy Damon and Debbie Jones—Carved-wood sculptures and drawings, the joint efforts of the two artists. Through Jan. 22. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Mary Grigoriadis—A varied paint surface contrasts with large areas of raw linen in these symmetrical works composed of geometric forms. Through Jan. 22. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Gerald Hahn / Robert Perine—Expertly painted surrealist enlargements of prickly tidal debris—lobster shells, crab claws, sea-urchin spines, eelgrass. / Watercolors that seem to be based on studies of the earth's crust. Through Jan. 23. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Arthur Kern—Polyester-resin sculptures of figures and horses. Through Jan. 21. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St.)

Barbara Kruger—Sewn-and-painted wall constructions. Through Jan. 23. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

John Okulick / Carlos Villa—Wall constructions that look like bundles and that are made of wood and other materials. / Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Thursday, Jan. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Three installations that incorporate, among other things, films, moving objects, and sound. Through Jan. 29. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Rosalind Shaffer / Eunice Golden—Painted-wood figures arranged in dance-hall scenes. / Erotic paintings, plus photographs. Through Wednesday, Jan. 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Mimi Smith / Gary William Smith—Wall drawings of household objects, executed in string and tape measures. / Sculptures made from chairs. Through Jan. 25. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Joan Witek—Black-and-white drawings, paintings, and constructions, all on the theme of the square. Through Jan. 25. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **Caldwell**, 383 West Broadway: David Novros has selected this show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Mark di Suvero and Joanna Pousette-Dart. Through Jan. 25. . . . **Emmerich**, 420 West Broadway: Large paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, and others. Through Jan. 22. . . . **O.K. Harris**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Jake Berthot, sculptures by Don Sunseri, photographs by Thomas Arndt, and conceptual objects by Al Souza. Through Jan. 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

J. Gordon Carr—Watercolors, many of boats and the sea. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Open Mondays.)

Kenneth Noland—Early circle paintings. Through Jan. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Richard Van Buren—Poured-and-pigmented-fibre-glass sculptures. Some pieces are free-standing, others hanging. Through Jan. 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **African-American Institute**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Traditional African art—masks, figures, and so forth—from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. . . . **Westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, prints, and photographs by members of this artists' coöperative, as well as by nonmembers. Through Sunday, Jan. 12. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Doris Ulmann (1882-1934)—A large show of platinum prints and gravures by a photographer known for her portraits of Appalachian craftsmen and Southern blacks. Two recently published books of Ulmann's photographs—"The Appalachian Photographs of Doris Ulmann" (Jargon Society, 1971) and "The Darkness and the Light" (Aperture, 1974)—gave a rather murky sense of the achievement of this wealthy white woman who travelled to backwoods cabins and South Carolina plantations in a limousine driven by a German chauffeur to photograph the Other America. This exhibition restores what was lost in reproduction and brings out what is remarkable about and peculiar to the artist: namely, the combination of soft-focus pictorialism (like that of her mentor, the Photo-Secessionist Clarence H. White) with a blunt documentary approach (like that of Dorothea Lange, Margaret Bourke-White, and Lewis W. Hine, the last of whom was briefly her teacher at the Ethical Culture School in 1902). The rich and delicate beauty of the prints (which belong to the folksinger and songwriter John Jacob Niles, who accompanied the photographer on her travels) incalculably heightens the serenity and profundity of these portraits, group scenes, and still-lifes. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs taken within the last decade. Through Feb. 9. (Museum of

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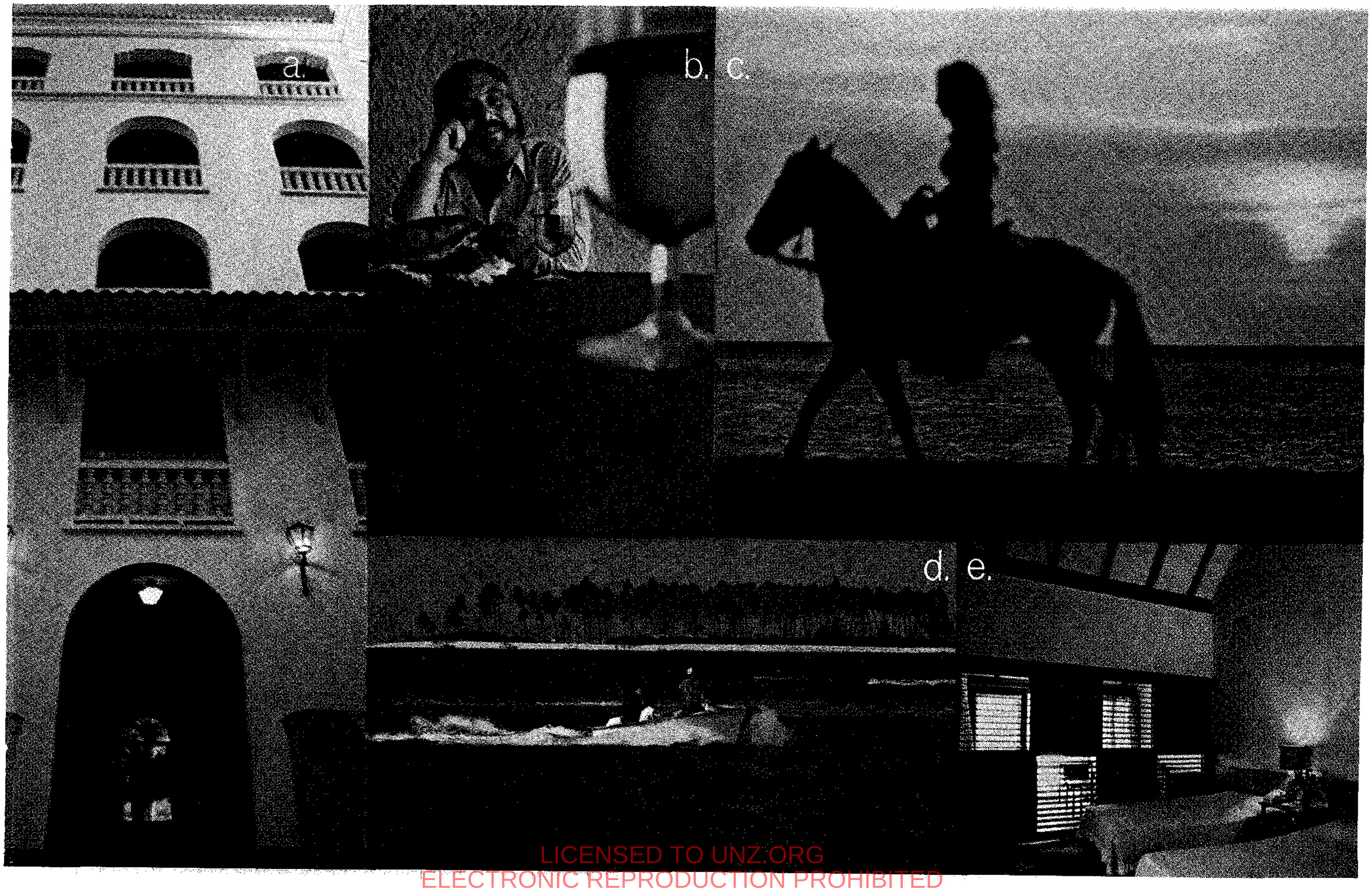

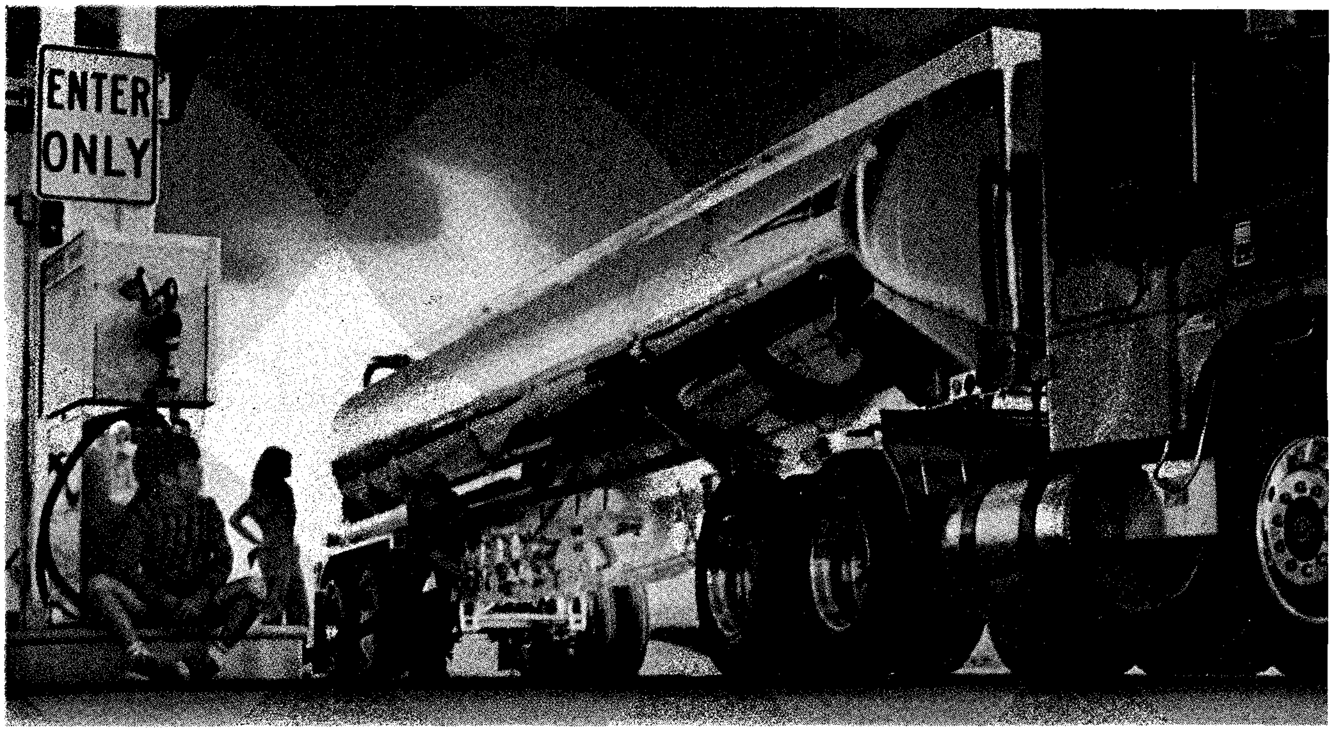

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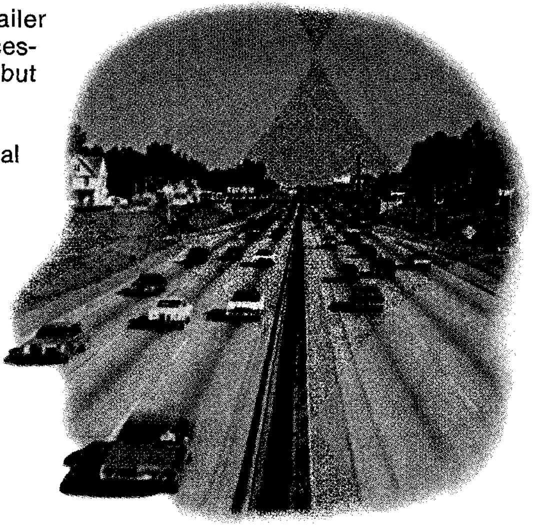

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Eva Rubinstein / Joseph Saltzer—Photographs. Through Jan. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Brett Weston / Nancy Hellebrand—Photographs. / Pictures of London's working-class people in their homes. Through Feb. 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: This new museum devoted to photography and housed in the former quarters of the Audubon Society has started life with three shows: photographs by Cartier-Bresson taken in Russia during visits in 1954 and 1973; "Classics of Documentary Photography" by Robert Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, Werner Bischof, and Dan Weiner; and color photographs by, among others, Ernst Haas, Gordon Parks, Marc Riboud, Howard Sochurek, and Jay Maisel. The most interesting exhibition, surprisingly, is the color-photography show. It suggests, with its enormously enlarged, pronouncedly painterly works, that color photography will find its direction—as black-and-white photography did at the turn of the century—through the imitation of art rather than through observation of life. As for the documentary photographs, they are better to peruse in books (and are all reproduced in a series recently published by Viking/Grossman) than on the walls of a museum. The Cartier-Bresson photographs are disappointing; with a few exceptions, they are like the near misses on a contact sheet, bleakly surrounding the red-circled winners. How far Cartier-Bresson has strayed from his "decisive moment," in which he achieved that miraculous conjunction of form and life, is underscored by a continuous film that is shown in a room adjacent to the exhibition. While his great pictures of the forties and fifties—which are among the greatest pictures in photography—are being projected, the photographer talks about them, about photography, and about himself, emerging as one of the most likable and wisest persons one has ever met. The Center is offering a series of lectures on photography given by distinguished photographers, writers, and critics. But the Cartier-Bresson film gives one the feeling that there is little left to say on the subject. All through Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.) . . . **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Man Ray, T. H. Emerson, and Julia M. Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty photographs. Through March 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: A large exhibition called "Coming of Age in America: A Critical Exhibition Comparing Our Attitudes Toward Youth and Aging." Through Jan. 26. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Examples of gravure work by Edward Steichen, Thomas Annan, Ferdinand Ongania, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Phillip Leonian, Kenneth Lipston, John Mast, Paul Zengara, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A historical survey of American photography from 1841 to the present, made up of about two hundred and fifty pictures by eighty-five ranking photographers. Through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit jointly organized by the museum and the National Museums of France to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. It includes works from the museum and from the Louvre, as well as from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Some, such as Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," have never before been shown in this country. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Five small, luminous paintings of scenes closely observed from nature by a young California realist, Maxwell Hendler, make up the first in a series of exhibits focussing on artists whose achievements are not yet recognized by the general public. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Jan. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

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Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition entitled "Chairs by Charles Rennie Mackintosh"—twenty examples, reproduced from the designs of the Scottish architect and designer (1868-1928). Through Sunday, Jan. 12. . . . ¶ American prints (1913-63), including works by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including a new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings done in tempera on gesso panels from 1947 to the present by a Surrealist, George Tooker. Through Sunday, Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ The second and third concerts in a series of four by the Composers' Showcase: On Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:30, a program of music, and commentary, by George Crumb, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; the Penn Contemporary Players; and others. On Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30, a program of the religious music of pianists Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor, with their groups, vocal soloists, and a chorus. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Christo, Rafael Ferrer, Robert Rauschenberg, and others used nontraditional studio processes, such as sewing and wrapping, to create these works in mixed mediums. Through Jan. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty volumes—novels, scientific works, nature studies—demonstrating the first use (in 1844) and later progress (through 1914) of photography as illustration. Through Feb. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of photographs, taken in May, 1938, of the large apartment in Vienna where Sigmund Freud lived and worked for nearly fifty years. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evening, Jan. 14, until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. . . . ¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection. . . . ¶ A small display of various early editions (including a first edition of 1516) of Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." All through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage from 1904 to the present includes costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30. . . . ¶ Paper toys, among them dolls, doll houses, animals, games, and puzzles, dating from the early nineteenth century. Through March 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective show of more than three hundred and fifty works (objects, paintings, drawings, collages, and photographs, for example) by Man Ray, in honor of his eighty-fifth birthday. Through March 2. . . . ¶ Twenty-three paintings by the nineteenth-century French Salon painter William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905). Through Feb. 2. A complementary show is at the Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—About five hundred glass paperweights produced in America from 1845 to 1960. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display observing the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Frost. Among the articles on view are manuscripts, first editions, and correspondence. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.) . . . ¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature *in 1941. Through April 12.* (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, prints, murals, and photographs by a number of artists. Through Jan. 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 8: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; conducted by Max Rudolf.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 9: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 10: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 11: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Shirley Love, Barry Morell, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 11: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kanawa, Roberta Peters, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Michalski, and Richard T. Gill; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 13: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 14: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Loretta Di Franco, Irene Dalis, Raymond Gibbs, Frank Guarrera, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 15: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kanawa, Roberta Peters, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Michalski, and Richard T. Gill; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 16: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Friday, evening, Jan. 17: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 18: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 18: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Shirley Love, Barry Morell, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Bronx Opera Company—*A double bill of one-act* operas sung in English: Franz Schubert's "The Conspirators" and Jacques Offenbach's "Ba-Ta-Clan." Staged by Louis Galterio and conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Jan. 9, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 7:30 (all with Nerine Barrett, piano).... ¶ Sergiu Comissiona conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program on Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30 (with Earl Wild, piano).... ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 17, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30 (no soloists).

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National Symphony Orchestra—James DePreist conducting, with Edith Peinemann, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Yuri Temirkanov conducting. (*Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center.* Monday, Jan. 13, at 8:15.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Jan. 15, and Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30, both with Josephine Veasey, mezzo-soprano. ... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and Richard Cassilly, tenor.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8, with soloists from the orchestra; and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 19, at 5:30, both with Claudio Arrau, piano. All seats have been sold for the Saturday and Sunday concerts, and only standing room is left.)

Prague Chamber Orchestra—*Thirty-six* musicians who perform without a conductor, with Michel Debost, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting a program of first performances, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Albert Schweitzer Centennial Concert—Richard Westenburg directing the American Symphony Orchestra in an all-Bach benefit concert, with Virgil Fox, *organ; Eugene* Istomin, piano; the Bach Choir of Bethlehem; and the Columbus Boychoir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of music by Giovanni Battista Sammartini, with Bonita Glenn, soprano; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a program of Viennese music, with Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano; Gregory Singer, violin; Lori Singer, cello; the Gregg Smith Singers; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 18, from 7 to 11.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a *program of American music. (Carnegie* Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Martin Luther King, Jr., Memorial Concert—Jon Quinn directing the Newark Boys Chorus in a benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Richard Westenburg directing the first in a series of three concerts of Bach cantatas, this one with Shirley Love, contralto, and Charles Bressler, tenor. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Manhattan Chorus—Daniel Paget directing. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

RECITALS

Clarion Music Society—Another program of music by Giovanni Battista Sammartini, this one performed by Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Gerardo Levy, flute; and others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 6.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Harvey Phillips—Tuba, in the last in a series of recitals. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30: With Alec Wilder and Milton Kaye, piano, and others.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. With *the Composers String Quartet* and others.... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2:30: With Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall.)

Charles Castleman—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Horacio Gutierrez—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Merja Sargon, soprano; Itzhak Perlman and *Hiroko Yajima, violin;* Walter Trampler, viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Richard Goode, piano (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 5.)

Zara Doloukhanova—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

Pinchas Zukerman—*Viola and violin. (Hunter* College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

David Ensemble—The second of two programs of vocal and instrumental music, performed by Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Ani Kavafian, violin; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

LaSalle Quartet—The first in a series of four concerts presenting the complete quartets of Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—The second in a series of three concerts of American or New York premières. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Edda Moser—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Michel Debost and Christian Ivaldi—Flute and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the first of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Richard Frisch, baritone, and Jon Deak, bass. Both *the performances will take* place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music called "The Italian Baroque: Claudio Monteverdi and His Contemporaries," with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Edward Smith, harpsichord (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Note—Kiri Te Kanawa, *soprano, will give* a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2:55 Free tickets limited to one per applicant, will be issue starting Monday, Jan. 13, in the order tha written applications are received on that da (not before). More than one request may b sent in a single envelope. A self-addresse envelope should be enclosed.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson—Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535 5350. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8.

Jon Lucien, Stanley Turrentine, and George Benson—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8.

Sonny Greer and the Ellingtonians—New Yorl Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Jan 12, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Amália Rodrigues—Carnegie Hall. Monday Jan. 13, at 8.

Interludes—The first in a varied series of hour long performances at Town Hall (JU 2 4536) will be by **max morath** on Wednesday Jan. 15, at 5:45.

Sly and the Family Stone—The first five in series of eight performances. (Radio Cit

Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 7:30 and midnight.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The first of two programs of the music of Count Basie. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Country in New York—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one with Buck Owens, Susan Raye, and Joe Stampley. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 7.)

Alvin Lee & Co., Gentle Giant, and American Tears—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., is 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At Nassau Coliseum—Wednesday, Jan. 8: Nets vs. Indiana. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 10: Nets vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17: Nets vs. Kentucky. (Games begin at 8:05.)

Hockey—At Nassau Coliseum—Saturday, Jan. 11: Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 14: Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18: Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings. (Games begin at 8:05.)

Racing—At **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1; through Saturday, May 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concerts of the season, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.). . . **CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**: The American Brass Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 3.). . . **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "The Gondoliers," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 11-12, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Jan. 18, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Sol." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and on Wednesday, Jan. 15, from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Marvin Bell and Paul Zweig reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

National Boat Show—The sixty-fifth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 11 and 18, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 12 and 19, from noon to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 13-17, from noon to 10.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 2: Wedgwood and other English pottery, English furniture, and decorations; from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 16, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from many sources.

How Young Would You Like to Look?

Your first impulse might be to wish you could look seventeen again. But think a moment. Would you really choose to give up all the little indications that you're a vital woman who has lived and loved and cared...the laugh crinkles, the mementos of emotion, the lingering traces of countless smiles? Probably not. Because that would mean you'd never experienced the gamut of emotions that have given your face the very special look of you.

But that is not to say that you wouldn't like to look as young as you possibly can, with a fresh, radiant dewy complexion that tells the world that life for you is good. So join the cult of enlightened women in many parts of the world who take pleasure in the secret benefits of an unusual fluid that helps them look their youngest by easing away complexion dryness. Beauty connoisseurs discovered this remarkable liquid, known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

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* * *

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			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
“Scenes from a Marriage.”

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 11: “Nothing Sacred” and “My Man Godfrey.”
Jan. 12-14: “Indiscreet” and “His Double Life.”
From Jan. 15: “The Outlaw” and “The Front Page.”

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 14: “The Conversation” and “The Parallax View.”
From Jan. 15: “Death Wish” and “Serpico.”

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
“Brother of the Wind.”

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 14: “2001: A Space Odyssey.”
From Jan. 15: “Law and Disorder.”

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
“Young Frankenstein.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Murder on the Orient Express.”

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
“Steppenwolf.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
“Young Frankenstein.”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
“The Towering Inferno.”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
“Scenes from a Marriage.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
“Amarcord.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Murder on the Orient Express.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“The Front Page.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
“The Man with the Golden Gun.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
“The Man with the Golden Gun.”

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
“Harry & Tonto” and “The Mad Adventures of ‘Rabbi’ Jacob.”

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
“Lenny.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
“Stavisky.”

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
“The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir” and “Man Is Not a Bird.”

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“A Woman Under the Influence.”

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
“A Woman Under the Influence.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
“Freebie and the Bean.”

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
“Lacombe, Lucien.”

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“The Godfather, Part II.”

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 14: “The Longest Yard.”
From Jan. 15: “Law and Disorder.”

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“The Longest Yard.”

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“Death Wish.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
“Scenes from a Marriage.”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
“Brother of the Wind.”

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
“The Godfather, Part II.”

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
“The Godfather, Part II.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
“Freebie and the Bean.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
“Abby.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
“The Man with the Golden Gun.”

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 14: “2001: A Space Odyssey.”
From Jan. 15: “Death Wish.”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
“The Man with the Golden Gun.”

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 14 at one or another of the theatres: “The Taking of Pelham One Two Three” and “Juggernaut” / “Death Wish” and “Serpico” / “Harry & Tonto” and “Cinderella Liberty” / “Blazing Saddles” and “The Producers.”
From Jan. 15: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 8: “Los Olvidados” and “El.”
Jan. 9: “Nazarin” and “Simon of the Desert.”
Jan. 10-11: “Viridiana” and “The Exterminating Angel.”
Jan. 12-14: “La Strada” and “The Threepenny Opera.”
From Jan. 15: “El Topo” and “Fellini Satyricon.”
Note: Sunday, Jan. 12, one performance, at noon: “The Three Sisters.”

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
“Brother of the Wind.”

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Jan. 15: “The Little Prince.”
From Jan. 16: Theatre temporarily closed.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
“Earthquake.”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
“The Gambler.”

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
“Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones.”

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“The Front Page.”

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 8: “Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II.”
Jan. 9: “The Servant” and “The Hireling.”
Jan. 10: “Lost Horizon” and “It Happen
One Night.”
Jan. 11: “Dr. Strangelove” and “Slaughte
house-Five.”
Jan. 12: “Caesar and Cleopatra” and “Py
malion.”
Jan. 13: “Point of Order!” and “Rush
Judgment.”
Jan. 14: “Black God, White Devil” and “A
tonio das Mortes.”
Jan. 15: Theatre closed.
Jan. 16: “The Barber of Seville” and “R
meo and Juliet.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“Emmanuelle.”

Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
“Young Frankenstein.”

Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
“Les Violons du Bal.”

Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
“Le Fantôme de la Liberté.”

Loews 83rd St., B’way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Jan. 14: “The Odessa File.”
From Jan. 15: “Macon County Line.”

New Yorker, *B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)*
“Scenes from a Marriage.”

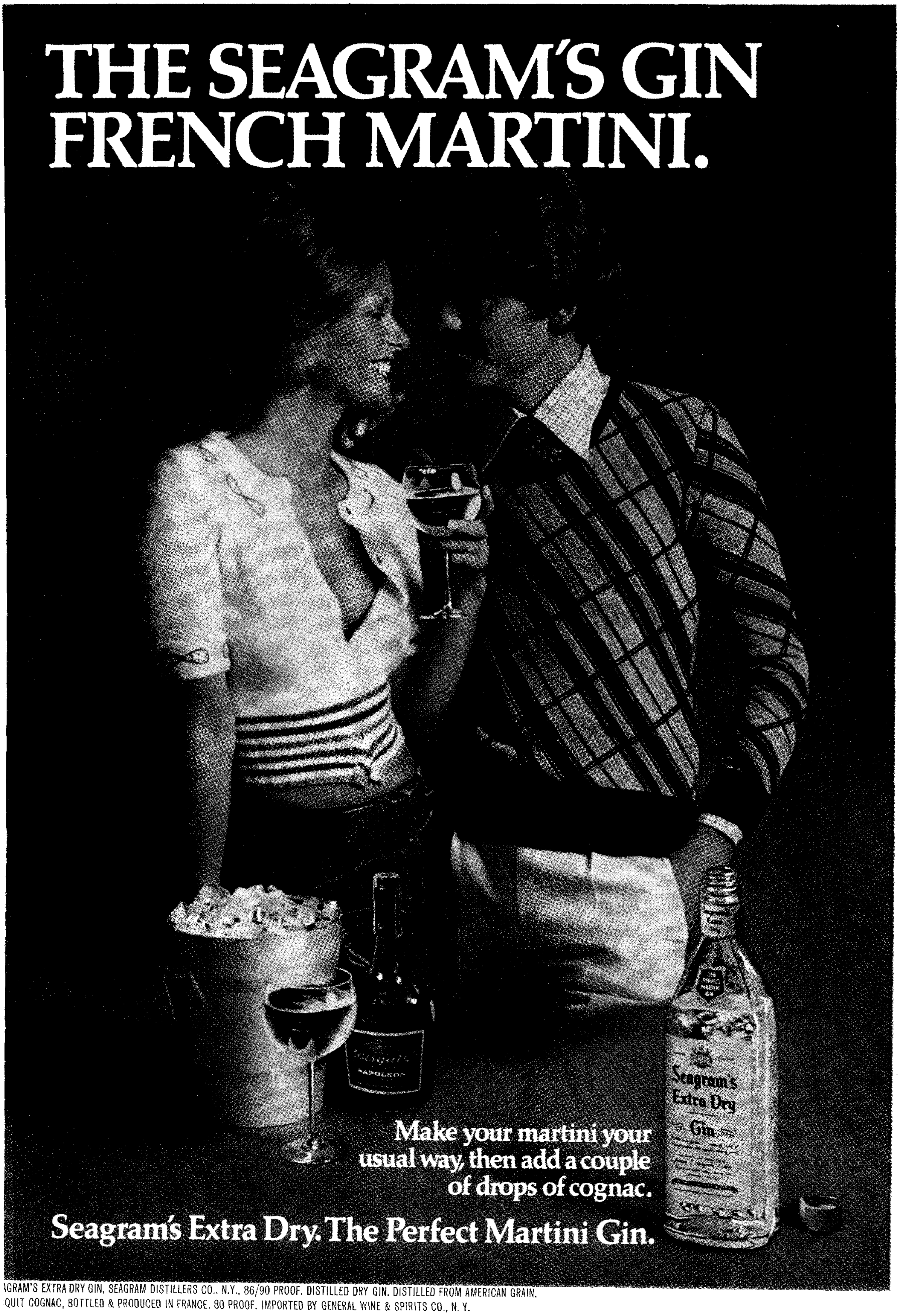
Symphony, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 14: “The Taking of Pelh
One Two Three” and “Juggernaut.”
From Jan. 15: To be announced.

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 9: “Airport 1975.”
From Jan. 10: “The Tamarind Seed” a
“Night Watch.”

Olympia, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 14: “Brother of the Wind.”
From Jan. 15: “Death Wish” and “Serpicc

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (9
7078)—Jan. 8 at 5:30: “The Valia
(1929), directed by William K. Howard, w
Paul Muni and Marguerite Churchill.
¶ Jan. 9 at 5:30: “The Invitation” (197
in French, directed by Claude Goretta, w
Michel Robin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan
at 8: “La Salamandre” (1971), in Fren
directed by Alain Tanner, with Bulle Og
and Jean-Luc Bideau; English subtitles.
¶ Jan. 10 at 2: “The Extradition” (197
in German, directed by Peter von Gunt
with Anne Wiazemsky; English subtitles.
¶ Jan. 10 at 5:30 and Jan. 11 at noon: “S
rise” (1927), directed by F. W. Murn
with Janet Gaynor and George O’Brien; w
soundtrack. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 3: “Swiss in
Spanish Civil War” (1974), in German,
rected by Richard Dindo; English subtit
. . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5:30: “The Extradition.”
¶ Jan. 12 at 12:30 and 3: “Circus Tov
(1971), directed by David A. Tapper.
¶ Jan. 12 at 5:30: “The Death of the Fl
Circus Director” (1973), in German, direc
by Thomas Koerfer, with François Sim
English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2: A p
gram of three short foreign films. . . . ¶ J
13 at 5:30: “Swiss in the Spanish Civil Wa
. . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2: “Moscow Laughs” (19
in Russian, directed by Grigori Alexandr
no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 5:30
program of three short foreign films.
¶ Jan. 15 at 5:30: “Moscow Laughs.”
¶ Jan. 16 at 5:30: “Escape-Risk” (19



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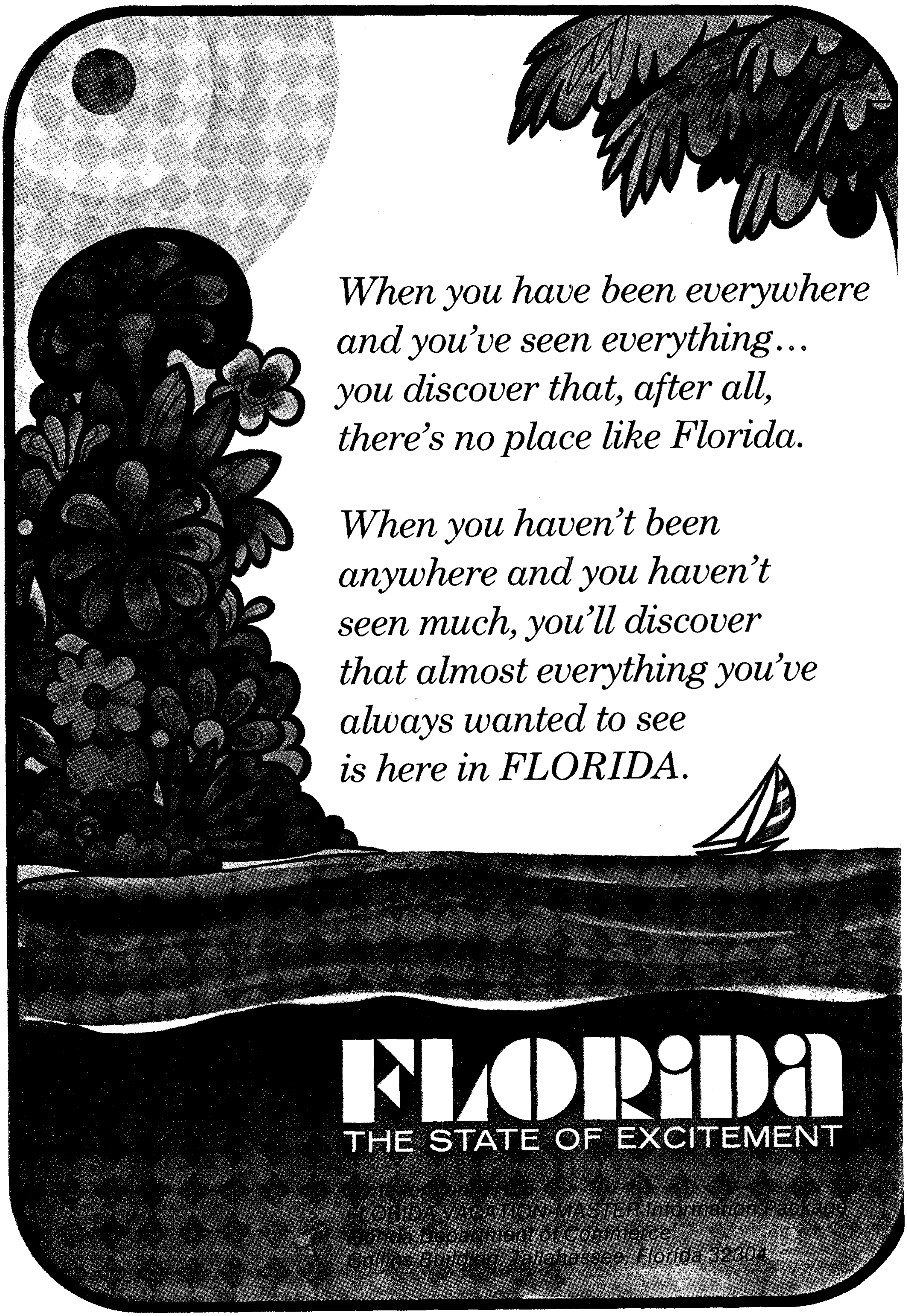

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in German, directed by Markus Imhoff, with Wolfram Berger; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: "Once a Liar . . . or Bringing Up Viktor" (1973), in German, directed by June Kovach; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

EW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 8: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery. . . . ¶ Jan. 9: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 10: "The Furies" (1950), directed by Anthony Mann, with Barbara Stanwyck and Wendell Corey. . . . ¶ Jan. 11: A program of four Man Ray films. . . . ¶ Jan. 12: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 16: To be announced. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 14: A program of five films by Paul Sharits. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 15: "Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain," directed by Joel L. Freedman. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Bresson, Brakhage, Shulman, Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Chaplin, Davis, and Cocteau. Showings Jan. 8-9 at 5, 7, and 9:30; Jan. 10 at 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 11 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 12 at 8; and Jan. 14-16 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

BBY—With William Marshall and Terry Carter, directed by William Girdler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

IRPORT 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (Thalia; through Jan. 9.)

MARCORD—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

NTONIO DAS MORTES (1970)—Glauber Rocha, the leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14.)

E BARBER OF SEVILLE (1947)—Rossini's opera, with Tito Gobbi, Giulio Neri, Giulietta Simionato, and Irene Genna. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

ACK GOD, WHITE DEVIL (1963)—A Brazilian film, directed by Glauber Rocha. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14.)

AZING SADDLES—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 14.)

OTHER OF THE WIND—A wildlife movie photographed in the Canadian Rockies. Directed by, and with, Dick Robinson. (Cinema Village, U. A. East, and Guild. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 14.)

AESAR AND CLEOPATRA (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 12.)

CINDERELLA LIBERTY (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 14.)

THE CONVERSATION—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 14.)

DEATH WISH—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; starting Jan. 15.)

DR. STRANGELOVE (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 11.)

EARTHQUAKE—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

EL ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 8.)

EMMANUELLE—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 10-11.)

LE FANTÔME DE LA LIBERTÉ—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Embassy 72nd St.)

FELLINI SATYRICON (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Elgin; starting Jan. 15.)

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN—With Alan Arkin and James Caan, directed by Richard Rush. (Beekman, and 86th St. East.)

THE FRONT PAGE (1931)—The first movie version, directed by Lewis Milestone, stays closer to the Hecht-and-MacArthur play than

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the Howard Hawks version or the new one by Billy Wilder. The play is a dialogue comedy, but dialogue of the speediest, most rapid-fire variety, which succeeds in this film as it does on the stage. Adolphe Menjou is sharp and adroit as Walter Burns; Pat O'Brien is a trace too stolid as Hildy Johnson. As the heroine, Mary O'Brian makes her occasional wan entrances; Edward Everett Horton is the fastidious health-crank reporter. With Mae Clarke as the neurotic prostitute, and Walter Catlett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 15.)

The Front Page—Billy Wilder's current version. Jack Lemmon is Hildy Johnson, and Walter Matthau is Walter Burns. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Festival.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 14.)

The Hireling (1973)—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (6/16/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9.)

His Double Life (1933)—One of several movie versions of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive." This time, Roland Young is the shy, world-famous artist who is delighted to be thought dead in order to escape the annoyances of fame and settle down with genteel, middle-class Lillian Gish. The whimsey palls. Directed by Arthur Hopkins. (A much livelier version—"Holy Matrimony"—stars Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12-14.)

Indiscreet (1931)—Gloria Swanson flashes her pretty ankles in a trite story, relieved by some bright moments of farce. Leo McCarey directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12-14.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic
style of America, as well as the style o
American comedy. Frank Capra directed thi
charming film, which is now a nostalgic in-
carnation of thirties humor and sentiment
(Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 10.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—Th
city of Kazan was built full scale in Centra
Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, an
millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, an
brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weir
two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyran-
ny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) i
crowned and then, because of the oppositio
of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II
with the help of the people, he is restored t
power. Overpowering and operatic, the mov
ie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural
In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan
8.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainmen
by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what
sophisticated director with flair can do on
routine big-action project. (The plot is abou
a bomb wizard who has planted seven whop
pers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hun
dred passengers.) The genre may be that o
"The Poseidon Adventure," but the ton
isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. Wit
Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sha
rif. David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, an
Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Quad Cinema, an
Symphony; through Jan. 14.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an emp
ty space where feelings beyond the purel
instinctual are expected to be. The time i
1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goe
to work each day hunting down and torturin
people for the Gestapo. The director, Loui
Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country bo
(Pierre Blaise) who can respond to event
with his own innocence, apathy, and anim
shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cam
eras will discover what the artist's imagin
tion can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gam
ble pays off. Without ever mentioning th
subject of innocence and guilt, this extrao
dinary film, in its calm, dispassionate wa
addresses it on a deeper level than any othe
movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisia
Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her me
ticulously cultivated father. In Frenc
(9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones—
concert on film. (Playboy.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching thi
comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups
New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernes
Borgnine as they try to protect their familie
by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, yo
can tell how the scenes were meant to pla
and why they don't. You can see that th
gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn
have the unconscious equipment for the loo
and feel of ordinary American life, and th
he is trying to strike a compromise betwee
his feelings and the demands of the Amer
can marketing system—and satisfying ne
ther. O'Connor has some fine restrained m
ments, and Alan Arbus contributes an ente
taining bit, but the film is a painful failur
Passer is trying to do the sort of thing th
gets louder laughs than his own kind
comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to d
what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Gr
mercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Ja
15.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starri
Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who wa
to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saint
gadfly who was martyred for having lived b
fore their time. Hoffman makes a seriou
honorable try, but he's the wrong kind
actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice bo
Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. T
film from a weak script by Julian Barry, a
cepts the facile, youth-audience-flatteri
view that Bruce's motivating force was
make people well, and having swallowed th
can only defuse his humor. So when you li
ten to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks y
don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perri
is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton h
a fine bit as the type of comic who knew ho
to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Ci
ema I.)

The Little Prince—The Saint-Exupéry book, t
first of the modern mystic-quest books to b
come a pop hit, is a distillation of melanchol
and it comes close to being self-glorifyin
masochistic mush. Possibly something mig
have been made of the material if Alan J

Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Music Hall; through Jan. 15.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Juliet 1....¶72nd Street East; through Jan. 14.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-la, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 10.)

Macon County Line—With Alan Vint and Cherly Waters, directed by Richard Compton. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 15.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Ciné Malibu.)

Man Is Not a Bird (1966)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

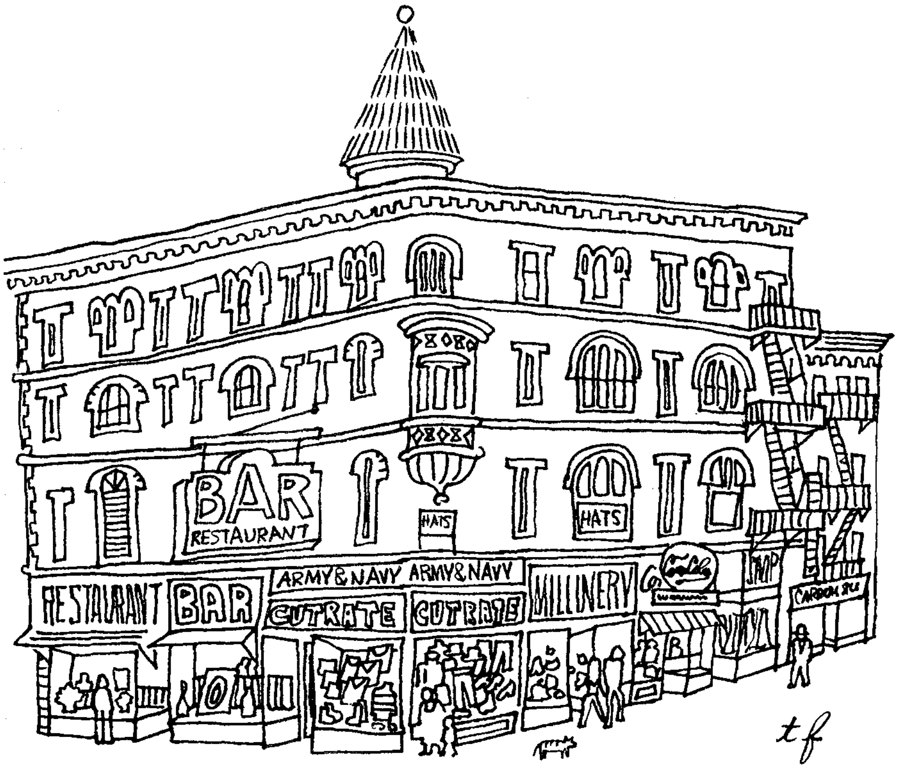
The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond. Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Greenwich.)

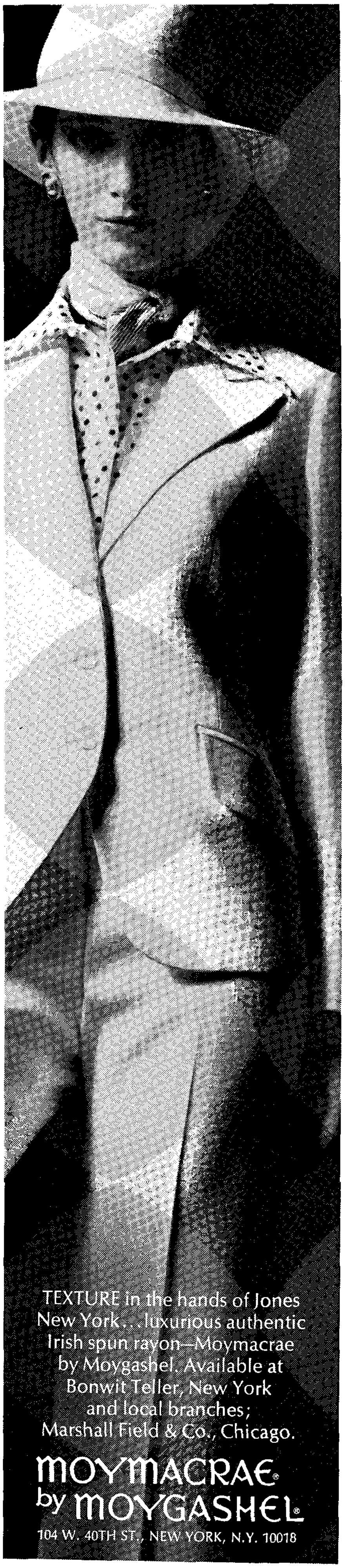
Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 11.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 9.)

Night Watch (1973)—Elizabeth Taylor in a

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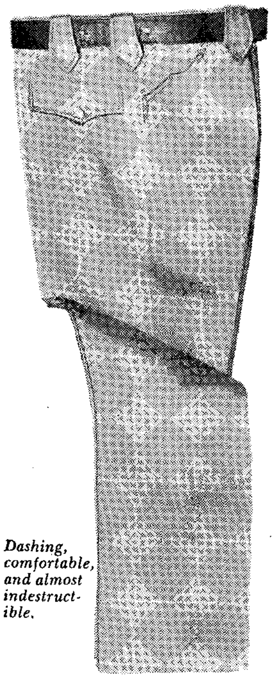

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stereotyped thriller directed by Brian Hutton. The one about a rich woman who won't be believed, even by her best friend (Billie Whitelaw), in the middle of a nasty plot. *Worth a miss. (Thalia; starting Jan. 10.)*

NOTHING SACRED (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets in this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl," and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 11.)

THE ODESSA FILE—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 14.)

LOS OLVIDADOS ("The Young and the Damned;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 8.)

THE OUTLAW (1947)—As producer-director and bra designer, Howard Hughes manages to create the definitive burlesque of cowtown dramas, and without even trying. Jane Russell swings her bosom around and shows her love for frail, seedy Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel) by hitting him over the head with a coffeepot and putting sand in his water flasks when he is setting out across the desert. To reciprocate, he ties her up with wet thongs and leaves her out in the sun. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide a little relief from the amorous games. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 15.)

THE PARALLAX VIEW—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 14.)

POINT OF ORDER! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 13.)

THE PRODUCERS (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 14.)

PYGMALION (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 12.)

ROMEO AND JULIET (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

RUSH TO JUDGMENT (1967)—A deliberately rougl
looking brief-on-film for the posthumous de
fense of Lee Harvey Oswald, with many elc
quent and convincing witnesses making poin
that cannot be ignored. Directed by Emile d
Antonio, who made "Point of Order!," t
McCarthy feature. (Carnegie Hall Cinem
Jan. 13.)

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE—Bergman's picture
the intimacies and misapprehensions b
tween Johan (Erland Josephson) and Mar
anne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful
originally made for TV as six fifty-minu
sequences, here cut into a triumphantly c
herent two and three-quarters hours of fil
photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan h
a touch of the priggish about him, and al
a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparent
the victimized one, turns out to be the stron
er. The movie is wonderfully literate a
constantly catches at minute tugs of affecti
or impatience between the long-marrie
whose eventual divorce by consent is odd
cancelled out by their continuing comprehe
sion of one another. The mood of their a
signation on their annulled twentieth we
ding anniversary is tender, farcical, and i
destructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (A
Fine Arts, Trans-Lux 85th St., and N
Yorker.)

SERPICO (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpi
the New York City policeman whose inc
ruptibility alienated him from his fellow-
ficers and turned him into a messianic hip
freak. The theme is richly comic, and the fi
is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story
one of the rare hopeful stories of our time
for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman We
ler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for m
of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet
rected, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/7
(Quad Cinema; through Jan. 14.... ¶
Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting J
15.)

THE SERVANT (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James F
Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spoo
tale of corruption abovestairs and below.
rected by Joseph Losey. (Carnegie Hall C
ema; Jan. 9.)

SIMON OF THE DESERT (1965)—A saint (Clau
Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the gu
of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls,
course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty div
tissement on the foolishness of saintliness.
Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 9.)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE (1972)—George Roy Hi
film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college c
sic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assist
chaplain in Dresden in the Second Wo
War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there be
no Dresden left), and photographed by Mi
slav Ondřiček, the wonderful Czech phot
rapher who has worked with Miloš Form
Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson.
flattened despair of the film sometimes see
a show-off form of cool, but the pictur
beautifully cast and acted. (Carnegie
Cinema; Jan. 11.)

STAVISKY—About the French swindler of
thirties, with Jean-Paul Belmondo
Charles Boyer. Directed by Alain Resnais.
French. (Cinema II.)

STEPPENWOLF—Based on the Hermann He
novel, with Max von Sydow and Domini
Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (East
Cinema.)

LA STRADA (1956)—Federico Fellini's spirit
fable sets a mood, and it remains in o
memory—even if one rejects the meaning
the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innoc
waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal str
man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown.
is unusual to remember the names of c
acters in movies, but Quinn's Zampan
hard to forget.) In Italian. (Elgin;
12-14.)

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE—The
rector, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just m
points—he drops weights. The picture is
of noise and squalling and "dirty" words
for giggly shock effects; the one element
keeps it going is the plot, taken from J
Godey's thriller about how a New York
way train is hijacked and the passengers
for ransom. As the Transit Authority P
detective, Walter Matthau, who just co
through, seems an oasis of sanity. With
ert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/
(Quad Cinema, and Symphony; thro
Jan. 14.)

THE TAMARIND SEED—Written and directed

Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Thalia; starting Jan. 10.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Elgin; Jan. 12-14.)

The Three Sisters (1964)—A delicately faithful, sturdy film made with Chekhov's spirit by Samson Samsonov, already beloved for his film of Chekhov's "The Grasshopper." In Russian. (Elgin; Sunday, Jan. 12, one performance, at noon.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; starting Jan. 15.)

he Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that comprise the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Gramercy, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 14.)

es Violons du Bal—With Marie-José Nat and Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (Regency.)

iridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Elgin; Jan. 10-11.)

Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

oung Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Paramount.)

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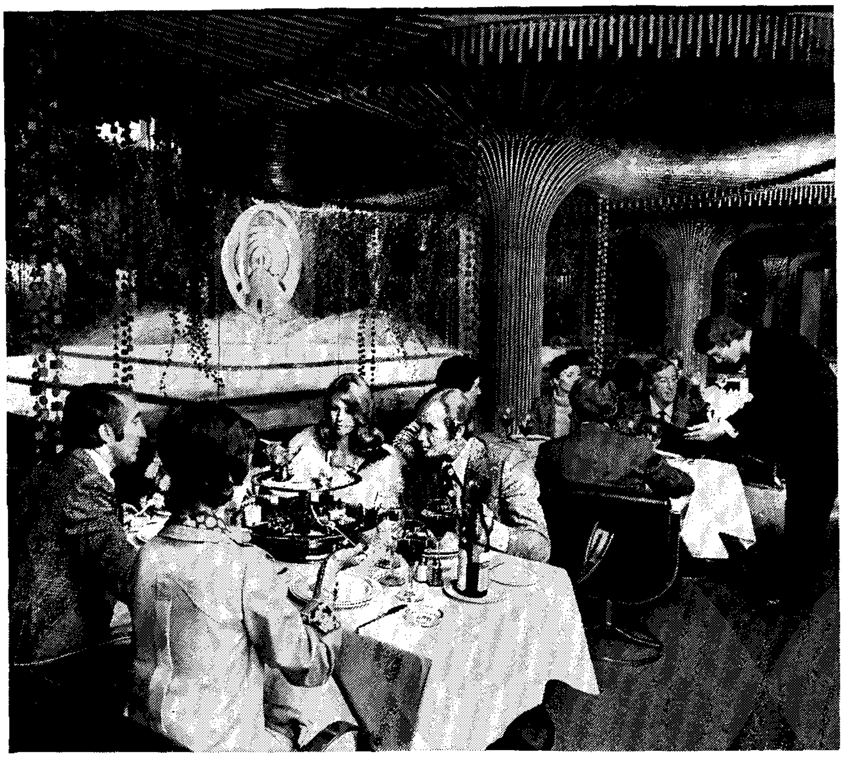

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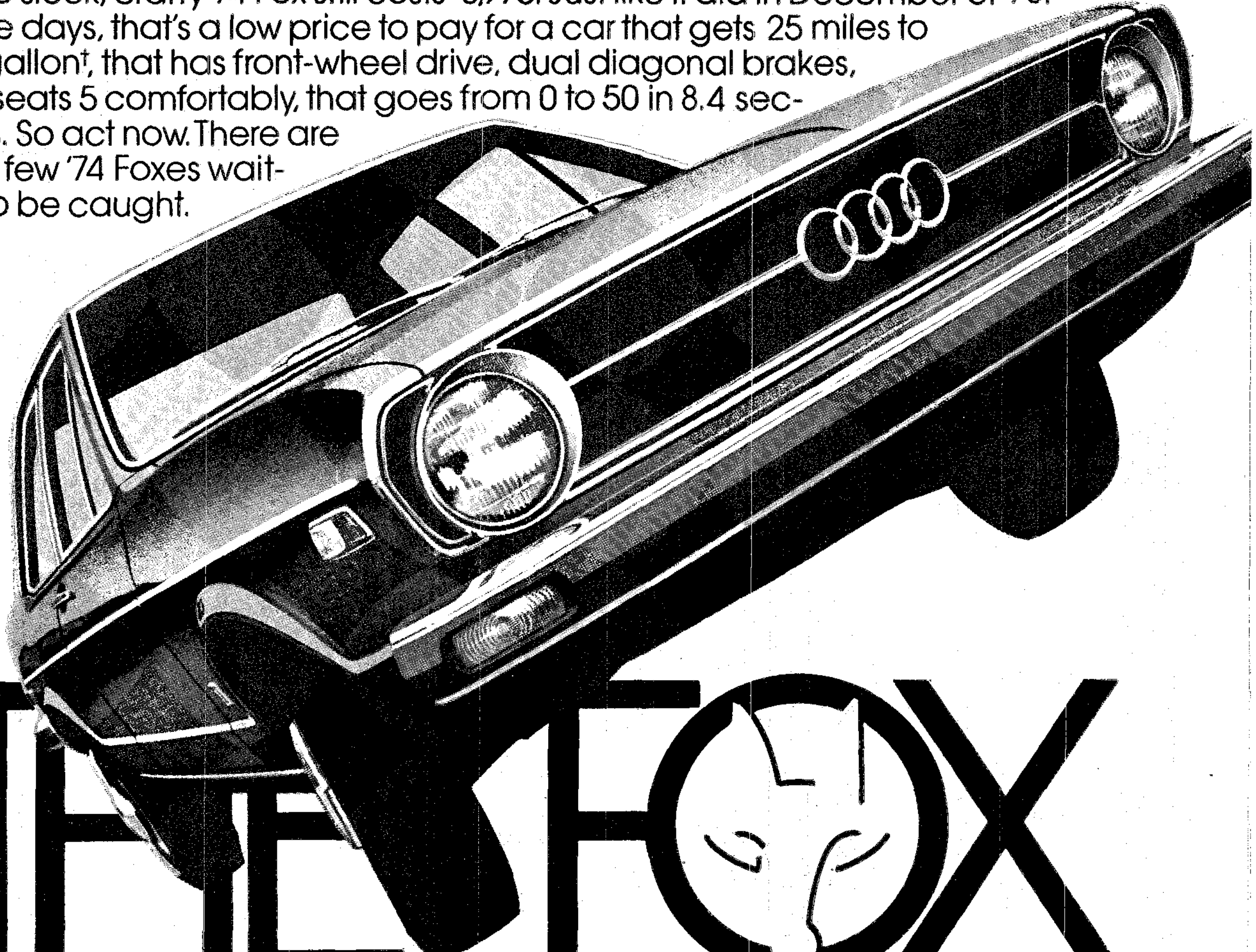

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

SHORTLY after the jury in the Watergate trial handed down its verdicts, John Ehrlichman, H. R. aldeman, and John Mitchell emerged iefly from the courtroom to say a w words to the press. Their pictures ere in the paper the next morning, d we scrutinized the faces closely. hrlichman, insisting that he had been nvinced even before the trial began at it would not be a fair one, and tting against all known facts in his stomary way, declared, "Nothing at has happened today has changed y mind." Yet something in Ehrlichan's face, at least, had changed. mething on the inside, it seemed to , was beginning to erode and rerange that "stone wall" the country d looked at for so long. We were minded that in his defense at the ial Ehrlichman had at least admitted e *existence* of a coverup, though he d attempted to shift the blame for onto his former colleague, Haldea and his former employer, Nixon. measure of the truth had penetrated hrlichman's world, if only for reans of self-protection. For Haldeman, ere were no such ambiguities. His ind was clear. When he emerged, he d not merely drop a few casual rearks to reporters but stepped right to the microphone with a statement make. "There's only one human ing in the world who knows to an solute moral certainty the truth of y innocence or guilt," he said. "That rson is me, and I know that, legally d morally, I'm totally and absolutely nocent." Of all the defendants, Halman had been the most consistent roughout the Watergate affair. He d maintained his and the President's nocence from the beginning to the d. He had also been the remotest om reality. As far as he was conrned, the thousands of pages of docuents and the hundreds of hours of levision we had all seen in the last vo years had uncovered nothing that was unseemly or culpable in the White House. His proclamation of innocence brought to mind once again the inverted moral order that prevailed in the Nixon White House. There a strong man was one who succumbed to White House pressure to commit crimes. A trustworthy man was one who could be relied on to lie to a grand jury. On one occasion, at least, ordinary moral standards were doubly inverted. In 1971, Patrick Buchanan, a speech writer for President Nixon, noted in a memorandum that the plan to harass Daniel Ellsberg would be "good for the country" but "would not, it seems to me, be particularly helpful to the President politically." The idea that a piece of repression would be "good for the country" was already morally inverted, but Buchanan inverted morality again and decided that the benefit to the country should be forgone in favor of the President's political advantage. In Buchanan's world, idealism counselled repression, but pragmatism ruled against it. When Mitchell came out of the courtroom and was asked if he planned to take a vacation, he answered, "I think I'm going to the moon." From the look on his face, it seemed that inwardly he was on the moon already. In his expression was a world of weariness and woe. Yet we found that in the Watergate lineup Mitchell's face was somehow a relief. On his face alone did the entire story of the Nixon Administration's tremendous fall seem to be written. From his distant look one could guess that the ordeal had left its mark on his mind and spirit, and that he had long ago abandoned the faith that Haldeman was now championing with redoubled zeal. Here was at least veiled recognition of what we had all been through in the last few years. Mitchell, unlike the others, seemed to know everything we knew.

• •

Gatherings

LEAVING the Vice-President aside, we wish to report on the Rockefeller Public Service Awards, which have been given annually since 1952 out of the capacious pocket of John D. Rockefeller 3rd, "in recognition of distinguished service to the Government of the United States and the American People." We recently attended the annual Awards reception and lunch at the Mayflower Hotel, in Washington, and, during cocktails, learned from Dr. Robert C. Wood, president of the University of Massachusetts and chairman of the eleven-member Committee on Selection, that the Awards—this year, five tax-free ten-thousand-dollar presents "to men and women whose careers in the Federal Service have been marked by sustained excellence"—are administered, without the donor's participation, by the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs of Princeton University. One hundred and forty nominations were received in 1974. The Woodrow Wilson School, consulting files and conducting interviews, winnowed them down to a more manageable number, and from these, over a hardworking two days last October, Dr. Wood's committee made the final selection.

"We take our work seriously," Jane P. Cahill, a selector who is vice-president of communications of I.B.M., said after joining us. "It's a very interesting panel. We have a great respect for each other. We get to Princeton Thursday night, spend all Friday reading and discussing, and make our choices Saturday morning. We fight in a polite sort of way. I'm struck by the incredible talent in the bureaucracy. It's really the cornerstone of our democratic system."

"I gather we're having the President today," Dr. Wood said as, along with about four hundred men and women, many of them previous Award winners, we moved into the next room for lunch. A few minutes later, to be sure, after Dr. William G. Bowen, president of Princeton, had introduced the people on the dais (Elliot Richardson was the only one wearing an odd jacket), President Ford came in, escorted by Ruth Greenstein, assistant dean of the Woodrow Wilson School. All rose from their untouched grapefruit. The President was wearing a blue suit, a blue-striped shirt, and a blue tie with some kind of animal on it. Mr. Rockefeller had a small, tight dark-red rose in his buttonhole. They both sat down. Dr. Bowen then yielded the rostrum to President Ford. All rose. Mr. Ford, looking friendly and amused, made a short speech: "Pleased and honored . . . to join in your salute. . . . Year after year, a vast and very loyal group of good people are doing good work for their country. . . . Proud to honor five public servants who have . . . served us with great, great distinction. . . . They are among the unsung heroes of millions."

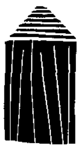
The President sat down, but he got up a minute later, to hand certificate-wrapped checks to the recipients. All rose. Following citations by Dr. Bowen, Mr. Ford made the presentations, alphabetically: James Bruce Cardwell, head of the Social Security Administration (seventy-two thousand employees); George Jaszi, director of the Bureau of Economic Analysis of the Department of Commerce (responsible for estimating the Gross National Product); George M. Low, deputy administrator of NASA (he managed the Apollo moon-landing program); Dr. Robert M. White, administrator of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (concerned with weather and whales); Maurice J. Williams, a global troubleshooter for the Agency for International Development (food and relief supplies to Asia, Africa, and Latin America). President Ford murmured a few congratulatory words to each, patted him cozily on the back, and left, after pausing to shake hands with people on the dais, several of whom he greeted by their first names. Grace was pronounced by the Reverend Edgar D. Romig, rector of the local Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, and then the grapefruit was attacked. "First time the President of the United States has come to one of these lunches," a man at our table, wearing an orange-and-black rosette that proclaimed him to be a previous Awardee, said. "These Awards have given the Civil Service a shot in the arm. They've raised morale. They've given government workers a real lift."

"Mr. Rockefeller has planted a seed, and the harvest has been high," Dr. Bowen said during the dessert, and he introduced the donor.

All rose.

•

THE very next day, we took in another award event in our capital—the presentation of the William J. Donovan Award "to an individual who has rendered distinguished service in the interests of the United States and the cause of freedom anywhere" by the Veterans of the Office of Strategic Services, an agency that did intelligence work in the Second World War. This trophy, a medal bearing the likeness of the founder of the O.S.S., went to William J. Casey, an O.S.S. veteran and former head of the Securities and Exchange Commission, who is now president and chairman of the Export-Import Bank of the United States. It was bestowed, after more than four hours of eating, drinking, toastmastering, and speechmaking, at the annual O.S.S. Veterans' Dinner, held this year in the International Ballroom of the Washington Hilton Hotel. The dinner was attended by some six hundred black-tie-wearing guests, most of them O.S.S. alumni, who paid forty dollars each for the privilege, but there was also a generous sprinkling of foreign diplomats and other persons of distinction.



We had a preprandial Scotch with Miss Kay Halle, an O.S.S. veteran and the author of "Irrepressible Churchill, A Treasury of Winston Churchill's Wit." "Interesting faces here tonight," she said.

We presently found ourself at a table ringed, in part, by the faces of Clarence E. Larson, former commissioner of the Atomic Energy Commission, and the wartime chiefs of the O.S.S. in Belgium, Denmark, and the Netherlands.

"I come to most of these dinners," the Netherlands man said. "But our work with the underground was so secret that even now when I see former colleagues I often don't know who they are. I know their code names, but I don't know who they are. It doesn't make for easy camaraderie."

"What are you doing now?" w
asked. "Is it a secret?"

He made no reply, but the wife
the Belgium man whispered to u
"Tobacco," and went on, expansivel
to reveal herself as a Brearley mother.

Hard on the Frozen Soufflé
Grand Marnier Lemon Sauce, tl
speeches began. The Chairman of tl
Award Committee. The Chairman
the Dinner Committee. The C
Chairman of the Dinner Committe
The President of the Veterans. Solici
ed bows by Mrs. Donovan; the he
of the C.I.A.; Senator Barry Gol
water; a flock of ambassadors; Secor
World War underground leade
from abroad; one of the last men
the moon; Hugh Downs, the form
host of the "Today Show." The readir
of letters to Mr. Casey from Nels
Rockefeller ("You are indeed an a
thentic American patriot") and fro
President Ford ("I only wish I cou
be present this evening. . . . No oth
individual . . . more richly deserves .
May God continue to inspire you"
The reading of a poem by a form
member of the Norwegian resistance.

On the stroke of ten minutes p
eleven, William P. Rogers, the form
Secretary of State, after a good ma
jokes, presented the Award. Mr. Cas
acknowledged it gracefully a
launched into a detailed, interesti
account of the various resistance mov
ments that the O.S.S. worked wit
and the part it played in fooling t
Germans about the Normandy lan
ings. "He really loved the sm
of battle," Mr. Casey said of Gene
Donovan. "He had cherubic blue ey
His manner was deceptively mild. I
got together the brightest aggregati
ever assembled. You name them,
collected them. He unleashed them."

Being Present

THE newest museum in town
the International Center of Ph
tography, which occupies the mansi
that formerly served as headquart
for the National Audubon Society,
the northeast corner of Fifth Aven
and Ninety-fourth Street. The we
before its recent gala opening, we talk
with Cornell Capa, its executive dire
tor, and with Karl Katz, one of t
moving spirits behind it. The Cent
will exhibit, teach, and publish photo
raphy, and will set up archives for t
preservation of photographs. It gr
out of the International Fund for Co
cerned Photography, founded in 19
by Mr. Capa, who was one of t
most eminent photographers for *Li*
Like the Fund, the Center has be

dedicated to the memory of three photojournalists who were killed in the nineteen-fifties while on picture assignments: David Seymour (Chim), Werner Bischof, and Robert Capa (Cornell's older brother). All this we learned from Mr. Katz, an ebullient man of forty-five, who is Chairman for Special Projects of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, while lunching with him in the staff dining room of the Met.

"The Center will be concentrating on photography as a means of communication rather than as art," Mr. Katz told us. "It is interested in committed photojournalism—in documentary photography, which no longer has an outlet, now that the big picture magazines have folded. Documentary photography could be said to fall into two broad categories." Mr. Katz had brought a pile of books to lunch and had put them on the chair next to him. He reached for one, "The Concerned Photographer," edited by Cornell Capa, and riffled through it. "Here. This says it better than I can. It's from Cornell's introduction." He pointed to the lines "Lewis W. Hine, an early humanitarian-with-a-camera, may have stated it best: 'There were two things I wanted to do. I wanted to show the things that had to be corrected. I wanted to show the things that had to be appreciated.' " Mr. Katz shut the book and continued, "Well, that's what it's all about. Now, at last, Cornell has a place of his own. It's been a long time coming. This brilliant, absolutely lovable man, a Hungarian who murders the English language, has never had the recognition he deserves, because he hasn't wanted it. He's always doing things for other people. He has put together exhibitions for all the great museums—for the Library of Congress, the Jewish Museum, the Metropolitan. Any time those places want a guest photography exhibit, they call Cornell and he drops everything. And he's done eleven books—some of his own pictures, and some he's edited. Those books are the best. This guy's been a friend, a father figure, a teacher o anyone who cares about photography. Some of us felt we couldn't let him go on dispersing his talent, his energy. He had to have a place where he could teach, and where he could reach more people. Somehow we got a little eed money from foundations. Cornell found this lovely house. And now—Well, you'll see."

Accompanied by Mr. Katz, we left he Metropolitan and walked up the Park side of Fifth Avenue in bright unlight. We stopped at the corner of Ninety-fourth Street and looked across at the façade of what is still known as Audubon House, a six-story Georgian building of red brick, with shiny black shutters. Lovely it is. We crossed the street and looked at the metal plaque by the front door:

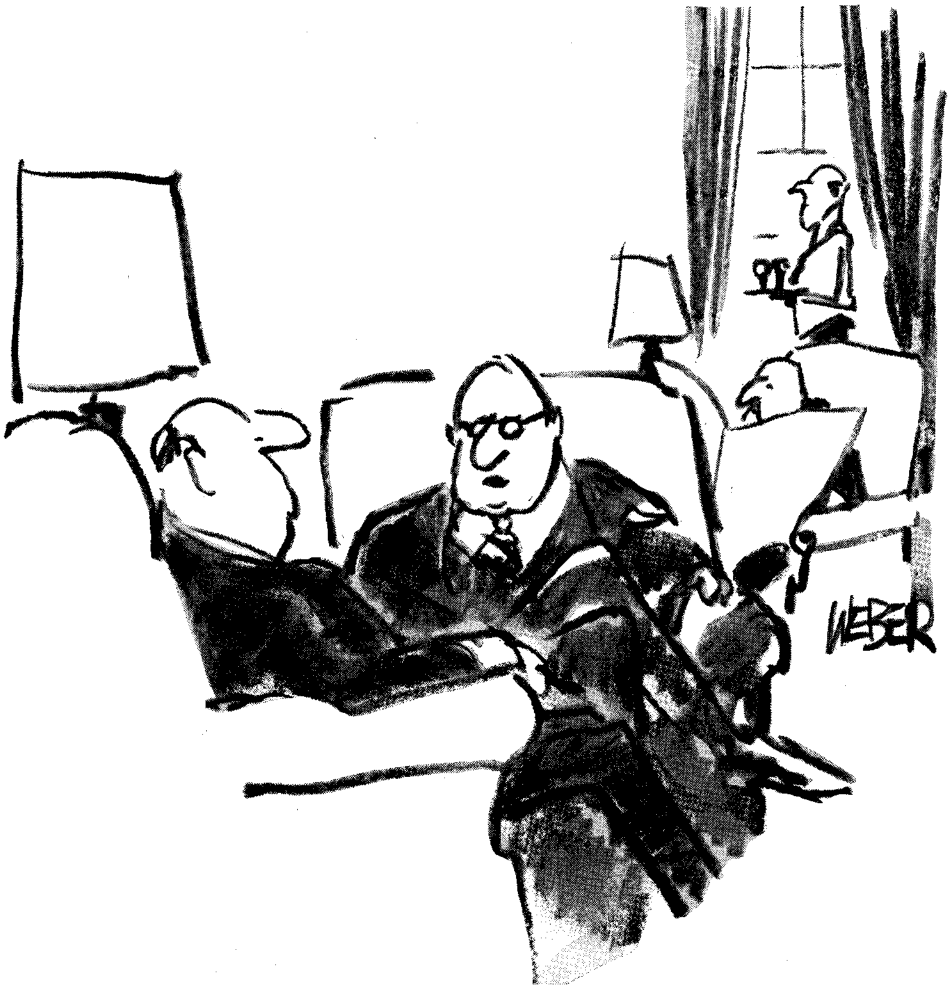
LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK
AUDUBON HOUSE

DELANO AND ALDRICH WERE THE ARCHITECTS OF THIS GEORGIAN STYLE MANSION, COMPLETED ABOUT 1915 FOR WILLARD STRAIGHT. LATER OWNERS WERE JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY AND THEN MRS. HARRISON WILLIAMS FROM WHOM THE NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY PURCHASED THE PROPERTY IN 1952.

PLAQUE ERECTED 1964 BY
THE NEW YORK COMMUNITY TRUST

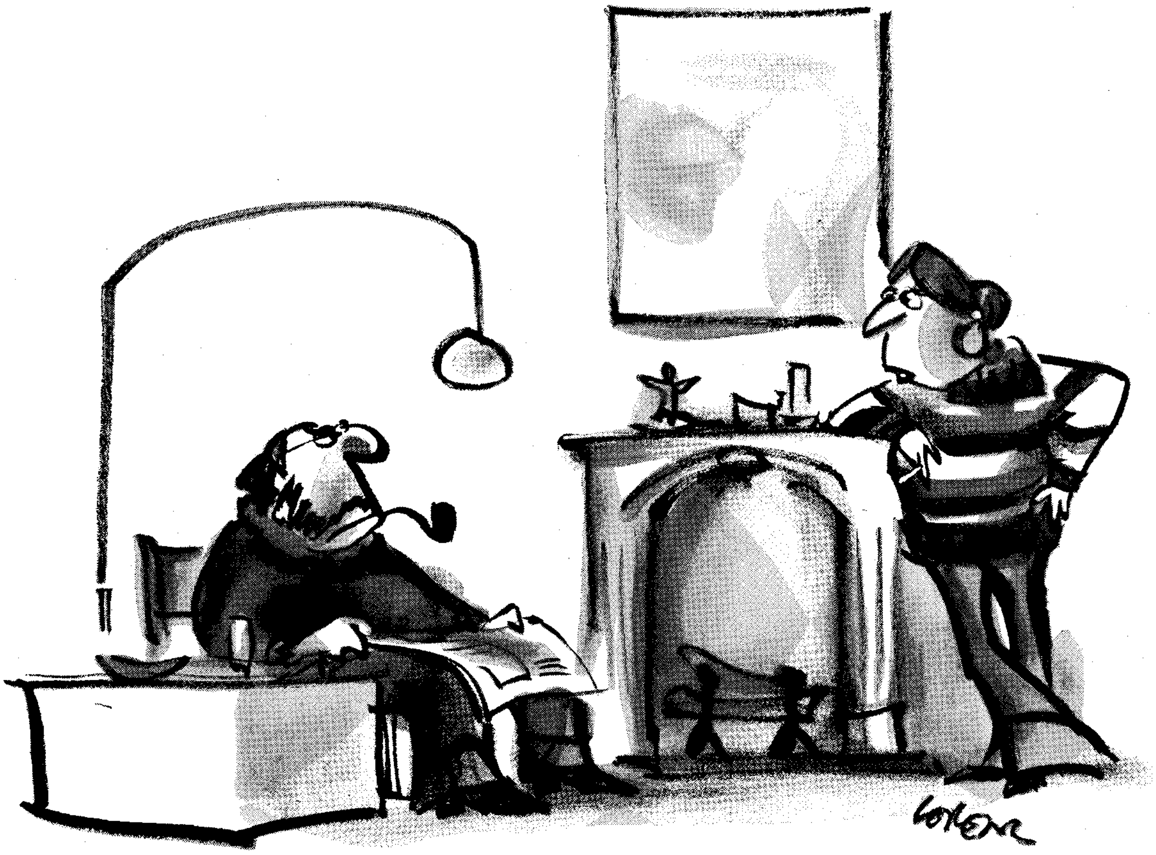
We walked into a circular, marble-floored entrance hall. A young girl with long hair and glasses sat at a table, talking into a telephone cradled on one shoulder, and filling envelopes with both hands. As she talked, a second phone kept ringing. She greeted Mr. Katz with a smile, and we headed up a broad marble stairway. On the second floor, we emerged into a long, high-ceilinged, wood-panelled room with a fireplace at one end and a handsome parquet floor. This was once the Straights' reception room and is now called Gallery 2. There we found a young man holding a metal rod. Mr. Katz introduced him to us as Bhupendra Karia, an Indian photographer, who had been working with Cornell Capa for two years and is now the Center's associate director. As we stood talking, Mr. Capa walked in—a sturdy man of fifty-six, with bushy gray hair, bushy eyebrows, and a smiling face. "There you are," he said. "The baby is about to be born. We will make it for the opening. Come. I want to show you everything."

Mr. Capa put one arm around Mr. Katz and the other arm around us, and began to steer us through. "We have put the house back exactly as it used to be," he said. "When we moved in, there were many partitions, which we have taken down. See the panelling? We will never hurt it. We designed special boards to hang pictures from, with metal rods." He pointed to the rod that Mr. Karia was holding. "A genius who was produced



"What everyone seems to forget is that A.T.&T., when you come right down to it, is only people—like you and me."

• •



"At least be honest with yourself, Jamie. You're never going to be in the right mood to see 'Scenes from a Marriage.'"

• •

by Karl Katz thought these up. But, like all geniuses, he made the rods so that they wouldn't fit the holes. Right, Bhupendra?" Mr. Karia smiled.

Gallery 2 and a large wood-panelled room adjoining it were to be used for one of the opening exhibitions—"Apropos U.S.S.R. (1954 and 1973)," made up of photographs taken by Henri Cartier-Bresson on two trips to Russia. On the opposite side, the reception room opened into a wood-panelled library, which had a large number of folding chairs stacked against the walls, and three tall windows facing Fifth Avenue. "Here we will have lectures, audiovisuals, conferences," Mr. Capa said.

Mr. Katz looked at his watch and said he had to get back to the Metropolitan. Mr. Capa clapped him on the back, said goodbye, and then led us upstairs to a large panelled room on the third floor. We both sat down in directors' chairs of red canvas, drawn up to a Formica-topped table. This room, Mr. Capa explained, was to be used for master classes. Some of the leading photographers would come here once a week and conduct seminars. He went on to say that the Center would be the only museum in the country devoted exclusively to photography, except for the International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House, in Rochester, which was established in 1947. "Modern Art and Whitney, they show photography, of course," he said. "They buy a few negatives of the great photographers, but what happens to the rest? I became concerned about that when, around the same time, my brother and Bischof and Seymour died. All their negatives, all their life's work—I could save them. But what happens with the other photographers? The family puts their photographs in the attic, and one day they get thrown out. All the history of the twentieth century will be in photographs—more than in words."

Capa stood up. "Come. I want you to meet some of the young people who are with me here," he said. "Some of them come all the way from California. The door will be open from eleven in the morning till eleven at night—maybe later. Who knows, when a lot of photographers get going? There will always be coffee."

We went back down to the reception-room gallery. Capa introduced us to a baby, held by a pretty, dark-haired young woman. "This is Colin Burroughs, three and one-half weeks," Capa said. "And his beautiful mother, Wendy. His father runs the slide machine and works in the darkroom."

Downstairs, in the entrance hall, the long-haired young girl was still simultaneously talking on the telephone and filling envelopes. A bearded young man was squatting on the floor beside her with another telephone and an open telephone book. He was introduced to us as David Kutz. He said, "Today a telephone operator, tomorrow an electrician, next day a carpenter, maybe one day a photographer."

We went back to Gallery 2. The Cartier-Bresson exhibition was being hung. On a wall between two windows was a 1954 photograph of young Russians dancing in a club under giant posters of Lenin and Stalin. Mr Karia was staring a it. A young girl approached him with two labels for the picture "They are chocolate-colored, with white writing," she said "Which color do you want—milk chocolate or bittersweet?" Mr. Karia chose bittersweet. Capa stood in fron of the Cartier-Bresson photograph appraisingly for a moment, and then told us that Cartier-Bresson had recently given an interview to *Le Monde* in which he stated that painting, not photography, had always been his obsession, and that he drew every day and now considered his drawings much more important than his photography The interview had caused an uproar in France. *Le Monde* had asked severa French photographers to respond, and had printed the responses of, among others, Gilles Peress and Marc Riboud "Cartier-Bresson treated Riboud like a son," Capa went on. "He was hi mentor, and now he tells him tha photography doesn't mean anything So now everybody is responding. Bresson is like that. *Psst, psst, psst*—the steam gathers, then the lid blows off." He smiled. "The whole thing is so French: love, hate, respect, misrespect answers, re-answers. So now we have these vibrations crossing the ocean."

From the library we could hear a measured voice on a loudspeaker. I was Cartier-Bresson. "That's the Master's voice," Capa said to us, pointing through the door. "You should go and watch his audiovisual. We will have it running all through his exhibition.”

We went into the library and sat down on a folding chair. The room was dark and empty. Cartier-Bresson slides flicked on and off a screen, and Cartier-Bresson spoke, in almost unaccented English: “Sometimes people ask, ‘How many pictures do you take?’ . . . Well, there is no rule. Sometimes, like in this picture in Greece, well, I aw the frame of the whole thing and waited for somebody to pass. . . . That s why it develops a great anxiety in this rofession . . . always waiting. What is going to happen? . . . Quick, quick, uick, quick, like an animal and a rey. . . . I'm extremely impulsive . . . bunch of nerves, but I take advanage of it. . . . You have to be yourself nd you have to forget yourself. . . . And poetry is the essence of everyhing. . . . The world is being created very minute and the world is falling to ieces every minute. . . . It is these tenons I am always moved by. . . . I love fe. I love human beings. I hate people lso. . . . I enjoy shooting a picture, eing present. It's a way of saying, Yes! Yes! Yes!’ . . . And there's no maybe.”

Meetings

WHAT Mary Tyler Moore and Robert Penn Warren have in common, in addition to three names each, is that neither was in New York ast weekend. Normally, this would ot be a cause for great concern, but on hat weekend they were both *supposed* o be in town—Miss Moore to receive n award from the Popular Culture Association and Mr. Warren to prede at a meeting of the Melville Soety. The Popular Culture Association nd the Melville Society are loosely lied with the Modern Language Asociation, the scholarly organization hat meets in New York every two ears and that on such occasions is esponsible for a dramatic influx of eards and knitted-wool neckties in idtown.

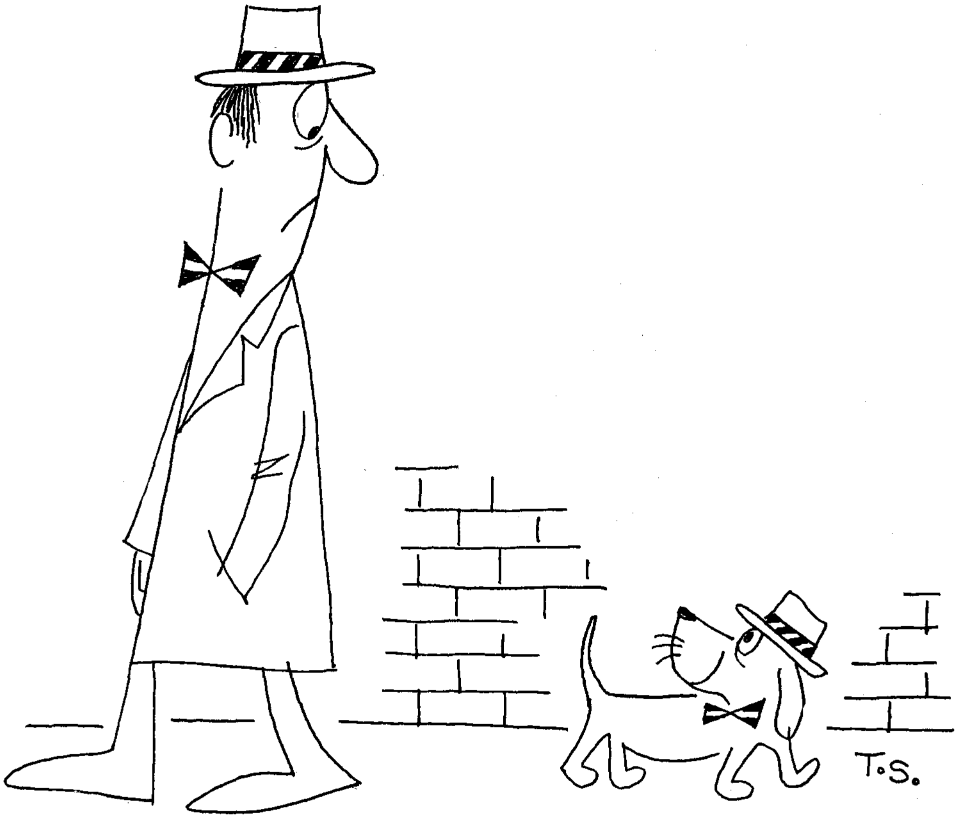
The Popular Culture Association et Friday evening in the Sutton Balloom of the New York Hilton. We oke with Marshall Fishwick, an ex-resident of the P.C.A., who told us hat the organization was formed in 969 as an offshoot of American Studs. He told us that, rather than conntrate upon what he called “élite lture,” the P.C.A. makes a point of cognizing the Irving Wallaces and ob Hopes of the world. Because we new what the P.C.A. is, we were a ep ahead of most of the two hundred and fifty other people in the room, virtually all of whom had come merely to see Mary Tyler Moore. We sat in the second row, behind Nancy A. Roediger, of Tarrant County Junior College. “I'm in the front row because I want to see how old Mary Tyler Moore looks,” Mrs. Roediger told us.

While everyone waited for Miss Moore, Mrs. Roediger and everybody else listened to a panel discussion of how to create a best-seller. At the outset of the discussion, Peter Benchley, the author of the best-selling novel “Jaws,” said that there is no such thing as “creating a best-seller” and that he certainly made no deliberate effort to write one. Thomas Lask, assistant cultural editor of the *Times*, said, “It is impossible to write a best-seller, but it's not impossible to *create* one.” Julie Coryn, a publicity director for a publishing house, declared that the best way to make a best-seller is to have editors in publishing houses find good writers to write good books. She also spoke about what she called “accidental” best-sellers.

While this was going on, the crowd buzzed in anticipation of the arrival of Miss Moore and Andy Warhol, the evening's other honoree. About ten minutes after Mr. Warhol arrived, Ray Browne, an officer of the P.C.A., interrupted the panel discussion to announce that Mary Tyler Moore would not appear—the crowd groaned in disappointment—and to present Mr. Warhol with a large framed certificate citing his “distinguished achievements in the popular arts.” Mr. Warhol, who was holding a small tape recorder, said “Thank you.” Then the meeting broke up. Afterward, Andy Warhol told us that he plans to run a picture of the award on the cover of his next book, and that he hopes the book will be a best-seller.

THE next day, when the Melville Society met, at the New York Public Library, Sanford Marovitz, the program chairman, announced Robert Penn Warren's absence by saying, “All the king's men are here, but the king is not.” Before settling down to scholarly matters—which included the presentation of a paper about film versions of “Moby Dick,” subtitled “Ahab Gets Girl”—the Society discussed plans to meet in 1976 in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where Melville wrote “Moby Dick.” Hennig Cohen, secretary-treasurer of the group, explained that the Melville Society had been informally invited by a museum in Pittsfield, and that the members could stay at the new, thirteen-story Colonial Hilton Inn there. He proposed a motion to acknowledge the invitation, and it passed. Then a parliamentary crisis arose. “Was that enough hands,” Mr. Cohen asked, “to say that we are willing to accept a *formal* invitation to Pittsfield, or is that presumptuous, and should we re-vote on the motion and if we defeat the motion then propose another motion, or . . . Oh, I don't know. The polling process is *so* difficult!”

Two friends of cetaceans addressed



the meeting, both to protest the excessive slaughter of whales by Japan and the Soviet Union. One was John Goodman, of the National Cetacean Symposium, who announced a meeting of that group, and the other was David Hill, executive director of the Rare Animal Relief Effort, who spoke about a boycott of Japanese and Soviet goods. "Herman Melville was the most forward-looking man in his century in his understanding of cetacean problems," said Mr. Hill. "If Melville had known what would happen to whales in this century, no doubt his experience in writing 'Moby Dick' would have been far different"—meaning, we were left to presume, that the great white whale would have attacked not the Pequod but, rather, Soviet and Japanese factory ships.

At the Garden

A FRIEND has sent us a report on the last big rock event of 1974, the George Harrison concert at Madison Square Garden:

This was the climactic event of the first American tour by a former member of the Beatles, so it should have been epoch-making, but if it was, then we're in for an epoch I'd just as soon skip. The evening was full of dissonances, contradictions, shortfalls. The stage itself, for example, was promising—it had a certain sombre dignity. To the left and the right were black monolithic speaker towers—at least two stories high—emblazoned in white with the Sanskrit characters for "*om*." And above the stage, above the bank of lights that bathed the performers in white, and red, and orange, and violet, an immense white banner dominated the scene. The banner had a red circle on it, enclosing a picture of a horse—a seven-headed black horse, girded in colorful raiment and leaping dramatically. I took it for granted that the horse had religious significance, since Krishna-consciousness was the evening's theme. Later, when I learned that the horse was the trademark of Harrison's new record company, I was perhaps less surprised than I should have been.

Harrison himself seemed ambivalent about the whole enterprise. Although his drawing power has much to do with the fact that he is a former Beatle, he sang only two or three Beatle songs. One of them, "In My Life," is by John Lennon and Paul McCartney, but Harrison took the liberty of editing the lyrics anyway. "I love you more" became "I love God more," and so forth. It reminded me of my old Sunday-school teacher doing her best to explain away the Song of Solomon. Harrison has tried for years, with intermittent success, to interest Western youth in Indian music, and most of the concert was given over to a performance by sixteen highly credentialed Indian musicians, including Ravi Shankar and three other members of the Shankar family, while Harrison acted as the humble sideman. But the resulting music, a deafening amalgam of Western and Indian styles designed expressly to appeal to the pop audience, was even more unfamiliar than a program of traditional ragas would have been. (*Rolling Stone* recently quoted Ravi Shankar as saying that fifty to seventy-five per cent of the appeal of rock music is its loudness—probably true, but not necessarily relevant to his own work.) Harrison's voice was in terrible shape. He was hoarse, and the warble on which his singing depends was entirely gone. He had, in fact, been hoarse throughout the long tour that preceded his Garden appearance—which raises the question of whether, in his heart of hearts, he wanted to sing at all that night.

The people in the audience were eager to have a good time (they had paid up to nineteen dollars a pair for their tickets), but the moments of real gladness were few. When Ravi Shankar hugged Harrison and said, "Now we have a fifth Shankar—George Shankar," everyone was pleased by the sincerity of his affection. When Harrison sang the first notes of "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," a thrill swept through the crowd, but a measure or two later his voice began to crack. Harrison's friend Billy Preston got the crowd thoroughly excited for the only time when he scooted across the stage, his huge Afro bouncing, his white jacket twirling in his hand. He and Harrison formed a two-man kick line, and Preston said, "He learned that on 'Soul Train.'" At the end, the audience rose in an ovation—but at concerts like this one standing ovations have become reflexive. Everyone, including a man in a Santa Claus suit, sang "My Sweet Lord" for the encore. Talking rather indistinctly over the music, Harrison delivered a sort of sermon. He urged the crowd to chant "Christ, Christ" (or "Krishna, Krishna" or "Allah, Allah"). "If we can all do it for thirty seconds without any hangups, we'll blow the ceiling on this place," he said. The chanting got started all right, but then the rhythm fell apart, and so did the chanting, ar
the ceiling stayed. "I'd just like to te
you that the Lord is in your hearts
Harrison said. "I'm not up here jum
ing like a loony for my own sake but
tell you that the Lord is in your hear
Somebody's got to tell you. Let us r
flect Him in each other." Harrison h
his face in his hands, which were he
together in a devotional gesture. Th
he said "See you in eight years!" a
ran off. In eight years, it will be 198
The significance of that— Well,
simply don't know the significance
that.

And So to Bed

THERE were five balloons on t
ceiling of the Brasserie, one of t
few all-night midtown restaurants,
six-thirty New Year's morning. And
the floor—at the next table—a you
man with a pink feather in his hair a
wearing a blue-and-white Harvard
shirt. In one corner, a man taking
snooze, his head completely cover
with a black georgette scarf. The pla
was packed with breakfasting re
ellers—nearly a hundred all told,
cording to Preston Spickler, the hea
waiter, who normally works lunch b
had come in early to help out. "N
the usual Wednesday-morning bu
nessman crowd," he said.

A girl entered carrying a pink b
loon that said, "HAPPY NEW YEAR
N.Y.A.C." She was accompanied b
man wearing green mittens and car
ing a baggy red umbrella. At the n
table, a girl in black said to the Harva
man, "I hate everybody right no
Let's have some wine and tomato ju
and muffins and cool down."

A fifteen-year-old girl talked to
thirteen-year-old girl about her gy
cologist. "She's a sixty-year-old G
man woman. I asked her why
went into the business, and she said,
vas a teen-ager, too, vunce.'"

Another fragment of conversati
"I had this friend named Wayne w
just *hated* his last name. So we ha
contest for a new last name, and
winning name was Dwop."

A burst of applause for the entra
of a stunning black man wearing
mink fedora, a tux of red sequins, a
silver lamé pants. A squeal from
next table but one. "Those are d
nitely my pants!" yelled a cute blo
girl. We interviewed her. She is R
Daniels, and she designs clothes
The Godfather II Boutique, a W
Eighth Street shop, owned by a fell
named Tony Perrotti. They were
fact her pants, and she had never s
them out in public before.

THEY WERE EXPANDABLE

November 13

TODAY I joined the team—the Chicago Liens, a nifty little expansion club that the sports pages of *The Law Journal* have said "may be on the scene for many weeks to come." As the *Journal's* readers are well aware, I came to the Liens directly from Joan of Arc Junior High, signing for an unspecified amount of cash, five thousand Triple S Blue Stamps, and a chit for a uniform to be issued the moment the laundry is paid.

Our first game is tonight, against the Boston Floaters, in the back yard at 308 West Forty-ninth Street, and the boys are kind of tense, because we don't know if we'll be playing hockey or basketball; all the market research isn't in yet. At any rate, whatever we play, we'll be plenty fired up, because this week's owner, the House of Chan, has promised us each a sparerib for every fan we can put in the stands. We know, of course, that the Floaters, who just moved their franchise from Bimini in the old Accordion League, will be highly motivated, too, because their new owner, AMTRAK, promised them a dollar a basket—that is, if we are playing basketball. I just hope that the decision will be made in plenty of time, so there won't be any ice in the three-second lane.

November 14

BASKETBALL it was, but we still used our power play, because the Floaters were one man short. It turned out that their entire bench was under an injunction from the Accordion League, and their starting left guard decided to skip the game in favor of burning some subpoenas with his attorney. Having an extra man did give us an edge, I admit, but it only made up for the way that the Floaters had tried to unnerve us by changing their name to the Montauk Motleys, on whom we had no scouting report. Moreover, the only official on hand was a bankruptcy referee, and he was lousy under the boards. I have no idea how many ribs we earned. We drew almost two hundred fans, but only thirty-two were paid, because our owner had issued comps for all veterans, Spanish teachers, and heterosexuals.

December 16

TERRIFIC news! We'll be making the playoffs even if we lose all the rest of our games, because seven teams just dropped out of the league in an attempt to regain their amateur standing in the P.S.A.L. Only three teams are left, and the Liens have the bye right now, so we don't know if our second regular-season game will come before or after the end of the fiscal year. However, the Appellate Division says that we don't have to play it until our new owner, Three Sisters Moving and Storage, puts the right date on our checks.

December 17

IT turns out that we will definitely have a second game before the playoffs, and it will be either tonight or April 26th against the Interstate 95s, who used to be the Erie Eclectics of the old Hobey Baker League. The boys aren't worried too much about the 95s, of course, because more than half of us used to be them; it's really an intramural game. There's much more talk about the playoffs, which begin on June 29th in the Radio City rehearsal hall, with complete coverage by Station WNCN, which won the air-rights package after some spirited bidding against Public Access Channel D.

December 27

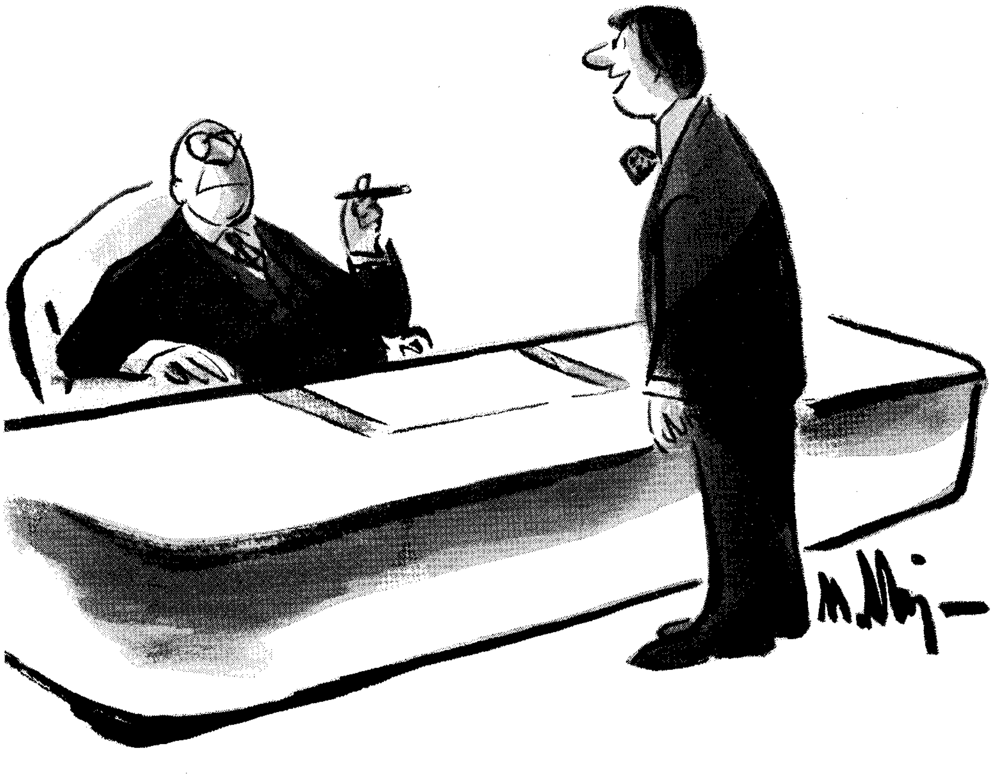
WE played the 95s last night on the roof of the Hotel Dixie. We lost by fifty-eight points, but the boys were well aware that the game was meaningless—except, of course, as publicity for our new owner, Master Charge. It would have been hard to concentrate on winning anyway, because of all the halftime speeches that we got. First our agent came in and said that those of us with two or more deductible dependents would be in a better tax position if we didn't play the second half. Then a Master Charge guy came in and said that releasing our pay was still a possibility but meanwhile the starting center and both guards could have a credit-line increase of seven hundred dollars each. And then the most inspiring speech of all: our defensive lawyer came in, got up on a stool, and yelled,

> Gimme an E, gimme an S, gimme
>   a C-R-O!
> Gimme a W—that's where the
>   profits go!

January 24

OUR designated accountant just gave us a bulletin on the playoffs. They may have to be the best out of one, because William Buckley has reluctantly announced that WNCN is converting to an all-weather-forecast format, and the game rights have been grabbed off by the studio radio station at The Dalton School. Never mind! We're all going to be way, way up for this one! Not only is it for the championship of the entire Major Deegan Expressway, but it will also constitute the swan song for Slats O'Meara, our All Expansion center, who has decided to enroll at the Sorbonne, where he can make more dough.

—RALPH SCHOENSTEIN



"Why, thank you, sir, and I had it in mind to tell you what a bang-up job I think you're doing."

A KNACK FOR LANGUAGES

MY husband is a linguist. He teaches Italian (his native tongue) at the University, but he also speaks French, Spanish, Russian, and Greek, and his English is without accent except for a little sticking on the "t"s. Now Mark is trying to learn Arabic, which he has heard is very difficult. In the evenings, he sits on the sofa, beneath a yellow light, and frowns over a paperback grammar. "*Kayf halik*," he says. "How are you? *Kayf halik*? *Kayf halik*?" Although he is speaking to himself, he looks straight at me, so that I have the feeling he really wants to know. That is one of his qualities: he is so *personal*. His eyes are unwavering, focussed not on my own eyes but on my mouth, as if expecting an answer. I feel shy and tongue-tied. I don't know any Arabic at all, not even "fine." I have never been good at languages myself.

At the university where Mark teaches, I am a graduate student in geology. The only language I ever had to take was scientific German. When we had been dating a while (we first met in the stacks of the library), I started sitting in on his beginners' class to pick up a little Italian. I was already in love with him; that was the only reason. I stayed in the back row, wearing my coat throughout the hour, to show my amateur status. To tell the truth, I watched far more than I listened. I saw how quick and crisp he grew, standing in front of his students. He seemed much older than I was, although he was only twenty-eight. He had crinkles of gray hair among the black, dark hollows in his cheeks, and below each eye a single sharp crease that made him look as if he felt things more deeply than other people did. Generally, he wore a formal, foreign-looking gray silk suit, and a starched white collar, high enough to be scalloped by the curls at the back of his neck. Is it any wonder half the girls on campus were in love with him? But I was the only one he took out. I don't know why. He asked me to concerts, black-and-white movies, and plays. He took me to an expensive Italian restaurant. At the concerts, he was very intense and seemed to forget I was with him, which seemed proper for an Italian; but at the movies and plays he relaxed and held my hand. "How cold your hands are, Susan!" he would tell me. "Cold hands, warm heart, isn't that what they say?"

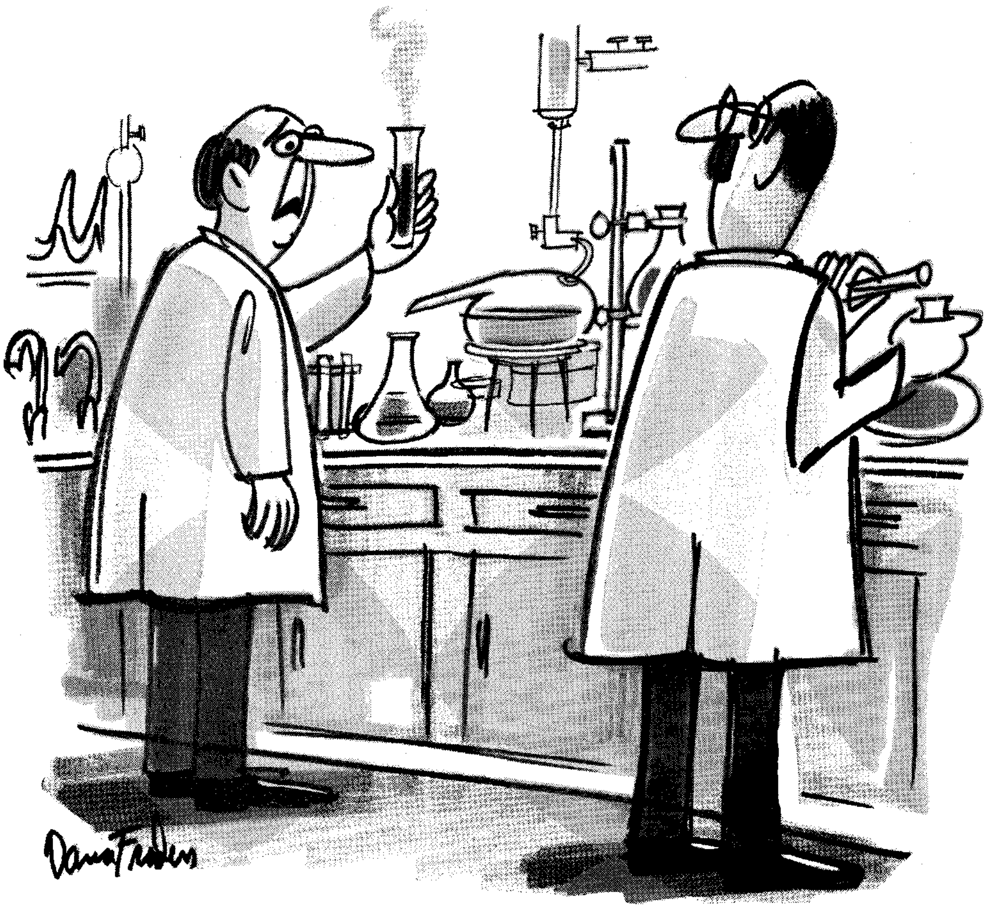
Yes, they did; he had no idea how many men had said it before him. But in the end those men had grown cold themselves—lost interest suddenly and wandered off without explanation. Mark didn't do that. I expected him to, daily, but he continued to ask me out all winter and all the following spring. He took me on spring picnics with nothing but a bottle of wine and a great wheel of yellow cheese. In class, catching me gazing out the window at the dogwood trees in bloom, he called me back with a voice so different from his teaching voice that every student stared. "Miss Denneson" was all he said, softly.

But I have never been good at saying how I feel. When we were out together, it seemed Mark had to do all the talking, leaving spaces for me to fill if I wanted, although usually I couldn't manage it. He kept drawing attention to my person, in a way that I wasn't used to. "How is it that your eyes are such a pale blue? It must be done by thoughts," he said. "You must think paler, cooler thoughts than ordinary people."

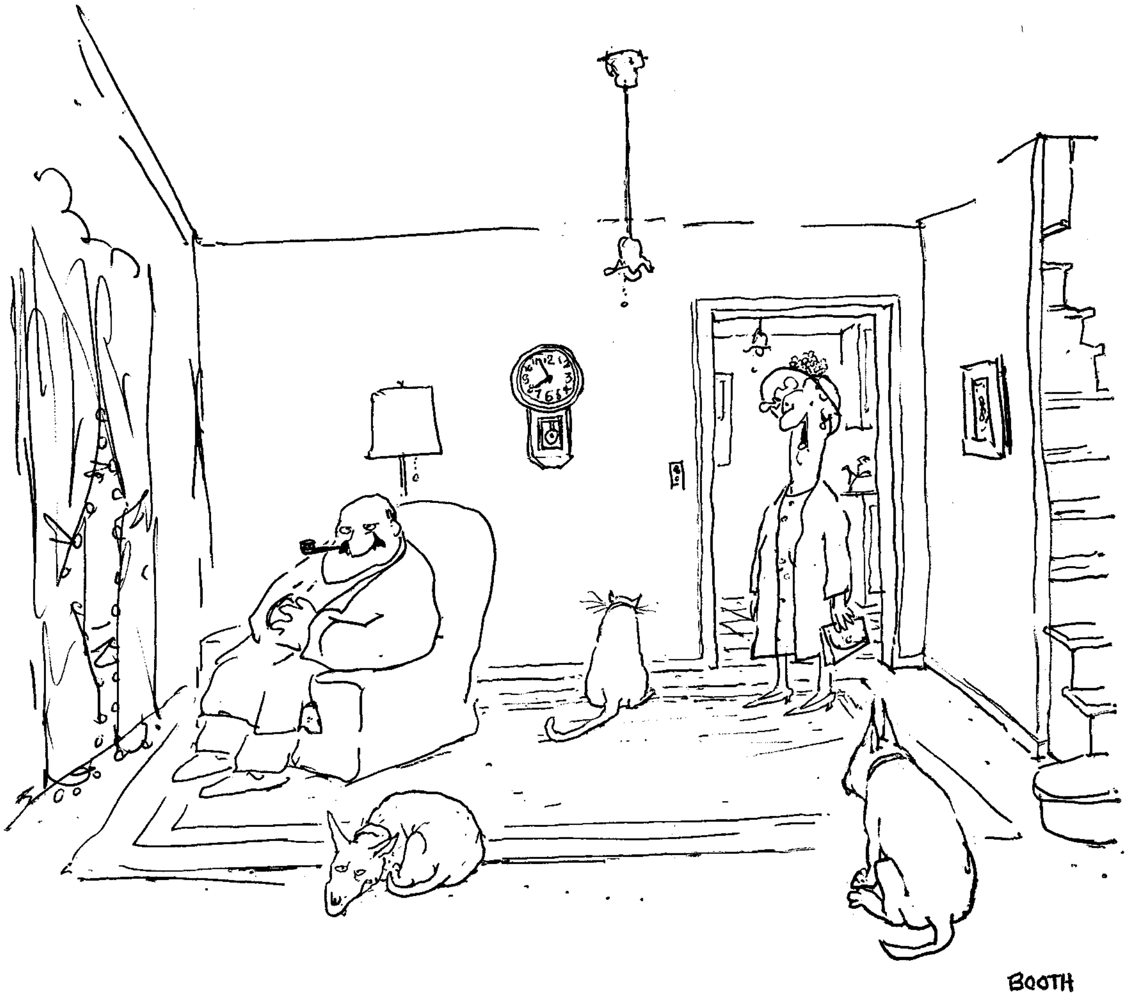
What could I answer? I would smile and knot my hands until he reached over and stilled them. At night I cried—every night all spring—foreseeing the time when he would change his mind and give me up. Of course, I never said a thing about it. And, in the end, the tears were for nothing; my life worked out the way others do, after all. He asked me to marry him, and we had a wedding in the University chapel, with my father and two aunts for witnesses, and we moved into an apartment just off campus.

Now I still audit Italian. I am in the middle of my second year. I study that more than all my geology courses put together, but on those I get straight A's and if I were graded on Italian I would be given no more than a C. "*Buon giorno, signora*," Mark says in class. "*Buon giorno*," I answer, but my "r" is flat and American, not rolling at all. (In *private* I can roll my "r"s. Not even Mark knows that.) "*Buon giorno, signorina*," he says to the girl across the aisle. "*Buon giorno, signore*," she says. Coming from her, the words are rich and heavy. They hang in the air for moments afterward, while mine have already thinned and vanished. She smiles at him, tilting her head. He smiles back. Surely he must wish he had married someone with a knack for languages.

For a while, we had his parents visiting us. They came for a month and a half. You would think that *that* would teach me Italian, but instead his mother



"*What's the opposite of 'Eureka!'?*"



"Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to pull my hat down over one eye and frizzle my hair."

learned English. She went around touching objects with one finger. "Oo-indow. Brread. Es-spoon." After every word, she giggled and covered her mouth. To speak a foreign language you have to be willing to lose a little dignity. Mark's father, on the other hand, remained dignified to the end. All he knew was one English sentence, and that he had learned before he came. He learned it for me. Heaven knows how long it took him. He said it the moment we met at the airport—grabbed both my hands and drew in a deep breath and, "Already," he said, "I love you like a daughter." His wife beamed and clapped. Mr. Sebastiani dropped my hands to wipe his forehead. What was I supposed to say? I hadn't come prepared to answer anything like that. I was expecting gestures, grimaces, at the most a tiny stark vocabulary to bridge us: "hello," maybe; "O.K.;" "good night." Instead, here he was plunging right in; with his first seven words he had gone about as far as language can go.

"Thank you," I said finally, prodded by a look from Mark. I wondered what Mr. Sebastiani would surprise me with next, but as it turned out there was no need to worry. He never learned any more English. We got along very well with smiles and signs. Sometimes he repeated his one sentence, and I thanked him again. Once he said it to my ex-roommate. She had come for a reference book when he was the only one home, and after five minutes of misunderstanding he gave up and laughed. "Already," he said, shrugging to show that it was the most he could manage, "I love you like a daughter."

"Wasn't that dear?" Dodie said to me. "Isn't he precious? I just said, 'Mr. Sebastiani, I love you, too,' and then we smiled at each other some more and I backed out the doorway."

Now Mark's parents have gone back to Italy, but we have his sisters here. The older one, Anna, is married; she is serving as a chaperone for Giulia, who has come to see about entering an American college. Both of them speak English. They like to quiz me about the details of my life: Do I buy my shoes ready-made? Did the special detergent come with the dishwasher? At night, do I cream my face? Our conversations are reasonable and deliberate, full of words dealing with price, process, and chemical content; but in the evening, when Mark is at home, everything changes. They switch to Italian. Voices grow passionate. Mark becomes "Marco," a great, rich, thundering name too big for our little living-dining room. If you listened without understanding the words (as I usually do), you would imagine they were quarrelling bitterly. But they are only discussing Anna's son's schooling, or the pollution on Italian beaches, or the marriage of some paternal aunt now twenty years dead. Giulia reports on a shopping trip; American clothing is far too expensive. Anna nods and closes her eyes and sinks back against the couch with two fingers pressed to the bridge of her nose. Marco paces the floor like a lion. Meanwhile I slip between them serving coffee. (How much coffee they drink! Dark and bitter.) "This Susan is too thin!" Anna cries, opening her eyes, returning to English. She circles my wristbone with a warm, plump hand. "Like a stick! Men want a *little* fat." I only smile. I am fond of both of them, but when they speak to me so dramatically I find it impossible to rise to the occasion.

AT Christmas this year, the sisters took a Greyhound bus tour West while Mark and I drove to Virginia to see my father. This was the first time Mark had visited my home. We set out the morning of the twenty-fourth and arrived in midafternoon. We rode up the long driveway between fields of frostbitten stubble, passing goats huddled by a shed, stacks of yellow cornstalks, my father's pickup parked in a briar patch. The house was the color of paper that has been rubbed with a dirty eraser, worn gray and translucent. There wasn't a tree or a hedge or so much as a scraggly shrub in the yard, only brown grass and a tangle of weeds where my mother had once had her flower beds. On the porch were an old wringer washer, a zinc tub full of auto parts, a radiator, and a fifty-pound sack of goat chow. No sign of my father. He would have seen the car, of course, but he was a shy man and not given to rushing out-of-doors to welcome people. (My mother would have. If she were alive, she would have single-handedly formed a torrent flooding over us, spilling out across the porch and down the front path the moment we pulled in.)

Mark took our suitcase from the trunk, and we climbed the wooden steps, avoiding one that had split. When I knocked, Mark said, "You knock at your own home?"

"Just giving him warning," I said.

My father opened the door and stood looking at us, wearing a little smile. Every time I saw him, he seemed much older. In the years since my mother's death, he had shrunk and curled like a yellowed book drying out after a night in a storm. Spikes of white whiskers glinted on his cheeks. His shirt was fastened with safety pins, his work trousers bagged at the knees, and his suspenders dangled. The sight of the clean, pink scalp beneath his white hair made me want to cry. But all I said was "Hello, Papa," and I touched my face to his. "You're looking well," I told him. Mark shook his hand.

My father nodded over and over, smiling downward. "I didn't have any idea what you might like to eat," he said.

"Now don't you worry about meals. *I'm* the cook," I told him.

"I did get a turkey for tomorrow, but I'm not so sure about supper."

"Never mind, never mind," I said. "Shall we go in?"

Inside, the same strawflowers bristled in the same vase on the mantel, just a little dustier; figurines were frozen in the same spots on the whatnot in the dining room. The wooden floors creaked and whined, the tongue-and-groove walls and the low smoke-darkened ceilings had a brittle look as if they would crumble at a touch. At every window, gauzy curtains hung, their ruffles hardened and gray with dust. The sharp smell of kerosene parched my nose. When I went into the kitchen, I nearly skidded on the icy linoleum. I found the remains of my father's lunch on the enamel table: Kellogg's Corn Flakes and an apple core. On the wall behind the stilt-legged electric stove a calendar was still turned to August, showing an old-fashioned girl with a Cupid's-bow mouth swinging on a swing entwined with hollyhocks.

THE COUNTING HOUSES

Where do the hours of a city begin and end
among so many
the limits rising
and setting each time in each body
in a city how many hands of timepieces
must be counting the hours
clicking at a given moment
numbering insects into machines to be codified
calculating newsprint in the days of the living
all together they are not infinite
any more than the ignored patience
of rubber tires day and night
or the dumbness of wheels or the wires of passions

where is the horizon the avenue has not reached it
reaching and reaching lying palm upward
exposing the places where blood is given or let
at night the veins of sleepers remember trees
countless sleepers the hours of trees
the uncounted hours the leaves in the dark
by day the light of the streets is the color of arms kept covered
and of much purpose
again at night the lights of the streets play on ceilings
they brush across walls
of room after unlit room hung with pictures
of the youth of the world

—W. S. Merwin

• •

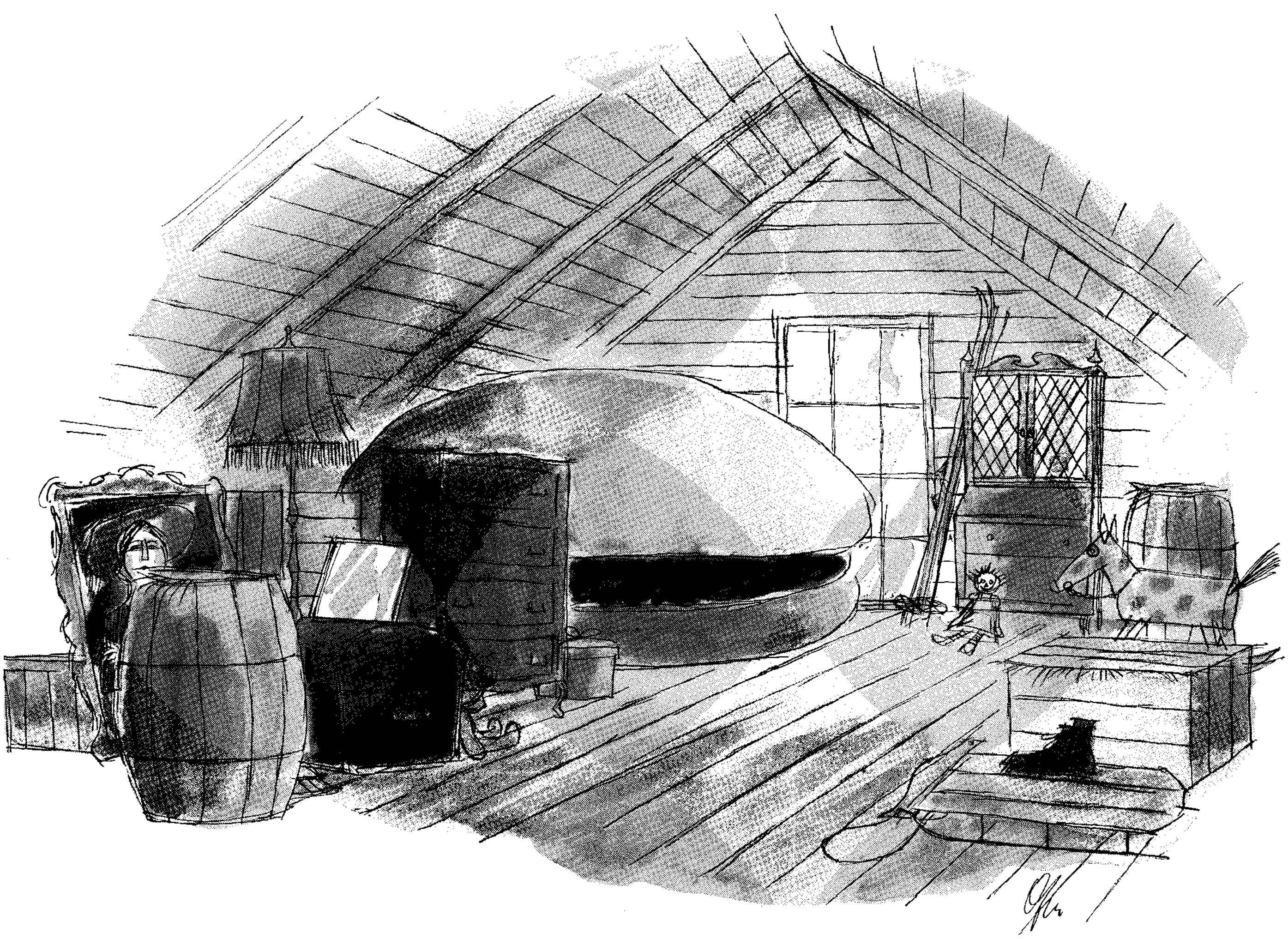
My mother died in the northeast bedroom, upstairs over the parlor. She took poison; what kind I was never told. (If I knew of any poison that was painless, and instant in its effect, I would have been more willing to ask if that had been hers. But I didn't.) Nor was I told how he found her, at what point; what he did next, or what he has done since about the room itself, her belongings, his memories of her. All he did was write me a note: "I guess I can only say straight out, we have lost your mother. She took her life yesterday (Jan. 12) in the northeast bedroom by means of poison."

I was a freshman in college at the time. I was living with two girls, both of whom I liked very much, but I never mentioned my mother's dying to them. The words wouldn't form themselves. And even years later, whe Mark and I were first exchanging lif histories, I glided over her death as if were a statistic in a textbook, and brushed away all his horrified sympa thy. "Oh, well," I said, "we never g along together." We really hadn't; was true. I was afraid of her. Fro infancy on, I understood that she w not dependable; she was full of viole moods which she pulled over her fac like huge exaggerated masks: fury, el tion, despair, hilarity—never anythin in moderation. At her death, I wro my father a note of condolence, pick ing my way between words very car fully as he and I always do. I didn go home for the funeral, but I tried t visit often after that so that he wouldn be too lonely. I froze casseroles for th months ahead; I mended his cloth and cleaned the house—all but th northeast bedroom. I never went in th northeast bedroom.

But the northeast bedroom w where guests stayed; it had the onl double bed in the house, and remem bering that made me sink suddenl into a kitchen chair. My father cam in and stood stroking his chin in th doorway. "Where are you having t sleep?" I asked him.

He looked up. Even his eyes ha aged, the blue grown milky. "Oh why . . ." he said.

I felt hurt. Had he even remem



bered I was coming? "If you give me the sheets, I'll make up *my* old room," I said. The bed in there was single, but my father didn't argue.

All afternoon Mark helped with the chores. He said he had never seen an American farm before. I stayed inside and cleaned the kitchen and made supper. From time to time I looked out one narrow, rippling window or another and caught sight of Mark and my father, stick thin, trudging across the stubbled land. They held themselves rigid, fighting the cold. Mark wore clothes bought especially for the trip—crisp new jeans, a lumberjacket, and desert boots, all so unsuited to him that they seemed to be standing by themselves, with his presence inside them only incidental. He would be questioning everything; I saw the questions flaring smokily from his mouth. My father's answers barely stirred the air. At suppertime, they crossed the yard carrying steaming pails of goat milk, and Mark burst in pink-nosed and bright-eyed and jubilant. "Susan! You can't imagine all I have learned," he said.

My father poured the milk through filter paper, and from there into the great aluminum separator that sat on the counter. "Natalie is off somewhat," he said. "Gave barely a quart of milk, and less than that this morning. Skittish-acting, too." He cranked the separator steadily, looking at the blank wall before him with his eyebrows slightly raised as if there were many sad things he was wondering about.

We had supper in the kitchen, and then, while I washed dishes, my father stayed at the table keeping me company. Mark was absorbed in an old *Farmer's Almanac* he had found on the back porch. I was glad to have my father to myself for a while, although we didn't have much to say. We talked about physical objects. Machines, mainly. We always do. Was the tractor holding up? Would the water heater last another year? And then about me: Was my typewriter satisfactory, was it still skipping? Did Mark get the proper mileage on his Toyota?

"Oh, Papa, I don't think he even *knows* what mileage he gets," I said. "He just puts in more gas when it's empty."

My father nodded. Nothing surprised him; he knew the rest of the world did things differently from the way he did. He had been told this by my mother, who had often pointed a finger at him over her coffee cup and told him all about it: "*Some* people, dear man, plunge joyfully in, and some dampen a toe first, testing the temperature, and you are one of the latter." (She spoke like that always, even in her fiercest rages; she had been college-educated.) "Everything you do is tabulated. You measure your smiles. You count your words. A cold, cold man."

She plunged in; she never merely dampened a toe in her life. She plunged into our very souls, stirring and mangling our thoughts. If she could have simply moved into our skulls she would have, bringing along great bulging suitcases and knobby shopping bags full of her envies, suspicions, grudges, ecstasies, passions, fears. She would grab me and spangle me with kisses, crushing me against her till I struggled; then "Why are you fighting me?" she would ask. "Where is it you want to go? Don't you love me even a little?" She would draw back, cupping my face hard to glare into my eyes. Her own eyes glinted. Her hair puffed up at her temples like ears, wiry orange. Her breath was so shallow I felt I was running out of air myself. "Now, Lillian," my father was always saying. "I wouldn't let myself get excited if I were you."

"Excited? *Me*?"

His calm infuriated her. So did mine. "Speak! Move!" she would tell me. "Is there anything in you at all?" She would circle us while we stood working in the kitchen—my father washing the separator patiently, piece by piece, in the sink, I preparing the supper she had forgotten. "What are you made of, modelling clay? I could have bought you both in a dime store—father, daughter. Stuck you out in the kitchen in some virtuous pose and *left* you there, I'd never know the difference."

Yet she cried when I went off to college. She leaned across to where I was sitting in my chair eating floating island; she pressed her face to my chest as if she were the daughter and I the mother. "How will it feel to be as lonely as the dead?" she asked me. She waited for an answer; it was not a rhetorical question. I couldn't think of one. At the station, seeing me off, she said, "Susan, darling! Forget the bad times. We did have good times, didn't we? Do you know how much I love you?"

While I was away, she didn't write (she wasn't the kind of person who could assemble her thoughts that way), but my father did, telling the news about the goats and so forth. "Your mother is fine," he always said. "She sends her love." She sounded like any other mother. But when I came home that Christmas out she ran, still crying—this time for joy. "All I want to do is look at you," she told me. "I want to drink you in like water." She kept my hand in hers and smiled radiantly. I was always afraid of any physical contact with her. Her changeableness showed up even in the dry heat of her skin. Yet her smile broke my heart. I wanted to think maybe she was different now. Maybe she had solidified and stabilized, settled down upon the earth like other mortals. "You'll see, darling. We're going to have the most marvellous Christmas!" she said. "Everything's going to be marvellous." But the lilt in her voice seemed to tremble on the edge of tears, and the corners of her mouth were wavering. "Of course we will, Mom," I said, and I patted her hand and laid it aside.

MY father said that if Mark and I wanted to do any visiting or anything we should go right ahead, not feel we had to stay with him all the time. He sat up straight when he said it, as if bracing himself for bad news.

"Nonsense," I said, "I don't have any friends here anymore."

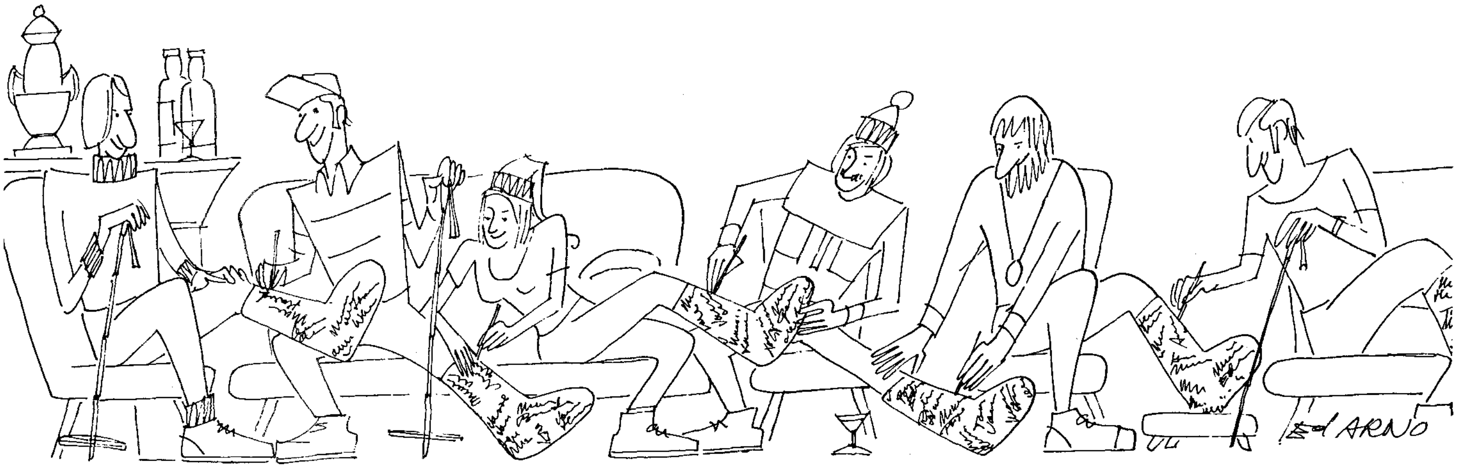
He continued to sit braced. Someday, it occurred to me, my father is going to die and my first thought will be "But I never told him. . . . I never let him know that . . ." Still I couldn't think of anything to say. The pause stretched on, and we could hear clearly each time Mark chuckled over the almanac in the parlor. I began to be afraid that I would blurt out something terrible. (In silences, that possibility often worries me.) I began stacking plates with a tremendous clatter. (When I write my father letters, I always have to unseal them again, because I start fearing I have made some unforgivable slip of the pen, or sent the wrong letter altogether. But what slip would that be? What letter? When I mail the old textbooks he asks for, I have to reopen the package at least once to make sure I have not left incriminating notes between the pages. What notes am I thinking of?)

In bed that night, Mark said, "I like this house." Then he laid the length of his body warm against mine. "I like *you*," he said. But downstairs I could still hear the muted sounds of my father closing the house. I pulled away, as far as I could get in a single bed. "Well, good night," I said. He sighed, and then said good night, too, and turned to face the wall.

ON Christmas morning, down in the parlor, Mark gave me a bathrobe from Rome, and I gave him a meerschaum pipe. My father handed me a blue velvet box containing a locket that had once belonged to my mother. It was oval, with a design like braid around the edge. Inside were photographs of my parents, both very young, smiling in that sad, all-knowing way that people in old photographs often have. I remembered being allowed to see those when I had chicken pox. My mother would bend over my bed, letting the locket hang down on its twisted gold rope while I opened it and looked inside. On the back were my parents' ini-

PRIVATE
Frascino

"All alone, Wilcox? I'd have sworn I heard voices out here."



tials. I had forgotten that, or maybe never noticed before, or been too young to read them:

R. D.
to
L. M. D.
Love
Forever

I ran my finger over the engraving. I opened the locket again and looked at my mother, whose curls reminded me of piles of coins heaped upon her head. Then my father reached out and took it from me to look for himself. "I will miss her till I die," he said suddenly, almost inaudibly. "It will never get less."

I looked at him. He was swallowing over and over, working his mouth around. Finally he dropped the locket all in a clump into my hand and went to sit in his cane rocker. He rocked steadily, hands upon his knees.

"Well," I said after a minute. I gave him my present to *him*—a Swiss pocketknife with seven blades to it that would be able to cope with almost anything. I have always given him gadgets for Christmas. A love of gadgets is something he and I have shared for as long as I can remember.

Later, I served the turkey my father had brought from old Mrs. Benson's poultry farm. Also cranberry-orange relish, celery stuffing, sweet potatoes—a real Christmas dinner. I worked all morning over it. I used the heavy lace tablecloth and the Sunday china, and I drew the dining-room curtains to shut out the bleak afternoon. "Well, Susan, you really have fixed things up," my father said. And Mark raised his water tumbler to me like a wineglass. But to tell the truth I didn't have any real sense of satisfaction. The table was too big for the three of us, empty even after all I had laid upon it, and there was something chilling about that enormous turkey from which we would only take a few cuts of breast.

My father was very quiet, just chewing slowly and steadily, although Mark did his best to keep up a conversation. He told stories about Christmas in Italy, anecdotes involving hordes of fat, merry aunts and uncles and cousins grouped around a tree. We didn't have any stories that would match his. The most I could manage were little smiles and questions that sounded too polite: "Was that an uncle on your mother's side?" "Was it customary to have some sort of Santa Claus?" After a while, Mark fell silent, too. I could sense him giving up on me, withdrawing from me inch by inch, tinkling the ice cubes as he set his tumbler down and removing precisely one celery stick from the gold-rimmed platter my father passed him.

THE day after Christmas, we stood on my father's porch, collars turned up and teeth clenched against the cold, saying our goodbyes. "Well," my father said, "I guess I'll be seeing you again sometime." He leaned over to grate his whiskers against my cheek. He shook hands with Mark.

"Goodbye, sir," Mark said. "I'm glad I have grown to know you better." He picked up the suitcase.

"Take care of yourself," I told my father.

"Oh yes, I'll be sure to."

"Don't skip meals or anything."

"No, no."

He walked us across the yard, crunching needles of frost. When he had opened the car door for me, I said, "The turkey is cut up in the freezer, in little Baggies."

"Oh, fine."

"If you get one out every breakfast time, it'll be thawed by lunch."

"Well, I'll do that, Susan."

I slid in across the cold vinyl seat. Mark had already started the motor, but my father continued to hold the door open. "Susan?" he called.

"Yes?"

"If I were you I would take that typewriter back to Smith-Corona. You know it shouldn't be skipping that way."

"Yes, well, I guess I'd better."

"If they won't do anything, you write the president of the company. Write straight to the president. *I* would do that."

"I'll remember."

"So long, then," he said.

Then he shut the door, and we rolled away. I believe that Mark shouted goodbye again, but I knew I couldn't be heard, so all I did was wave.

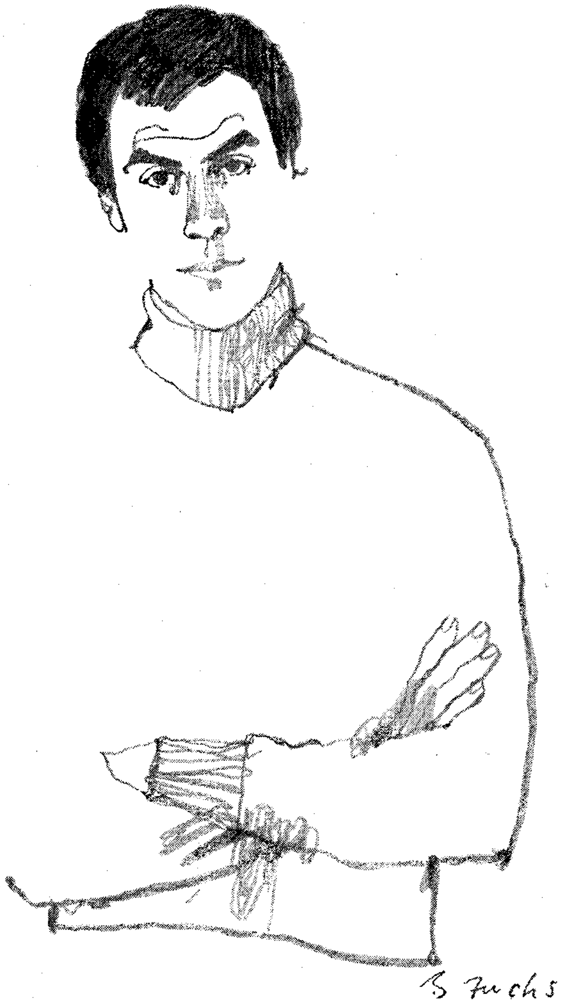
NOW Mark sits on the sofa studying Arabic, his head tipped against a windowsill lined with books in Italian, Middle English, and Old Church Slavonic. "*Kaatrik*," he says. "Goodbye. *Kaatrik*." He frowns, detecting some slight error of inflection. "*Kaatrik*," he says again, and this time he is satisfied, although I myself can hear no difference. He is flanked by his sisters, squabbling and giggling, but he murmurs on, oblivious. He is too busy learning still another language. In the yellow lamplight he seems touched with gold, enclosed in a bubble of good fortune; but no matter how long I sit smiling at him the bubble remains closed and appears to be carrying him away. He is drifting farther and farther, leaving me behind, and there is nothing I can think of to say that will call him back.

—ANNE TYLER

PROFILES

TIME TO THINK

FIFTEEN minutes before the curtain goes up at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the cast assembles on the stage—a hundred and forty-four people, who join hands and stand quietly in a circle, feeling the energy build. On the other side of the curtain, at the front of the stage, Queen Victoria (Cynthia Lubar), wearing a diamond tiara, faces the incoming audience in a white gown with a red sash, her arm resting on a marble column at stage left. Precisely at seven-twenty, the Queen begins a strange, disjointed monologue, which Cindy Lubar seems to be enunciating in at least four different voices. (“You see, what I did was to revamp the pineal movements into wholescore glandular recollections. Arctimes besought the wholar universe perennially abiding. . . .”) Tonight's is the fourth and final performance of “The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin,” Robert Wilson's twelve-hour, seven-act play, which the program calls an “opera,” and which will run continuously, with six intermissions, until seven o'clock in the morning.



Robert Wilson

Cindy Lubar's speech can be heard backstage, where the cast in its circle waits quietly. The circle parts, and Wilson enters, leading a twelve-year-old boy, Christopher Knowles, by the hand. Wilson is very tall (six feet four) and a trifle awkward, as though, at the age of thirty, he had not quite grown used to his height. He has on a double-breasted gray suit, a white top hat, and white gloves, and is wearing a Stalin mustache. After studying his shoes for a few moments, he looks rapidly around the circle and speaks in a low voice. “Please be careful,” he says. “I wish everybody would try tonight to be a little more reserved. Some of you have been playing to the audience, and they've been responding, but that's not really what . . .” His voice trails off. “And don't forget to listen, listen, every moment, to everything that's happening.” Another pause. “O.K., let's have a good show.”

The cast disperses backstage. The man and woman playing the Prince and Princess step out in front of the curtain, stand for a moment in the white spotlight, then descend into the aisle and go to their box at stage right. Wilson comes out slowly, drawing Christopher Knowles behind him. They stand in front of the curtain, neither one looking at the other, and begin a dialogue:

WILSON: Emily what?
KNOWLES: Emily likes the TV.
WILSON: Because?
KNOWLES: Because Emily watches the TV.
WILSON (*sharply*): Because?
KNOWLES: Because Emily likes the—
WILSON: *What?*
KNOWLES: The TV. Because Emily likes the TV. Because Emily watches the TV . . .

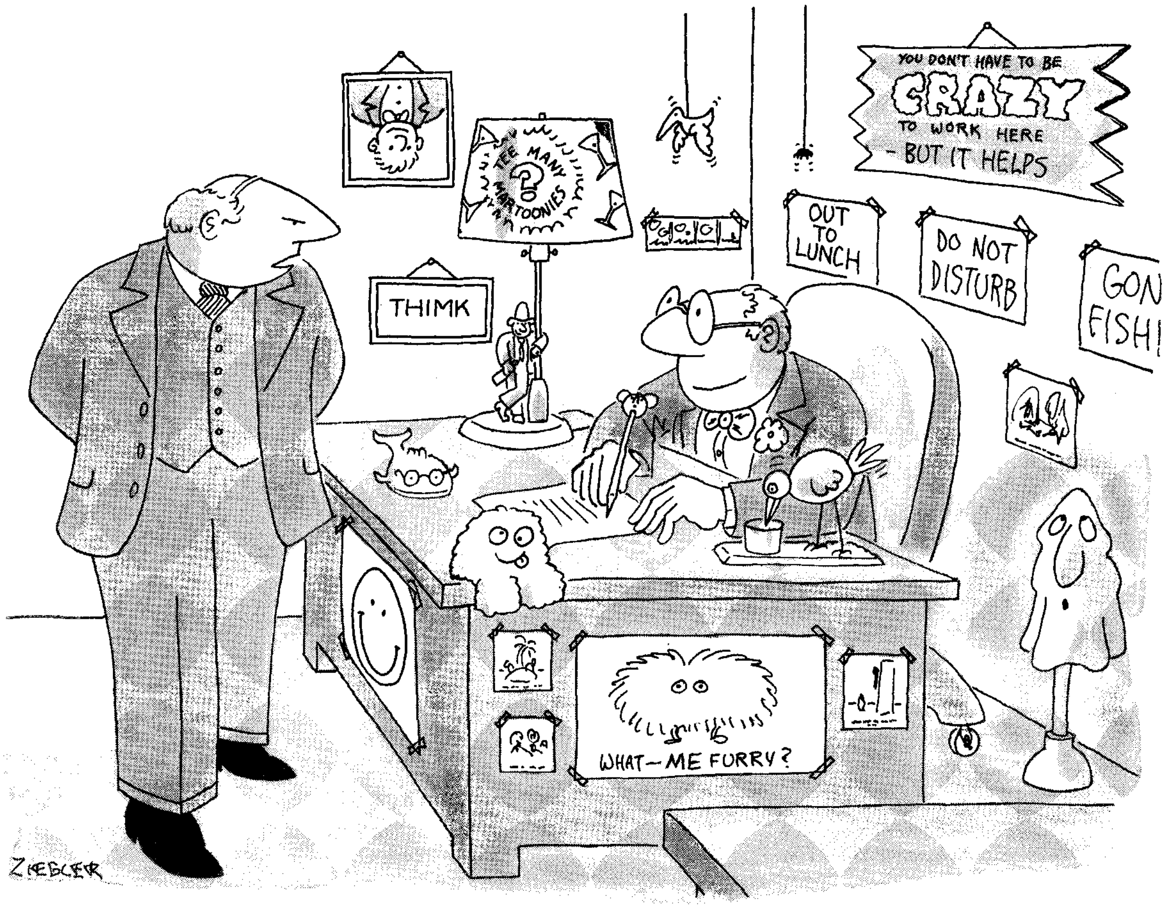
The audience's laughter is uneasy. Although the dialogue sounds as precisely timed as an ancient vaudeville routine, the boy is not an actor; he is a beautiful child with severe brain damage. He and Wilson move to stage left, toward Queen Victoria. Wilson breaks off the dialogue, turns to the audience, and declaims in a piercing voice, “Ladies and gentle . . . men! ‘The Life . . . and Times . . . of . . . Joseph . . . Stalin!’ ” At the word “Joseph,” the curtain goes up.

ONE of Wilson's actresses once said that she liked performing in his plays because it gave her so much time to think. Wilson would like his audiences to feel the same freedom. “One of the things I never liked in the theatre of the nineteen-sixties, when I first came to New York, was that there was never any time to think,” he once said. “Everything was so speeded up. It was never natural, and there was no element of choice—you had to see what the playwright and the actors wanted you to see. It seemed important to me for the audience to have a more interesting experience than that.” Over the last few years, Wilson has certainly provided audiences with experiences unlike any others they have had in the theatre, and the reactions to his work have become fairly predictable. A sizable number of those who came to “The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin” left after the first act, offended by the apparent absence of narrative, the repetitiousness, and the slow movement, and, perhaps, by the dawning recognition that they were being *invited to think—or at least to fall* into a trancelike state of mind in which the imagination could run free. Others stuck it out for several hours, beguiled by the sets, the costumes, the lighting, the music, and all the extraordinary events, personages, and spectacles with which Wilson fills his stage. A third group—and in Brooklyn a surprisingly large one each night—settled without much difficulty into the dreamlike atmosphere of the work and stayed the entire twelve hours, dozing off here and there, reviving themselves with coffee and crêpes served in the lobby during intermissions, and, no doubt, going home at seven in the morning with interpretations as mixed and multifarious as the long night's activities onstage.

“The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin” is—or, rather, was, for it will probably never again be seen in exactly the same form—a sort of retrospective of Robert Wilson's stage work up to that point. Since then, he has gone on o do a new work called "A Letter or Queen Victoria"—a mere three-our curtain-raiser—which had its remière at the Spoleto Festival last une, subsequently toured Italy and rance, and will be seen sometime this vinter in New York, provided Wilson an find a theatre and some backing. lthough "A Letter for Queen Vicoria" is considerably more verbal than Vilson's previous work, it is no more usceptible to rational interpretation. ll Wilson's plays come out of his own ner imagery, or that of people who re close to him, and they must be exerienced rather than understood. The irst four acts of "The Life and Times f Joseph Stalin" drew their basic maerial from Wilson's first three major roductions: "The King of Spain," vhich was presented at the Anderson heatre in New York for two nights n January, 1969; "The Life and imes of Sigmund Freud," which had wo runs of two performances apiece at e Brooklyn Academy later that year; nd "Deafman Glance," which was een first at the University of Iowa n 1970, then at the Brooklyn Acadey (the customary two performances) n 1971, and subsequently in France, taly, and Holland. Much of the maerial in Acts VI and VII was developed originally for "KA MOUNTAIN ND GUARDenia TERRACE," Wilson's ffering at the 1972 estival of Arts in hiraz, Iran, where it an continuously, to e amazement of Ism, for seven days nd seven nights. All ese elements were reesigned and restrucured for the "Stalin" lay, though, and much f the material was enrely new.

Wilson and his core roup of about twenty-ve close associates, vho go under the ame of the Byrd offman School of yrds, began to work ntensively on the welve-hour "Stalin" lay about two months efore the première in rooklyn, last winter. arly rehearsals took lace in a loft buildg on Spring Street, n lower Manhattan, vhich serves as headuarters of the Byrd offman Foundation, nonprofit organization, and as living quarters for Wilson, the dancer-choreographer Andrew de Groat, and a fluctuating number of Byrds. Notices were placed in the *Village Voice* and elsewhere asking for volunteers. ("No Previous Theatre Experience Necessary—Looking for Alexander Graham Bell and Wilhelm Reich.") None of the eventual performers were professionals. They ranged in age from Duncan and Diana Curtis's seven-month-old son, Devin, to Wilson's eighty-seven-year-old grandmother, Alma Hamilton, who came all the way from Waco, Texas, to see the play and found herself cast in rather prominent roles in four of its seven acts. Among the other players were suburban housewives, students, artists, musicians, a live boa constrictor, and five children from the New York Public School for the Deaf. A columnist for the Staten Island *Register* came around one day to interview Wilson and was recruited to appear in the second act; his wife was also recruited, for a bigger role. In the first three performances, the part of Sigmund Freud was played by Michel Sondak, a designer and wood-grainer whom Wilson happened to see passing through Grand Central Station one day in 1969. Somewhat alarmed at being told that he resembled Dr. Freud and that Wilson wanted him to act in a play called "The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud," Mr. Sondak walked quickly away. Wilson gave chase and cornered him in a cafeteria. Again Mr. Sondak demurred, but he gave Wilson his telephone number in Far Rockaway, and Wilson went out there the following week and got him to agree. Mr. Sondak apparently enjoyed the experience, for he accepted Wilson's invitation to repeat his performance in the "Stalin" play. He was unable to come to the fourth performance, however, and his part that night was played by Jerome Robbins.

The Byrd Hoffman School is not a repertory group like the Living Theatre, whose members live a form of communal life. According to George Ashley, the "Stalin" company manager and one of the play's more active performers, it is more like an extended family. "We're very close sometimes, when a production is in the works, but then most of us want to get away and be on our own," he says. Some of the members have homes and families, and some who have been active in the past have moved on to other things. There is about the group, nevertheless, a definite sense of cohesion and shared experience. As the opening date of the "Stalin" play drew closer, the Spring Street loft became increasingly crowded, and life there got daily more hectic. As the cast grew, rehears-



"When you can spare a minute, Benton, I'd like a word with you."

SNOW

Thirty-four years haven't put a dent
In my vision of snowstorms, my impatience
With the paltry inches of the winter dole,
Slim pickings even in Buffalo.
My hunger is to wake in the morning
In the deep dark, the windows snowed over,
The doors opening into walls. No one can move.
Nothing to do but tunnel. So I push out
With my snow shovel, clearing a dark hall
To the buried toolshed, quieting my rabbits
And spaniels, who feed from my hand.
Then I rescue my neighbor, tunnel through the town,
Stopping to relieve the drugstore, helping the weeping pharmacist
From behind the counter. He offers me
Medicine for a lifetime, which I refuse.
I dig to uncover roofs and porches.
At every door I leave frozen breadloaves,
Pound with stone fists and hurry away,
Too busy to wait for an introduction.
The hungry families spend hours in vain
Guessing the name of their deliverer.

—Carl Dennis

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als had to be moved out of the loft—first to the La Mama Third Street Workshop, in the East Village, then to Jerome Robbins' American Theatre Laboratory, on West Nineteenth Street. And, of course, there was the matter of money. The Byrd Hoffman Foundation receives grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts, and other public and private donors. In the case of "Stalin," the cost of all the scenery and most of the costumes—major items in any Wilson production—was being donated by the Gulbenkian Foundation, in Lisbon. Under the arrangement that Wilson had with Harvey Lichtenstein, the Brooklyn Academy's director, the Byrd Hoffman Foundation was responsible for its own production costs (sets, costumes, props, and fees to professionals like Fred Kolouch, the set designer, and Laura Lowrie, the lighting director), while the Academy would assume the costs of backstage construction and of the stagehands' salaries, and contribute a modest outlay for promotion. Altogether, the total budget was about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars—a fifth of what it would cost to mount a medium-sized Broadway musical.

Wilson's main concern was that he might not get an audience. In Copenhagen, where the "Stalin" play had had its première last year, there had been one night when the actors discovered, shortly before 1 A.M., that they were playing to a totally empty house. Advance sales at the Academy were not encouraging. "Do you think it's the title?" Wilson would ask. "Are people put off by Stalin?" In interviews, he usually explained that the twelve-hour play was centered on a single incident—the death of Stalin's first wife. This, he said, had brought about a fundamental change in Stalin's career, and it also marked a fundamental change in the direction of the play; the death occurred in the fourth act—at the play's epicenter—and everything led to it or away from it. Wilson also admitted readily that he knew very little about Stalin—next to nothing, in fact. On other occasions, he would say that the play was really about our own life and times, over which historical figures such as Stalin, Freud, and Queen Victoria still exerted a powerful influence. At one point, his play had carried the alternate title "The Life and Times of Dave Clark," mainly because the Gulbenkian Foundation had indicated that in Portugal there would be a problem about donating funds to anything with "Stalin" in the title. Dave Clark was an obscure Canadian criminal whom Wilson had heard about. Two weeks before the opening, Wilson confided to a friend that he could just as well have based the play on Clark, and that "all those stories and associations" with Stalin probably weren't necessary. Wilson can be disconcertingly diffident about his work. A perfectionist who is constantly and intensely absorbed by the minutest details of costume and lighting and stage movement, he is bored and annoyed by people who want to know what it all means. "Why do reporters always ask such dumb-dumb questions?" he asked a reporter from the *Post*, who printed his query in her story the next day.

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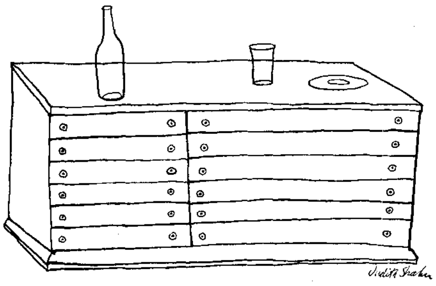
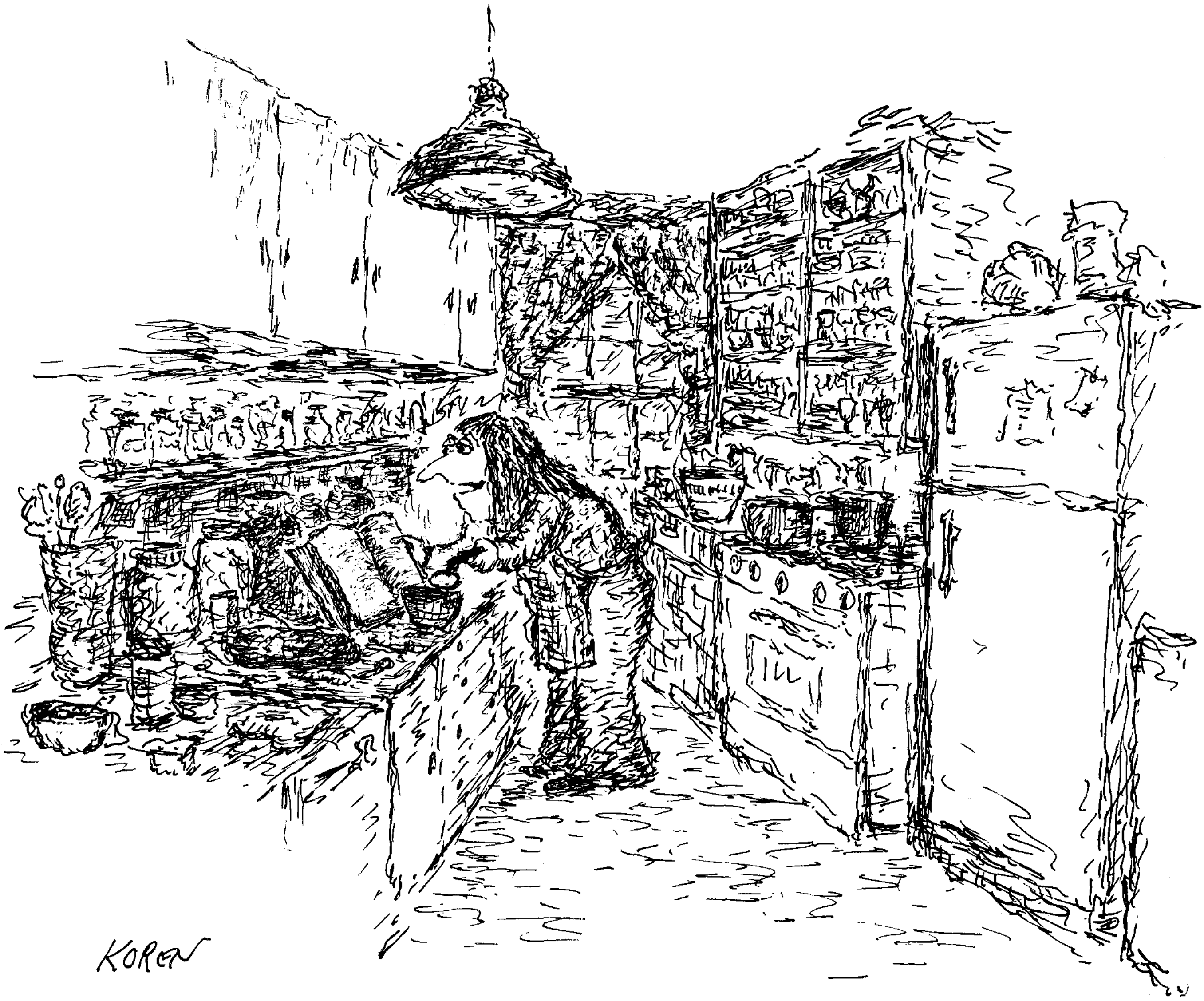
Act I—The Beach

On a bare stage covered with fine sand to a depth of several inches, the Byrdwoman—Sheryl Sutton, wearing a long-sleeved, high-neck ankle-length black Victorian dress, and holding a stuffed raven in her right hand—sits motionless in a chair. A man in red shorts and a red undershirt is seen from time to time running across the rear of the stage against a backdrop of blue sky and clouds. The sound of gulls comes faintly from somewhere in the distance. Gradually, other figures appear. Two girls and a boy, nude to the waist and wearing baggy trousers, perform a series of slow movements. A child daubs red paint on the back of the male mover, then sits down to play in the sand (which is actually vermiculite, a powdery mixture that looks like sand but weighs much less and can be quickly rolled up in a ground cloth during the intermission). A tall man in striped pajamas (Wilson), with a stuffed bird on his left shoulder, hops backward across the stage. A soldiers' chorus advances from the wings, making a guttural roaring sound and gesticulating (five of the soldiers are deaf children). Queen Victoria comes out and makes the same gestures and sounds, which cause the soldiers to disperse and go off, saying "O.K." A giant fake turtle crawls across, taking twenty minutes to do so. A man enters carrying a live five-foot snake; he hands the snake to a follower, grasps a rope, and is pulled aloft out of sight. There is also a sort of "Greek chorus," whose heads poke up through holes in the stage apron and whose comments on the action reveal rather little, on the whole. Most of them repeat only the words "click," "collect," and "collecting," while the most prominent chorister, an Iranian girl with thick dark hair and a liquid voice, speaks entirely in Parsi. And throughout this act and the two acts that follow it a straight chair suspended from the ceiling on a wire descends by invisible degrees.



Toward the end of Act I, which lasts a little more than an hour, events



"In a large bowl, combine 60¢ of eggs, 45¢ of medium cream, 16¢ of oregano, and 10¢ of dry mustard. Dip $7.50 of loin pork chops into this mixture and roll in 65¢ of bread crumbs. Heat 90¢ of peanut oil in a heavy skillet and slowly fry the chops on 94¢ of gas."

• •

reach a climax of sorts. Sigmund Freud and his daughter, Anna, walk on, following the path of the turtle. A figure identified as Heavyman, in a padded white suit, does an extraordinary whirling dance, raising clouds of golden vermiculite dust. Soon after this, the lights dim and, to the music of "The Blue Danube," sixty Southern mammies—in blackface, wearing long red skirts, gray blouses, white aprons, and pillows front and rear—do the famous Wilson mammy dance. It is hard to believe, at this particular moment in history, that anyone but Wilson would have thought of putting sixty black mammies on the stage. Even those who dislike his work, though, are inclined to concede that the mammy dance is very funny. It is also, for unfathomable reasons that go beyond the aesthetics of lighting and costuming and choreography, almost unbelievably beautiful. The scene, in fact, has led some of Wilson's more implacably vanguard critics to accuse him of becoming a mere crowd-pleaser.

When the mammies have waltzed off, the Byrdwoman is left alone onstage. She has been sitting without moving for more than an hour, now and then making a soft sound like a foghorn. The audience, watching her, grows very still. She stands up, so slowly that the movement is virtually imperceptible. She moves forward to a little square table at the front of the stage and—slowly, slowly—places on it a small green statuette that she has been holding, unseen, in her left hand. Slowly, she raises her eyes to the audience, which has maintained total silence. The curtain comes down.

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ENTR'ACTE

FOLLOWING each act of "The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin," an activity of some sort takes place on the forestage. As the audience drifts in from the first intermission, Queen Victoria—Cindy Lubar—is sitting in a carriage that moves from left to right in front of a painted backdrop of a Victorian town house, whose windows, one by one, appear to burst into flames. A man stands at the one window that does not burn, looking through a quizzing glass. While a backstage pianist plays an insipid little English music-hall ditty called "The Moth and the Flame," the Queen, who now is dressed in funereal black, gives voice to extraordinary sounds: rich, operatic contralto notes that suddenly break into shrill screams, which, in turn, become frenzied yappings suggesting a dog whose tail has been caught in a screen door. (Sitting at his vast lighting board in the wings, the head electrician murmurs, "Hit it, Cindy! I'm going to give that kid a pitch pipe for Christmas.") After an interval of silence, her strangled cries erupt into new paroxysms of shrieking. It sounds like several people, but Cindy Lubar is alone on the stage.

Again the laughter is a trifle uneasy. At times, Cindy's screaming sounds out of control. But Cindy, who had a frightening breakdown in Paris a year or so ago, is in complete command of her vocal resources. A dark-haired, round-faced girl who bears a rather striking resemblance to Queen Victoria as a young woman, she is one of the company's most arresting performers. She started coming to Wilson's classes in body movement and body awareness at the Byrd Hoffman School six years ago, when she was fifteen. Her parents were then in the process of separating. Cindy hated school, and lived for Saturdays, when she would come in from White Plains to attend Wilson's classes. "When I was in school, I always felt I wanted to learn how to think," she has said. "I wanted to go to college and study philosophy." Instead, in her first year at a small college in Florida she dropped out to be in the Iowa production of "Deafman Glance," and she never went back. She has found that she can do a great deal of thinking onstage when she performs in Wilson's plays, and that the images in the plays seem to relate in all sorts of ways to her own life. This is a matter of concentration, she says, not just daydreaming. Lately, she has begun to write, and some of her stream-of-consciousness texts (the "pineal movements" speech in Act I, for example) are being used in the play. Like many in the group, she has no interest in performing or writing for anyone except Robert Wilson. Cindy believes that her bizarre vocal abilities grew out of Wilson's body-movement and body-awareness classes. "I don't know anything more about it than that," she has said. "I don't know how it came about, or what it means, or anything." The same is true of her writings, which seem to be generated more or less automatically, and which she understands no better than anyone else. She has read and reread the diaries that Queen Victoria wrote between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, but the Queen's mature character does not particularly interest her.

In a final explosion of shrieking, the Queen's carriage exits at stage right.

•

ACT II—THE VICTORIAN DRAWING ROOM

SOME of the images that appear in Wilson's plays go far back into his childhood. The Byrdwoman, for example, has been with him for as long as he can remember. ("I just know that a very long time ago I had this image of a woman on a beach in a black Victorian dress.") The King of Spain can be dated more precisely. Wilson remembers his second-grade teacher in Waco asking the class what each one wanted to be when grown up; there were the usual replies—nurse, fireman, housewife—until she got to Wilson, who said, "The King of Spain." The teacher noted this on his next report card, with the suggestion that this child had problems.

The drawing room of Act II (the act is based on Wilson's 1969 "The King of Spain") was once described by Wilson as an old, musty room in which a number of odd and dissimilar characters come together without actually meeting. From time to time, pianist Alan Lloyd plays snatches of Bach, Scarlatti, Couperin, and his own compositions. Through a floor-to-ceiling gap in the rear wall of the stage we can see back to the beach landscape of Act I, where the red runner flashes by at irregular intervals. Act I was an act of passage, with figures continually moving into and out of the playing space. Act II is an act of accumulation—the characters enter and remain onstage, although they remain, for the most part, oblivious of one another. Three gentlemen come in singly. Stalin's first wife moves about restlessly. A small boy in knee pants and suspenders stands on a low stool. A middle-aged woman in a black leotard crawls in on all fours. Another woman holds a boot and talks in Italian. A third describes the landscape in Iowa. A walrus saunters in, fanning himself with a pink fan. Wilson's grandmother comes forward and tells a story about how she was nearly burned to death at the age of five down in Mississippi; her story concluded, she raises her arms and delivers five extended, reverberant, and surprisingly melodic screams. Freud appears with Anna, and they have a meeting with Joseph Stalin (the only social event of the act). As the two men shake hands, Stalin says "Hmm." The act lasts about an hour and a half. At the end, the players move offstage in procession, leaving only Wilson's grandmother and the King of Spain, who has been sitting out of sight in a high-backed chair facing the rear of the stage. Now the King of Spain sings a little dirge and rises slowly from his chair. He is grotesque, beastlike. He comes forward, raising his huge and misshapen puppet head to confront the audience just as the curtain falls.

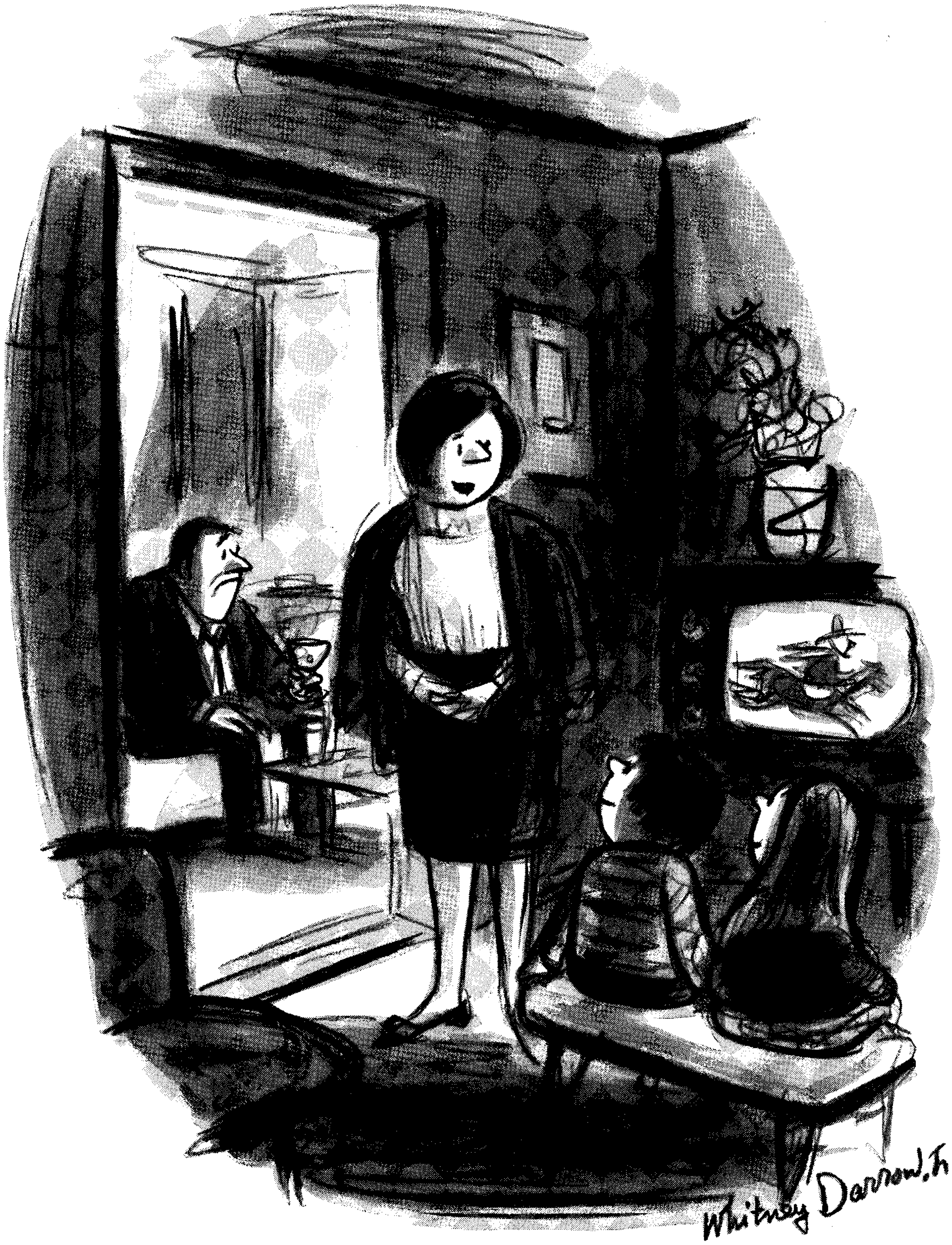
UNTIL the original production o "The King of Spain," in 1969 Wilson was not really sure where h was going. Born and brought up i Waco, the son of a moderately successful lawyer, he was on the verg of graduating from the University o Texas with a degree in business administration when he decided that h wanted to study architecture instead and came East to enter Pratt Institute in New York. He did get his architectural degree from Pratt, in 1965, bu by then he was spending most o his spare time painting. During thi period, he supported himself mainly b teaching classes in body movement an body awareness, using methods he ha learned some years before while working with brain-damaged children i Texas. "I worked with a very amazin woman out there," Wilson has recalled. "It was just after I got out o high school. She was a dancer. Sh had worked out a series of exercises intended to activate brain cells in brain damaged children—exercises based o the primary states of physical activit The theory was that if we don't master these primary movements in infancy we won't be prepared for mor complex movements later on. I worke with her for nine months, teachin very simple things like turning the hea to the right and to the left, looking a the right hand and then the left han and so forth."

When Wilson came to New Yor he found that his ability to work wit handicapped or deprived children wa much in demand. He was even invite to lecture at Harvard. He becam a consultant to the New York Cit Board of Education and the Department of Welfare, and later was appointed a special instructor in the publi schools, working with disturbed children. He also put together a class i movement for neighborhood childre in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section Brooklyn, where he lived at first. Afte he graduated from Pratt, his activiti in this field continued to expand. H worked with the aged and the terminally ill at Goldwater Memori Hospital, on Welfare Island; wit private-school children in New Jerse and with public-school children i Harlem; with suburban housewiv and older people at the Summit A Center, in New Jersey. All his wor involved getting people to discover, o rediscover, their own particular "vocabulary of movement." Although h had had no formal training as either dancer or a therapist, Wilson had an extraordinary capacity for establishing contact with people, for getting past their habitual defenses, and for creating a group atmosphere that was free of tensions or competitiveness.

Robyn Anderson, a young University of Connecticut graduate who was working at Goldwater Memorial Hospital when Wilson came there, and who now dances and acts in his plays (she is Anna Freud), remembers how amazed she was by Wilson's ability to get through to aged patients who had not spoken to anyone for months or years. "He could persuade them to listen to the sound of the heat in the pipes, or to watch the plants grow in the solarium," she recalls. Once, he organized a "dance" piece for iron-lung patients. He built a construction that hung from the ceiling, with dangling strings that a patient could hold in his mouth and pull, to control the lighting and the movement.

In his classes, Wilson's teaching was almost entirely intuitive and nonverbal. Robyn Anderson well remembers the first workshops she attended at the Spring Street loft: "For a while, I had no idea what he was driving at. People would come and spend half an hour or an hour just walking from one end of the loft to the other. He would tell us to walk toward a particular point in space and then to walk away, still being aware of that point. Sometimes, only one or two people would show up, sometimes as many as twenty. Once, I was the only person who came. Bob was sitting in a chair. He sat there absolutely still for twenty minutes or more. I began to feel uneasy, and even a little frightened—what sort of an ego trip was he on? But then he started slowly—very slowly—to get up, taking maybe fifteen minutes to do it. And suddenly I saw all sorts of things. It was like the complete evolution of man going on there. He was communicating *dozens* of things with his body."

Wilson's parents were not very enthusiastic about the way his career was developing. His father, who had always wanted him to be a lawyer, was somewhat impressed when, in 1961, an art gallery in Dallas gave Wilson a show, and sold every picture, but by this time Wilson had virtually abandoned painting for theatre. "The real reason I stopped painting was that the images in my head were so much richer than what I could get on the canvas," he said once. Theatre was by no means a new interest for Wilson, although, being a nonreader, he had little or no knowledge of theatre history. (The one book he cites as having had an important effect on his thinking is John Cage's "Silence.") Starting when he was twelve, he had written and put on dozens of plays in the family's garage in Waco; he had run a children's-theatre workshop sponsored by the University of Texas; he had designed the sets and costumes for several Off Off Broadway plays, including the giant puppets for the original production of Jean-Claude van Itallie's "America Hurrah." Wilson's early theatre pieces in New York were all based on nonverbal, bodily communication in some form, and thus came closer to avant-



"Come on, kids. Daddy's going to tell us about the sort of day he had."

garde dance than to most forms of theatre. He put on a number of somewhat minimal works, and then, in 1968, at the loft on Spring Street, "Byrdwoman," in which a number of people bounced on boards, leaned against wires, and otherwise disported themselves in an environment resembling a chicken coop. This was followed by "Alley Cats," which featured Wilson, the dancer Meredith Monk, and forty other performers in long fur coats, and which was presented at the Loeb Student Center at N.Y.U. Some of the visual elements of these apprentice works, such as people in long fur coats and people leaning against wires, have continued to turn up in his subsequent works.

About this time, Wilson also made contact with Jerome Robbins. Robbins had recently established his American Theatre Laboratory, an experimental project, financed by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, to explore new ideas and directions in theatre. He invited Wilson to join the group as a designer, and then, after finding out about his work with children, asked him to lead a class at the lab in body movement. Robbins later helped with the expenses of "Alley Cats," and has remained, ever since, one of Wilson's closest friends and most enthusiastic supporters. When Wilson first came to Robbins' lab, the group there was working with elements of Japanese *no* drama. The exaggerated slow movement that later characterized Robbins' ballet "Watermill" has sometimes been attributed to the influence of Wilson, but what seems more likely is that the two men were approaching, from different directions, similar theatrical ideas.

In the late sixties, Wilson's ideas became more ambitious. Having spent the summer of 1966 working with the architect Paolo Soleri in Arizona, he felt the urge to build something outdoors—something big. Through a former classmate at Pratt, he got a commission from the Grailville School, in Loveland, Ohio, to build a twelve-hundred-dollar "environment-theatre-sculpture" of telephone poles. He used five hundred and seventy-six poles in all, of various lengths, and sank them in a wheat field, so that the square "sculpture" started at two and a half feet and rose to fourteen and a half feet. The wheat farmers were puzzled, but the structure, called "Poles," has since been used as a site for weddings and other festive gatherings, and, Wilson says, "it will probably be there for a long time."

Wilson had also been thinking that it might be nice to put together a large-scale theatre piece, using as performers some of the people from his various body-movement classes. He had no difficulty finding volunteers of all ages for what became "The King of Spain." The real problem was finding money and a theatre. He had financed "Byrdwoman" mainly by writing checks on nonexistent bank balances; the checks bounced, but by then he had what he needed and could pay the money back out of ticket sales. "The King of Spain" was too big for such guerrilla tactics. He needed a large theatre for the set he had in mind. Near the end of the play, moreover, Wilson wanted a cat to walk across the front of the stage—a cat so immense that only its legs would be visible. Jerome Robbins, who was helping to finance the production, was dubious about the cat legs. They would require a specially constructed track above the stage, and a system of pulleys, and at least eight people backstage to work the apparatus; the whole thing would be hugely expensive. "About two weeks later," Robbins recalls, "I asked Bob how the big cat was coming. He said, 'I've got the fur.' He'd gone out and bought forty yards of imitation fur, with the idea that you had to start somewhere. One of the inspiring things about Bob is his complete trust in his own images. The cat legs were built."

For four hundred dollars (which represented every cent he had), Wilson was able to rent, for two nights, the Anderson Theatre—big, old, and musty; just right for the atmosphere Wilson had in mind—on Second Avenue at Fourth Street, and the cat legs were installed, after a couple of near-accidents. However, the cat-leg assembly fell to pieces in Paris during the Byrds' last European tour, and it was not used in "The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin." It would have cost too much to rebuild. Everyone regretted the loss, especially George Ashley. "That was such a fine effect," he said sadly. "The gigantic cat walking through the drawing room, and nobody paying any attention."

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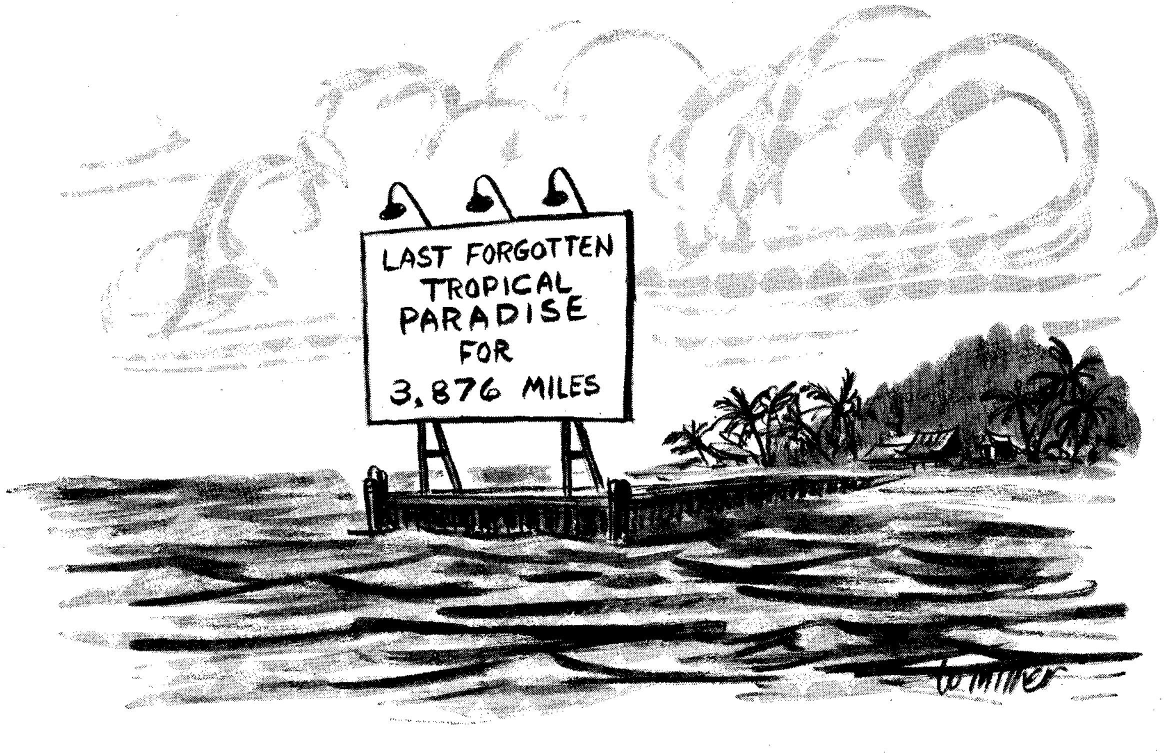
Entr'acte

A COWBOY climbs out of one of the holes in the stage apron carrying a guitar. He sits with his legs in the hole, strums, and sings "I'm Thinking Tonight of My Blue Eyes." Wilson appears at stage right and echoes him with loud squawking sounds. They are old buddies, these two, classmates at Pratt. Duncan Curtis, the cowboy, whose father is the head of George School, in Newtown, Pennsylvania, lives now, with his wife and baby, in British Columbia in a cabin he built himself on some wilderness land that the Byrd Hoffman Foundation acquired two and a half years ago. Wilson and some of the others spend time up there in



"Frankly, I hate weekends. They break my momentum."

• •

the summers, working on new material, building things, reading, writing, cooking, and meditating, but Duncan and Diana Curtis live there the year round. They like the isolation. The place is fifty miles from the nearest town.

Wilson's original idea for this entr'acte was to have another friend, Dan Stern, stand in one of the holes and talk to the audience about his work with very young children. Dr. Stern, whom Wilson met through Jerome Robbins, is an experimental psychiatrist at the New York State Psychiatric Institute, and his work has had a profound effect on Wilson's thinking. Dr. Stern's films of babies and their mothers, shown in extreme slow motion, disclose a world of gestural communication that is not visible otherwise. To take an example that Wilson refers to again and again: A baby cries, and the mother reaches to pick it up; what we see with our eyes is the large movement, the tender gesture—but when the film is shown in slow or stop motion, frame by frame, we can see that the mother's initial reaction, in almost every case, is to make a *lunge* toward the child, and that the child's reaction is to recoil, in what looks very much like terror. "So many different *things* are going on," Wilson says. "And the baby is picking them up. I'd like to deal with some of these things in the theatre, if that's possible. I guess what I'm really interested in is communication." Dr. Stern wanted to accept Wilson's invitation to be in the play (his name is even listed in the program), but he could not spare the time. He is extremely interested in Wilson's work. "Mothers and children play all sorts of exaggerated verbal-visual games," he said recently. "It's like a sort of dance that precedes speech, with specific action and reaction going on all the time. In some ways, it's remarkably like what Bob is doing in the theatre—the way he works with people. In fact, when I see what he's doing, sometimes I wonder why I'm doing what I do."

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ACT III—THE CAVE

THOSE in the audience who have seen "The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud" tell their friends to be sure and stay for Act III—the animal act. The setting is a dark, shadowy cave. An old woman (Wilson's grandmother) in a tattered, multicolored garment lights an oil lamp, and in the flickering light we begin to make out familiar shapes. The King of Spain sits on a pile of straw, with the Byrdwoman at his side. Near them lies a great ox. Gradually, other animals appear from the shadows and lie down in the straw: lion, black bear, ape, turtle, polar bear, walrus, fox, ostrich. The costumes have all been made by various Byrds; the movements are wonderfully feral. Alan Lloyd's score, which he plays on a piano in the wings, is quiet, repetitive, ritualistic. The old woman sits on a stool near the cave mouth. In the bright daylight outside the cave, young men and women, nude to the waist, crawl back and forth with animal grace, slowly stretching their muscles and nuzzling one another. A heavy vertical bar falls suddenly into place at one side of the cave mouth. After a time, those outside the cave begin to stand erect—awkwardly at first, and then more naturally. Another heavy bar falls into place. The animals inside the cave quietly shift their positions. The small boy in knee pants and suspenders enters the cave, lies down, and goes to sleep.

Outside, the now fully erect creatures move about more quickly; soon they will start to run back and forth across the entrance, uttering shrill cries. Black-clad people from another time move past the cave mouth in a slow procession—priest, aristocrat, *grande dame*, executioner—the costumes stiff and elaborate, some with long trains dragging behind. Three ladies in white dance. The procession continues. Every few minutes, another bar hurtles down in front of the entrance, separating the cave's inhabitants from those outside. At the end, the entrance is closed; the cave is a cage. The men and women in the daylight slowly gather around the cave mouth, put on masks, and look through the bars; it is a scene out of Goya. And now Sigmund Freud comes out of the shadows, walks slowly to the center of the cave, and sits in the chair that since the beginning of the play has been descending imperceptibly on a wire from the flies, and has just at this moment touched the floor. Nothing moves for several minutes. The boy in knee pants begins to cry. On his thirteenth cry, Anna Freud runs in behind Freud and makes a dramatic gesture above his head, and as she does so a pane of glass falls and shatters on the stage. Curtain.

Interpretations come almost too readily. Primitive innocence and decadent civilization. Man cut off from his animal nature (while Freud looks on). Plato's cave and the shadows of images. When "The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud" was presented at the Brooklyn Academy in 1969, Richard

Foreman, an avant-garde dramaturge of Wilson's generation, described this act in the *Village Voice* (the first serious critical piece on Wilson's work, and a perceptive one) as a "20th-century Nativity scene," and called the play "one of the major stage works of the decade." Tonight, the spectators respond to it enthusiastically. There is a crescendo of applause, laced with loud "Bravo"s. There is also a rush for the Lepercq Space, on the second floor, where dinner is being served. It is after ten-thirty, and the fourth act, as many in the audience are aware, will run more than two hours.

In his dressing room backstage, which he shares with Andy de Groat, the dancer-choreographer, Wilson is uncertain about tonight's performance. It seems to him to be going almost too smoothly; there are not enough "scratches," as he calls them—flaws and snags that require adjusted reactions on the part of the performers. Also, he is annoyed with Richie Gallo, who has managed to make at least one appearance in every act, although Wilson has told him he can appear only three times all evening. Richie Gallo is another former classmate of Wilson's at Pratt. Now he lives with his mother in Brooklyn and practices his probably unique form of "corporeal art," which mostly involves making unscheduled appearances in public places, such as the expensive-dress department at Bendel's, masked and wearing one of his skin-tight black-leather-and-chains outfits, and just standing there for a while, as the customers slink away. He has a great wardrobe—white outfits and green ones, a wide-mesh black fishnet, a flaming-red job with yards and yards of trailing red chiffon. In the past, Wilson has tried to keep him out of his productions, but this seems to be impossible. Clive Barnes, in his generally admiring *Times* review of "Stalin," wrote that the play had some elements of camp, which bothered Wilson no end; Wilson doesn't think his work is camp, and he suspects that Barnes was referring to Richie Gallo. Tonight, when Gallo made an unscheduled entrance in the second act wearing the black fishnet, Wilson stood in the wings and practically shouted, "Richie, damn you, get off!"

Francine Felgeirolles, on the other hand, is behaving fairly well tonight. Francine, the French girl who plays Stalin's first wife, hammed outrageously in the earlier performances, playing broadly to the audience, drawing laughs, and rather successfully dispelling the atmosphere that the other actors were trying to create. Wilson has hesitated to speak to her about it, because Francine is so unstable. She has a history of mental illness—in fact, Francine was a patient in a mental hospital when she attended her first Wilson workshop, in Paris, in 1972. Her response to the workshop was so remarkable that Wilson asked her to perform with the group at the Opéra-Comique, which she did, much to the amazement of her doctors. At Wilson's invitation, she came to New York to be in the "Stalin" play. There were one or two unnerving scenes after her arrival, and once she was on the verge of returning to Paris, but a day later she appeared at the Spring Street loft and announced that she was no longer schizophrenic. Wilson doesn't want to do anything to undermine her fragile self-confidence.

"I don't know," Wilson said after the second-night performance. "Sometimes I think it's O.K. what she does onstage. It's such a contradiction of my work, but maybe it's good to contradict yourself. Also, in her particular situation this is such a big thing for her. If she can get through these four performances, maybe that's more important than anything else." But he did speak to her before this night's performance. "I screwed up all my courage and told her she was doing too much—that she should be more restrained," he said afterward. "She seemed to accept it. She really is a remarkable performer."

Robyn Anderson and others are often surprised by Wilson's odd mixture of diffidence and authority, gentleness and power. "There's something almost Svengali-like in the way he draws from people all sorts of things they never knew were there," Robyn said one day. "He makes impossible demands on everyone, and yet the atmosphere he creates is one of great freedom. Of course, by the time we get to the actual performance stage everyone is a little crazy and freaked out from sheer exhaustion."

ENTR'ACTE

THIS is the opening scene—the murder scene—of "Deafman Glance," and it is a good deal more than an entr'acte. It has sometimes lasted as long as an hour, depending on how Sheryl Sutton plays it. Sheryl, the Byrdwoman—still in her long black Victorian dress—starts the scene standing with her back to the audience, facing a painted drop that suggests a massive stone wall. Behind her, on a raised platform built out over the stage apron, a young black boy sits on a stool, reading, while his younger sister sleeps. Both the children wear white nightgowns. At Sheryl's right is a small table on which are placed a half-filled bottle of milk, a glass, a pair of black gloves, and a knife. Sheryl stands absolutely immobile, waiting, until the intermission audience is seated and silent.

Sheryl Sutton's theatrical presence is phenomenal. No one else in the group, except perhaps Wilson, has it to such an intense degree. This arrestingly beautiful black girl—born in New Orleans, raised in Chicago, an undergraduate at the University of Iowa when Wilson found her there in 1970—can hold an audience in complete silence without appearing to do anything whatever. "I do so little," she marvelled one evening, backstage. "The Byrdwoman is not really a character, and I don't try to make her one. Maybe it's the absence of details that makes her so mysterious." Sheryl has played only one other important role in her brief theatrical career—Medea, in a student production at the University of Iowa. For Sheryl, the murder has three parts, each with its own particular tempo: drawing on the gloves (medium slow), pouring the milk and giving it to the children (quick), and the killings themselves (very slow). The tempo with which she turns away from the backdrop and puts on the long black gloves determines the tempos of the two other parts, and no two performances are ever quite the same. In the "Stalin" play, the murder scene took about twenty minutes the first night, fifteen the last. It is a ritual—a slow and undeviating series of movements that Sheryl has come to think of as a kind of dance. She draws on the gloves. She pours the milk and carries it to the reading boy, who drinks; she returns the glass to the table and takes up the knife; she crosses again to the boy, and slowly—her absolute concentration making of the act one clear line—slides the blade into his body and gently cradles him as he falls forward to the floor. The same sequence is repeated with the girl. Then, as Sheryl wipes the knife for the second time and returns it to the table, the boy in knee pants and suspenders comes on from stage left and cries out. He cries again

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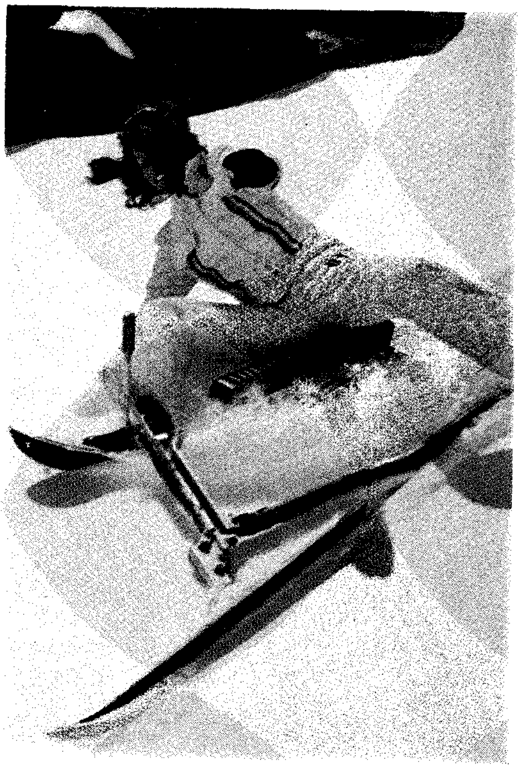

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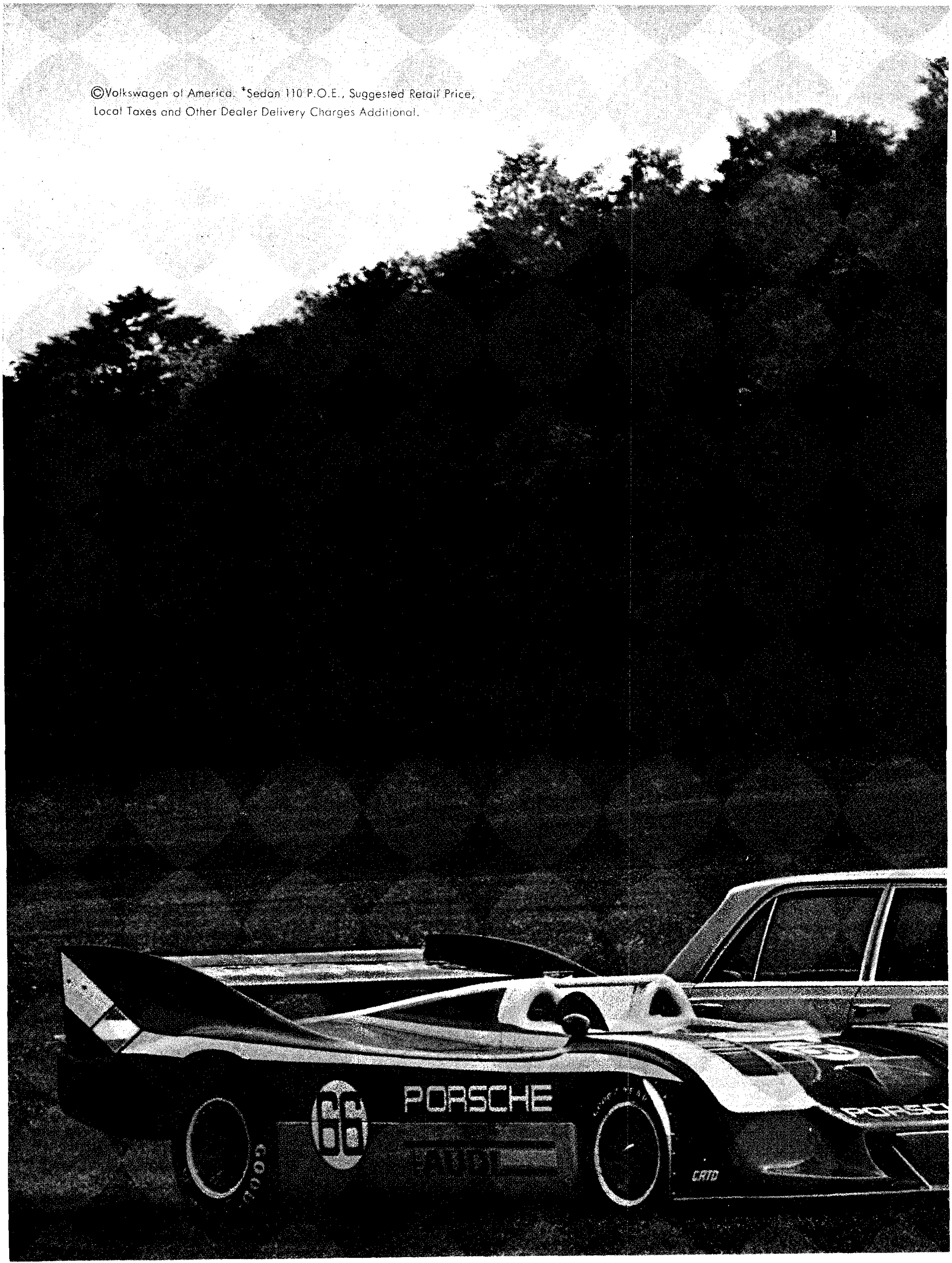
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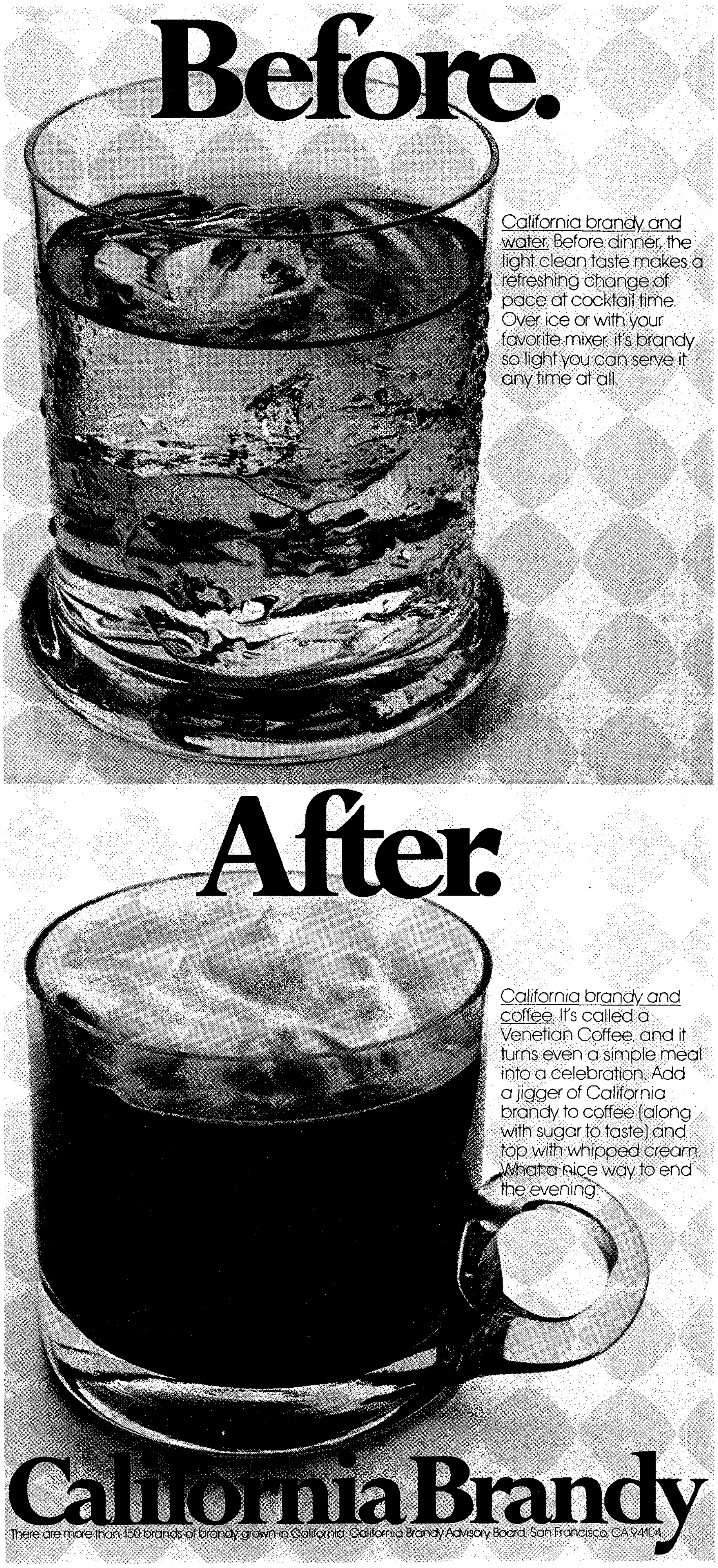
Sheryl herself has no clear idea what the murders signify, or why their effect is so stunning. "Maybe that's why I'm still here," she has said. "I'm still trying to find out what it is that Bob does."

•

Act IV—The Forest

"Deafman Glance" is Wilson's most widely acclaimed theatre work. In its three-and-a-half-hour version of 1971, it was the sensation of the World Theatre Festival in Nancy, France; subsequently it played in Amsterdam and Rome, where it was enthusiastically received, and in Paris, where the majority of its forty performances were sold out well in advance. Eugene Ionesco announced that Robert Wilson "has gone farther than Beckett," and *Le Monde's* theatre critic wrote that "Le Regard du Sourd" was "clearly a revolution of the plastic arts that one sees only once or twice in a generation." The Byrd Hoffman Foundation could no doubt mount an extended and successful production of this play alone, but Wilson, of course, has no intention of doing that.

For the "Stalin" play, the "Deafman" material has been pared down to a little more than two hours. Several of the characters have become Stalin figures, and the two women at a banquet table downstage right are now Stalin's first and second wives; because of this, they cannot appear simultaneously. Both wives die violently onstage. Wife No. 2 (Scotty Snyder) shoots herself toward the end of the act. The death of Wife No. 1 (Francine Felgeirolles) takes place at the exact midpoint of the entire play's action; she leaves the banquet table and wanders downstage to the murder platform (from which the bodies of the slain black children have been removed), there to perish in slow agony—it has been said that she was poisoned on Stalin's orders—while two Stalin figures in white uniforms (Wilson and Cindy Lubar) sit stolidly in white armchairs and watch. Wilson-Stalin then sings a love song—Al Jolson style, with maximum bathos—over her bier. According to Wilson-author, this scene is the key to the play—the single event that irrevocably altered Stalin's life ("He's supposed to have



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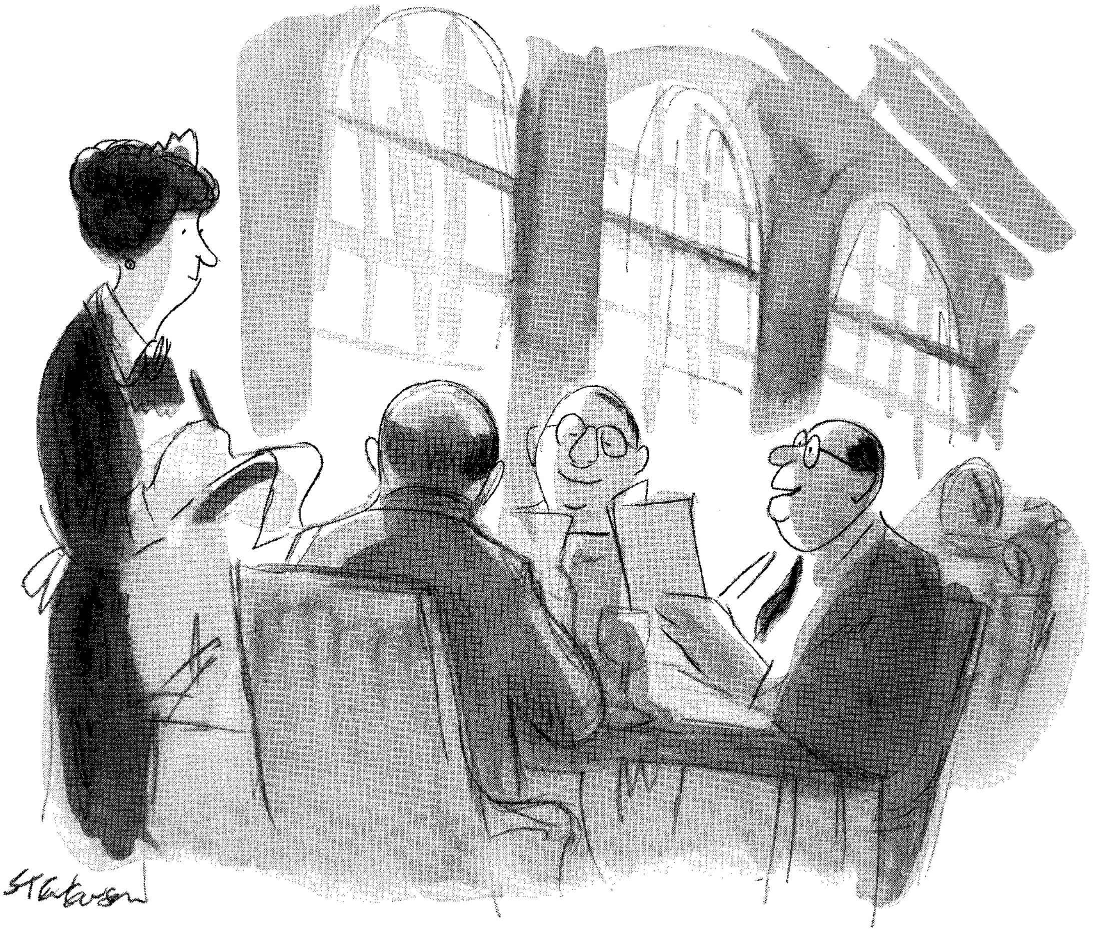
said he loved her”), and changed the course of history. Here it serves as a turning point in the twelve-hour cycle.

Wilson’s multilayered, architectural stagecraft approaches its richest and most complex effects in Act IV. Nearly a hundred characters move through a stage space that seems to stretch back almost to infinity, through seven successive horizontal playing zones (“tracks,” Wilson calls them), in each of which various activities take place singly or simultaneously. The activity in one zone is continually juxtaposed with the activities in other zones, and the eye must move constantly to take it all in. Wilson has cheerfully dug down into the centuries-old bag of theatrical tricks and come up with whatever he needed—scrims, flats, all kinds of special lighting, traps in the floor, backdrops that rise and backdrops that descend, a wooden house that catches fire and sinks to ashes, even a palm tree that grows several feet as the act progresses. From time to time, this tremendous visual collage suggests a painting—a Magritte, perhaps, or one of the dreams of the Douanier Rousseau—but a painting that changes as we look at it.

The act begins with a gathering of women in long white gowns (each one carrying on her arm a white bird) sitting in white chairs in the forest and listening to a white-clad mammy play the “Moonlight” Sonata on a piano. As it gradually progresses, more and more elements are added. A giant green frog (Duncan Curtis) squats at the head of the banquet table downstage right, drinking Martinis served him by a red-headed waiter and occasionally scribbling notes to his dinner guests, who include a Stalin with one hugely enlarged eye (George Ashley) and, in turn, Stalin’s two wives. At stage left, seminude people build a wooden bin on the backs of four large turtles. Fish people move slowly across the stage with a finlike motion. A goat-woman appears at the window of the little house, speaking in a strange tongue. Behind the house, figures move through the trees—an old man following an ox, a green-headed dwarf, a woman carrying a child (seven-month-old Devin Curtis, who evidently never cries), men and women holding large squares of glass that catch and reflect the stage lights, a violinist, Ivan the Terrible, the King of Spain. Behind them all, the red runner crosses and recrosses, and behind him a pyramid is rising; near the end of the act a luminous eye will appear at its apex. The moon rises, moves across the sky, and sets. Characters speak, sometimes intelligibly. Music is heard—Beethoven, Buxtehude, original compositions by several Byrd composers. The Pope appears, and inexplicably falls dead. The dinner guests having departed or died, the frog, who has not moved from his crouched position for almost two hours, makes a prodigious leap onto the banquet table, landing on a concealed trampoline-like mechanism that catapults him ten feet across the stage; three more leaps effect his exit. A beautiful young couple dance, nude, to the music of Fauré’s Requiem; they lead a procession of women in white into the forest and down into the earth, descending through trapdoors. Smoke or fog drifts through the forest, and a tribe of black apes moves out from the trees. Marie Antoinette and George Washington enter, resplendent in eighteenth-century court costumes, their hands and faces painted silver; Marie Antoinette’s parasol is aflame. And watching it all from a bench on the stage—a bench that slowly rises on invisible wires after the death of Stalin’s first wife, so that for the second hour he is looking down from the height of the treetops—is the boy in knee pants and suspenders, the boy who saw the Byrdwoman murder her children, the boy who has appeared in all the preceding acts. The boy played originally by Raymond Andrews.

Wilson met Raymond Andrews by chance one evening in 1968, when he was arriving to teach at the Summit Art Center. Raymond had just thrown a rock through a church window, and, as Wilson later discovered, he had been in trouble with the police on several other recent occasions. He was eleven then, a deaf-mute black boy from Alabama who had come North a few months before to live with a foster family in Summit. He had never attended school. Using signals and gestures, Wilson induced the boy to come to the class at the Summit Art Center. Raymond was pretty disruptive at first, but he came to the class every week from then on, and soon Wilson began taking him to his other classes as well. Raymond was wonderful with younger children, encouraging them to get rid of their self-consciousness and to move



“Judge Edelman is taking the chicken livers under advisement, Gertrude; I’ve decided in favor of the veal; and Judge Hefferman seems to be recusing himself.”

around more freely. He was also highly intelligent, and he had a visual memory that enabled him to imitate any step or movement after seeing it once—later, in their rehearsals, Raymond was often more acute than Wilson at correcting tiny details of movement or design. His deafness was no problem after a while. Performing as the lead mammy in "The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud," Raymond would stop his movement the instant the piano stopped playing—he could feel the vibrations through the floor. Wilson also got him started painting and drawing, and the results were wildly imaginative. "A lot of the material in 'Deafman' came from Raymond," Wilson has said. "Raymond was the deaf man. The play was really based on a series of images around Raymond, on Raymond's drawings, and on my thinking about him." The boy's foster parents gave their permission for Raymond to go out to the University of Iowa with Wilson in 1970, when Wilson was invited to give a workshop there at the Center for New Performing Arts. The workshop sessions became rehearsals for the first version of "Deafman Glance," during which Raymond was never offstage.

A number of people in the present group joined it originally at the University of Iowa. Sheryl Sutton and Mel Andringa, the stage manager of "Stalin," were both students there, as was Bobbi Krasner (Marie Antoinette). Sue Sheehy was working as a cook-cashier at Henry's Beef-n-Burger, near the campus. Wilson and John d'Arcangelo, the stage manager of "Deafman," came into the diner and asked if she would like to be in a play, and after thinking about it overnight she agreed. They gave two performances of "Deafman" at the university, and filmed a third. Several Iowa students came East the next year to be in the Brooklyn Academy production, and then went on the European tour that spring. So did Raymond Andrews. George Ashley and another member of the group took turns tutoring him in his schoolwork. (He was attending school regularly by this time.) He learned how to ride the Métro, and travelled all around Paris by himself, having a fine time. Toward the latter part of June, though, Raymond wanted to go home; Wilson had promised to send him to camp that summer, and the camp session had already started.

"At first, I said he couldn't leave—that he was the star of the show and we needed him," Wilson recalls. "Then I said O.K., but that it was his responsibility to find and train his own replacement. The play was up to ten hours by then, with the addition of the 'Freud' material, so there was a lot to teach. Raymond suggested a young Nigerian girl who was in the cast, and I realized that she would be very good for the part. So Raymond taught it to her. And the night she went on, he did a very beautiful thing. He dressed in the white costume of the Prince—he had always wanted to see the play from out front, and the Prince and Princess sit in a box the whole time. Then, at the beginning of the fourth act, when the Nigerian girl was sitting on a bench on the stage, Raymond left the box, went backstage, changed his clothes, and came out onstage bringing her the black hat that she was supposed to wear but had forgotten. He gave her the hat, bowed to her, bowed to the audience, danced around her, and left the stage."

In the "Stalin" play, Raymond's role was played by Julia Busto, a slim young Argentine girl whom Wilson considers one of the most gifted members of the group.

•

Entr'acte

AFTER Act IV, the audience thins out. It is close to two o'clock in the morning, and most of those who do not plan to stay through to the end have gone home. The remainder—some four hundred souls on this frozen winter night—have a sense of solidarity verging on camaraderie. Neighbors nod to one another as they come back after the intermission. They stretch their legs over the empty seats in front. On the platform over the stage apron, a *tableau vivant* has Helen Keller, Anne Sullivan, and Alexander Graham Bell holding hands, oblivious of a ringing telephone. They are engaged in wireless communication.

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In a dressing room backstage, Scott Snyder and Mary Peer are drinkin coffee and eating homemade cake Mrs. Snyder lives with her husband, retired Air Force colonel, in Summit and until a mutual friend brough Robert Wilson to a party at their hous one afternoon in 1968 she used t spend most of her free time paintin and making sculpture; her work ha been exhibited at the Newark Museu and elsewhere. At the party, she happened to mention that the Summit Ar Center needed somebody to teach children's art class on Saturdays. Wilson proposed himself, Mrs. Snyde arranged it, and the children's clas (which turned out to be a class in bod movement) soon expanded to includ adults. Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. Peer, an quite a few others from Summit hav been performing in Wilson's plays eve since. Mrs. Snyder plays Stalin's secon wife, among other parts. A calm, monumental woman who speaks in the fla and unhurried accents of the Midwes (she was born in Iowa), she leads tw very distinct lives. "My husband says was an artist before I joined the circus," she observes. "He comes to th plays and to the parties in the loft, bu he's not a Byrd. He tends to be a littl resentful when I come home from tour exhausted or sick. He's concerned but he's a little resentful, too."

Mary Peer plays the lady in a blac leotard who crawls onstage in Act I (among other parts), and she is famous in the group for never gettin anywhere on time. She and Wilson ha a row about this during rehearsals fo the "Stalin" play, as a result of whic she did not appear on opening night but they made it up in time for th three remaining performances. " don't know what I would have don if it hadn't been for Bob," she says "I remember one of those early classe of his at the Art Center—he turne the lights down very low and put record on, and said just do anythin you feel like doing. What a wonderful thing! I found myself just sort o tilting, very gradually, down to th floor and going into a somersault. I was the most natural thing in th world. I guess that was about th happiest time of my life, talking to al those different people and learnin how to move." Mrs. Peer's husban was a well-to-do lawyer. He died som years ago, and she lives alone in Summit, in a big house by a pond.

Alma Hamilton, Wilson's grandmother, looks in at the dressing-roor door, and is invited to come and si

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down. She reminisces a bit about Bob. "He was such an interesting child," she says. "I used to take him on all kinds of trips with me, and when he was ten years old he was as good company as any adult." Mrs. Hamilton has always loved to travel. Her husband died fifty years ago, and until quite recently she used to go around by herself on long-distance buses; she has visited every state in the Union and a number of foreign countries. "They used to say my middle name was Goin'," she says, "because I was always goin' somewhere." Now she travels with her grandson and the Byrd Hoffman School. She went with them a year ago to Copenhagen, where she made her theatrical début. "When Bob wants you to do something," she explains, "you just can't get around him." Before the opening in Copenhagen, Wilson asked her whether she thought she could scream onstage. "I said no, but then he sort of demonstrated what he meant, and I tried it. I was just *amazed* at what came out. Who'd have thought my voice could fill a whole theatre?"

•

ACT V—THE TEMPLE

A FRENCH critic coined the term "silent opera" to describe Wilson's theatre. Others have often suggested that his work is really closer to dance than to anything else—a view to which Wilson himself inclines. Act V is all dance—a free-form, self-taught kind of dancing that grew out of Wilson's body-movement classes and out of the hours and hours of free dancing in the Spring Street loft. Andy de Groat has carried this technique (or non-technique) further than anyone else, and Act V is Andy's act. Wilson has tried hard to stay out of its direction, and he has almost succeeded.

A compact, small-boned young man with close-cropped dark hair, Andy de Groat was going to art school in the daytime and working nights as house manager of the Bleecker Street Cinema when Wilson did a performance there with Kenneth King and others in 1967. They became friends immediately. The following year, Andy performed in "Byrdwoman" and "Alley Cats," and found his interest shifting, as Wilson's had, from painting to theatre. Aside from a few months' work in California with the choreographer Ann Halprin, he has had no formal dance training. "All my dancing is connected with Bob's work," he has said. "I've got something from watching Merce Cunningham and Kenneth King and a few others, but basically it's just from working with Bob and on my own."

Andy de Groat can do things that astonish professional dancers. He can spin for long periods without getting dizzy, turning so rapidly that his body becomes a blur; he can also change direction in midspin, apparently without coming to a stop. His five-minute spin as Heavyman in Act I, where he wears three ape suits under his white costume to pad it out, always evokes applause; during a performance in Paris, he spun continuously for an hour. He knew nothing about whirling dervishes or Sufi mystics when he started doing this, but recently he said that for him spinning "concerns the mind state between waking and sleeping, life and dream, the conscious and the unconscious." He is phenomenally agile, quick, and sure in his movements, and his stage presence is very clear and strong.

Until the production of "Deafman Glance," Wilson's theatre was largely static—a succession of tableaux and very slow movements. The group used dancing only to warm up during rehearsals—to free the body and to get rid of tensions. Since "Deafman," though, dancing has become much more important. Every Thursday evening at the loft, and before each rehearsal when a play is being prepared, the group dances to records for an hour or more—each person dancing separately, with varying degrees of concentration. Wilson himself, for the last year or so, has been evolving a kind of movement that looks almost spastic in its stumbling lurches and off-balance recoveries. "I hate it," he said sheepishly after rehearsal one day. "If I were in the audience, I wouldn't want to watch anything like that. But I can't seem to stop doing it." His angular, big-footed movements are arresting onstage, and others in the group have obviously been influenced by them. Many more have been influenced by Andy de Groat's spinning, and spins of one sort or another are the basis of much free dancing at the loft. Scotty Snyder, who is rather large, spins slowly and thoughtfully, seldom varying her tempo. Kit Cation (in her twenties) spins very fast, with metronomic precision. Ritty Burchfield and Robyn Anderson and Liz Pasquale and Julia Busto have all developed individual variations of spinning—movements of the arms and the head and the upper body—that seem expressive of their different natures.

This is the raw material that Andy

de Groat has used and shaped in his choreography for Act V. The broad patterns have been intricately planned and endlessly rehearsed. Igor Demjen's repetitive, Balinese-sounding music, the nearly constant spinning movement of the dancers in their white dresses, and the set itself, which resembles a crypt in an Egyptian pyramid, all trend to suggest some sort of Eastern ritual or temple dance. And yet the dancers themselves seem loose and free, and each moves in a different idiom.

"Maybe the most important thing we've done is to put across this sense of individual vocabularies of movement," Wilson said reflectively one day, over a sandwich in a restaurant across the street from the loft. "I keep thinking about Isadora Duncan—that thing she said about teaching the children in her school not to imitate her movements but to develop the movements that were natural to each one. Isadora was so far ahead of her time—we still haven't caught up with her. Ideally, I guess, what we'd like to do onstage is to present ourselves. Each one presenting himself individually, and at the same time trying to be aware as much as possible of what's happening as a whole group. Not trying to design it or anything—just trying to be aware of it."

There were a lot of problems with Act V in rehearsal. Wilson wanted to leave the direction entirely up to Andy, but was nervous about the way the act seemed to be shaping up. He felt that the stage was getting too crowded. He also thought that several members of the group were not dancing well—that they seemed "jammed up" in their movement and lacking in concentration. "When you come offstage, even for a moment, don't make contact with anybody in the wings," he told them at the end of one unsatisfactory rehearsal. "The main thing is to keep your concentration. You've got to be able to see with your body, in all directions, and to be aware of everything else that's happening onstage." It was hard for Wilson not to get involved in the details. But every time he made a criticism or a suggestion, he worried afterward that he was undercutting Andy's authority or Andy's confidence. Andy never seemed in the least upset by this. "Everything here comes out of Bob or through Bob," he said cheerfully one afternoon. "What I'm mainly interested in is that people dance well."

While the dancers weave their patterns onstage in Act V, Stalin sits at stage right in an upright rectangular glass box, occasionally speaking into a

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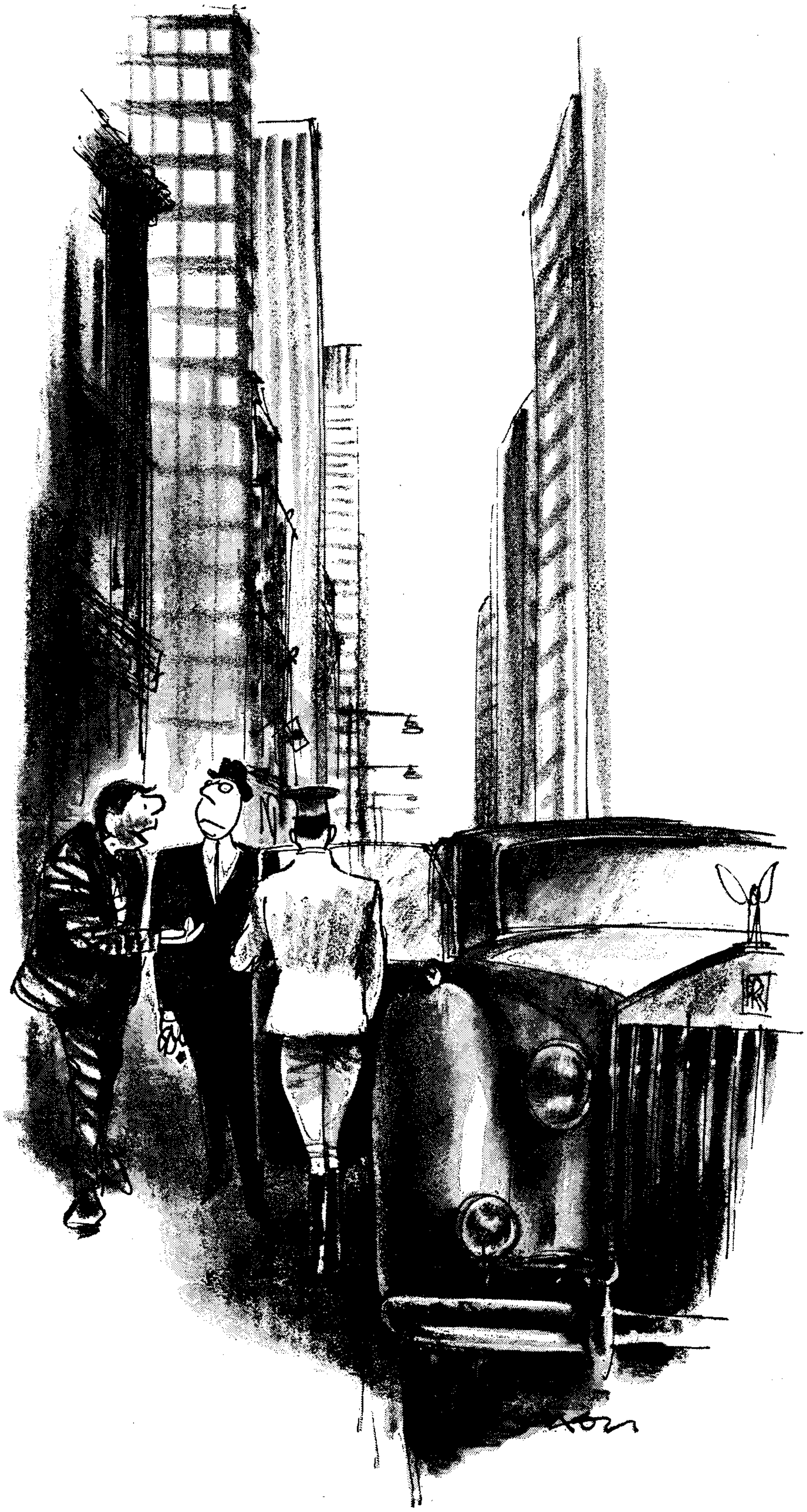

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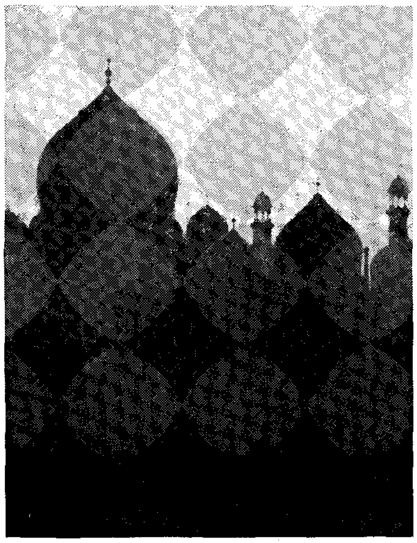

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microphone. For the first part of the act, the Stalin is Wilson. After a time, he is replaced by George Ashley. Ashley has dug up an authentic essay of Stalin's on dialectical and historical materialism, which he reads with deliberation, first in its normal word order and then backward. (Ashley claims that it makes as good sense either way.) He also reads two Emily Dickinson poems, which he chose because they seemed to have some bearing on the life of Stalin. "Bob told me he wanted a Stalin who was dignified, pedantic, infantile, and Chaplinesque," Ashley confided to another member of the cast. "It's clearly impossible, but I do my best."

•

ENTR'ACTE

SUE SHEEHY, her blond hair in curlers, appears in front of the house curtain pushing a heavily laden shopping cart. As she crosses, she tells the audience a story—a true story about an incident in the office of the United Jewish Appeal, where Sue does secretarial work five days a week. It is not a very interesting story, but that doesn't much matter. Watching Sue cross the stage at three-thirty in the morning is not without interest.

There is not the slightest doubt in Sue's mind that she would still be working at Henry's Beef-n-Burger in Iowa City if Robert Wilson and John d'Arcangelo had not come in and spoken to her. There was something about this good-natured, heavy girl which interested them—"the direct way she shows you just exactly what she's feeling at that moment" is how Wilson once put it. As a girl born and raised in New Sharon, Iowa, Sue had her moments of doubt, but once she had performed in "Deafman Glance" at the university, and Wilson had praised her performance and suggested that she come East to be in the play, the decision was not difficult. "It was really amazing how Bob could get what he wanted," Sue wrote in an autobiographical account of the experience. "He conveys faith and trust. You didn't, and I still don't, question what he asks you to do." At any rate, Sue bought a round-trip bus ticket and came to New York that winter. Never having been to a major city before, she was somewhat apprehensive, but Wilson and Mel Andringa met her at the Port Authority Bus Terminal (they had dressed up in ape suits for the occasion), and a week later she cashed in her return ticket. In the summer of 1973, she went back to Iowa for the first time in almost three years. It was a mistake, she found. New York is her home now; she even likes the subway. She has played many different roles in Wilson's plays, and, in addition, she has become the company's wardrobe mistress. She has been to Paris and Copenhagen and Venice, and she has talked with a princess in Iran. "People ask me what we're doing—what it means," she said last winter. "I say, 'I can't possibly tell you.' But I like doing it—this is what I want to do."

•

ACT VI—THE VICTORIAN BEDROOM

THE program says, "Some elements of music, movement and libretto in this act were first seen in 'KA MOUNTAIN AND GUARDenia TERRACE: A Story About a Family and Some People Changing,' presented at the Festival of Arts, Shiraz-Persepolis, Iran, in 1972.'"

Fifteen members of the Byrd Hoffman School went to France with Wilson in the spring of 1972 to conduct a theatre workshop that was sponsored jointly by Jean-Louis Barrault's Théâtre des Nations and Michel Guy's Festival d'Automne. The material developed at the workshop would be presented at the Shiraz Festival, to which they had been invited by the Iranian government. They spent six weeks in a lovely thirteenth-century abbey a Royaumont, about an hour from Paris living and working with professiona French actors and dancers whom Wilson had selected through a series of auditions. Alone or in small groups they wrote plays, made dances, painted and constructed sets. In June, the Wilson group dispersed to various parts of Europe, prior to reassembling in Iran Wilson, Andy de Groat, Ann Wilson (a painter, Willard Gallery; no relation), and Kit Cation went to Crete where Wilson's European agent and friend, Ninon Tallon Karlweis, had offered to let them use her house. After a week of relaxation, they were on the point of leaving for Iran when a customs officer at the airport in Heraklion found a small parcel of hashish in Wilson's coat pocket. The next five weeks were a nightmare for everyone concerned. Wilson was arrested on the spot, searched (they found nothing more), and imprisoned without bail For the next few days, Andy de Groa and George Ashley, who was in Shiraz with the rest of the company, spent most of their time on the telephone to Paris and New York, where influentia friends were trying to find the righ strings to pull. A local lawyer who had been engaged to represent Wilson told them that the best he could hope for was a trial in six months and a one-year jail sentence, and that it could be much worse. After five weeks, and against the lawyer's advice, Andy again applied for bail, and, to everyone's surprise, it was granted—with the stern warning that under no circumstances was Wilson to leave Greece. Wilson and the others flew immediately to Athens, took the first non-Greek flight they could find, and held their breath until they landed in Istanbul. He has since heard that he has been amnestied by the new Greek government, but he does not intend to visit the country again for some time.

In Shiraz, meanwhile, Ashley had kept the company going as best he could. Nearly everyone had been hospitalized at least once for dehydration—the temperature got up to about a hundred and twenty degrees every day—and the festival authorities, in Wilson's absence, were extremely chary with funds. Although a month had been lost, Wilson managed to pull together the Royaumont material and to generate enough new material for "Overture," a one-hour play presented in the garden of a famous house in Shiraz, and for "KA MOUNTAIN AND GUARDenia TERRACE," which lasted, in the land of Scheherazade, for seven days and seven nights. "KA MOUNTAIN" began ("opened" hardly seems the word) at midnight on September 2nd in Shiraz, at the foot of a hill called Haft-tan, or Seven Bodies, in reference to the graves of seven Sufi poets buried there. Each day thereafter, the performers moved to an area higher on the mountain, reaching the summit for the seventh and last day's performance. In the intervals between the main passages, there were continuous activities on a platform near the foot of the mountain. A detailed program showed what was happening each day, and where, and for how long.

What *was* happening? Dozens of individual plays, dances, pantomimes, and tableaux that had been developed by various members of the company—the program listed seventeen directors and nine authors and a cast of seventy-nine (the majority of whom were students at Pahlavi University in Shiraz). The first night's audience included the flower of Iranian society, in mink stoles and precipitous high heels. Within an hour, the élite had departed (they evidently were expecting a traditional opera), and their places were taken by students, who came equipped for the chilly night air with blankets, foodstuffs, and stimulants. There was an audience of some kind in attendance for a good part of the hundred-and-

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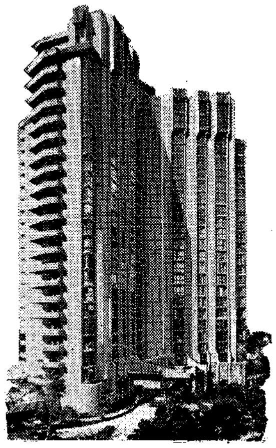

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sixty-eight-hour performance, except during the torrid hours between noon and 3 P.M. Life is a good deal slower in Iran than it is in New York, and the play's length caused little public outrage. "There were times, though, when nobody was watching us," Wilson recalls. "At three in the afternoon, with the sun overhead, everybody except us was home sleeping. It made me wonder about the difference between living and performing. 'KA MOUNTAIN' in some ways was like a documentation of what we're like—we were the family and the people changing. I think it's a piece I could work on for the rest of my life."

Several members of the group went through crises of one sort or another during or soon after "KA MOUNTAIN." Scotty Snyder contracted typhoid and pneumonia, and spent two weeks in a hospital in Shiraz. George Ashley and Anna-Lisa Larsdotter stayed with her while the others went on to Paris, where they had been invited to give a performance at the Festival d'Automne, and where Cindy Lubar—a tower of strength all through the Shiraz experience—began to show some alarming symptoms. Normally a quiet and rather withdrawn girl, Cindy became very aggressive during the Paris rehearsals, ordering others around in a loud voice and repeating words compulsively. She could not sit still for a moment. One day, she came to rehearsal in a bright-red dress and silver shoes, with her dark hair bleached white-blond. The next morning, she showed up with her head shaved. Wilson and the others were in a quandary. They thought that if they took her to a doctor she would be institutionalized, and those in the group who had had experience with mental institutions thought anything would be preferable to that. Wilson finally got through to her. He told her to take a week off and sleep, which is what she did.

Cindy talks freely about the experience now. "I felt as though too many things were happening in my mind at the same time," she said last winter. "It was interesting, but I was scared, too, because it was so out of control. I'm terrifically grateful that I was with the group, because otherwise I know I would have gone to a mental hospital, and I might still be there. People like Bob and Ann Wilson made me feel it was all right, what was happening to me."

Cindy, it seems, was then able to put what had happened to her into "Ouverture," a twenty-four-hour Wilson opus at the Opéra-Comique that became, in effect, Cindy's play. "She was onstage nearly the whole time," Mel Andringa recalls. "Sometimes she slept onstage. For hours at a time, she would do those queer, broken vocalizations of hers, and you never knew when she might go out of control completely. It was painful to watch, but absolutely compelling. At the end, she took off her coat—she was nude underneath—knelt down, and started to wash her hands and arms in a pool of water that was onstage. The lighting was exceptionally beautiful just then. It was incredibly moving—you felt as though she had come through it and out the other side."

The Theatre of Madness has its historical antecedents, including the Marquis de Sade's Charenton productions and the currently influential writings of Antonin Artaud. Wilson's willingness to incorporate individual breakdowns into his theatre pieces—to allow for the occurrence of breakdowns, if not actually to provoke them—may represent a further step in this direction, and a step that raises some fairly heavy questions. When asked about it recently, Wilson said that Cindy's breakdown, Francine Felgeirolles's instability, and the fact that others in the group often seemed to be close to the edge mentally or emotionally concerned him a great deal, but that it also seemed important to him to explore the kinds of communication that such states opened up. People like Francine and Christopher Knowles, he said, were acutely sensitive to all forms of nonverbal communication, and they seemed to respond in a good way to being placed in a theatrical situation or environment. Theatre itself, Wilson said, was a kind of organized insanity. Jerome Robbins has put the matter in much the same way. "Bob is attracted, somewhat, to what the rest of us would consider the misfits of this world. He sees in them the exceptional," he said not long ago. "This is part of his caring. Theatre is all a little crazy anyway. After all, what could be madder than a lot of people in ballet shoes dancing on their toes? We're apt to say the new thing is the maddest, because we're not used to it, but maybe his work is saner than anything else around. One of Bob's great contributions is another way of looking at the question 'What is theatre?' What he does is make you think about the whole question. And I firmly believe that his contribution will be as great as iat of any theatre man in America.”

The madness in Act VI, at any ite, is not very upsetting. There are welve beds onstage, and twelve sleeprs in white nightgowns and white iobcaps, and an old man with a staff 'ho laboriously counts to ten, and, beind him, an octagonal, mirrored room irough which various characters make ealthy entrances and exits. The sleeprs get up every so often and search 'ith lanterns for an invisible “thief.”)ueen Victoria appears, to announce iat “conflict in the created world is ot what it seems,” but Stalin is no'here in sight. The act goes on rather o long, and, coming at the time it oes—between three-thirty and fourteen in the morning—and considerg the imagery, it provides an almost resistible invitation to nap. Nobody aves the theatre at this hour. Wintry ists can be heard buffeting the Acadny walls, and there are few taxis at A.M. The bedroom setting and the ghting are eminently restful. One ozes. One wakes briefly to see Sheryl itton, in a white satin suit, doing a usic-hall turn. One dozes again. The 'eam continues.

•

ENTR'ACTE

THE raised platform is a black lake ringed with icebergs. Kit Cation ays the flute at stage right. Julia isto, wearing a man's dark suit and fedora, dances among the icebergs. he will remain on the platform roughout Act VII, turning continuisly in slow, smooth circles, never rying her tempo.)

Behind the house curtain, the cast ain forms a circle, hands linked. 'ilson, who posted a notice backstage hour ago (“Circle of hands before t VII—everyone”), stands in the nter. He thanks them all for their ork and says he thinks the play is gog well tonight. Act VII, he says, is e most difficult act of all—the one at has given the most trouble in rearsal. “I've been worried about peo holding back in this act,” he says. But maybe all the trouble we've had rehearsal came from my trying to ake it into something it isn't. Maybe ndy and the others are right to hold ck. There's a point of saturation for e audience. Well, O.K. Let's have a od show.”

•

ACT VII—THE PLANET

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ostrich ballet—choreography by Mel Andringa and Andy de Groat, music by Alan Lloyd. The costumes are marvels. Although the bare legs are clearly human, the large feathered bodies and the towering necks and beaks and the queer hopping movements create an uncanny illusion. Their dance is a counterpart to the dance of the sixty mammies in Act I—one of many correspondences. Act I ties up with Act VII, Act II with Act VI, Act III with Act V, while Act IV stands alone at the center. Now, as in Act I, the stage is covered with sand (which the ostriches kick up), and most of the characters who appeared in the first act will reappear in the last.

The new element in Act VII—the element that has made it, for Wilson, more difficult and more interesting than the other acts—is language. Once the ostriches have made their exit, the act is peopled by characters who actually recite lines, though rarely to one another. This is a new direction in Wilson's work, which in the past has been largely nonverbal. To a certain extent, of course, language has been an element in all six of the previous acts, what with Stalin explaining dialectical materialism and Queen Victoria holding forth on pineal movements and a chorus whose members talk Parsi or say "click" and "collect." In Act VII, however, language becomes the central element, although not in precisely the same sense as the language in a Neil Simon play.

Until Wilson was seventeen, he had a severe speech impediment. "I had great difficulty getting anything out," he said once. "But just as I was graduating from high school I met this amazing person—the dancer who was working with brain-damaged children in Texas. She said, 'Oh, you can speak.' I don't even think it was what she said as much as the way she said it. Within three months, I was making lots of progress. Part of it was just slowing down. I learned to speak very, very slowly. I entered a radio speaking contest, and spoke very slowly over the air—it became funny, and then it became theatrical, a sort of projected image. It was a very important time for me, like a dam bursting."

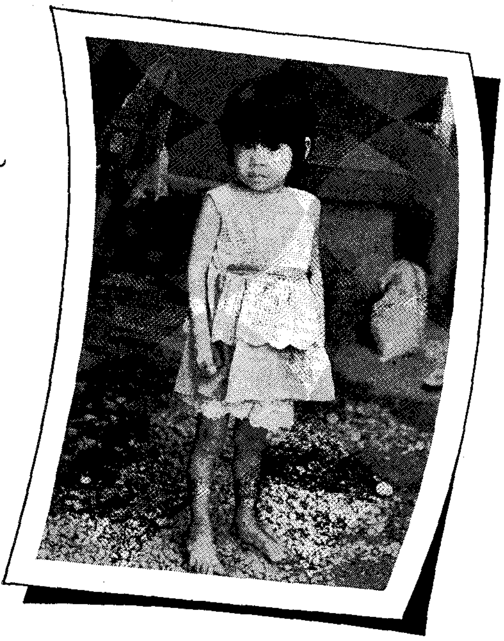
The use of language in "The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin" seems to be another kind of breakthrough for Wilson, and it will be interesting to see how this develops in his future work.

At the moment, language is somethin he uses as another theatrical materia like movement or light; the sense (the words is of minor importance. Li tening to the sounds that Raymon Andrews and Cindy Lubar made in h classes started Wilson thinking abo the relation between sound and mov ment, and this, in turn, led to son odd experiments. In 1971, Wilsc gave a "press conference" in Yug slavia in which he simply repeated tl word "dinosaur" over and over, f twelve hours, while cutting an onic the whole time. "Students and oth people would come up and ask why kept saying 'dinosaur,' and I'd ke saying 'Dinosaur Dinosaur Dinosau and after a while I'd feel as though had answered their question. I suppo the idea is that we already know t answers to most of our questions. wasn't sure whether or not I was a tually *saying* other words, but I kne I was *hearing* other words, like 'd aster' and 'soaring.' It's very curiou Anyway, the object of a lot of t work we're doing with movement is break movements down into very sm units. Like Balinese dancers, who ha something like a hundred and sevent five eye movements alone. The que tion becomes 'Can we break down t phrasing of sounds in the same wa and work with that?' You notice in t 'Stalin' script we say 'O.K.' a l 'O.K. O.K. O.K. O.K. O.K. O. Sometimes I feel that the emotions c shift more rapidly when we do t than when we talk as we ordinar do. We also say 'Hm a lot. It's amazing h often people do that conversation. It comm nicates something abc all sorts of other thir that are happening besic the words. Also, it's inte national—it's understo in Paris or Copenhag or anywhere. We we invited to do a radio pr gram on WBAI—a five-hour pr gram, from midnight to 5 A.M. didn't work out too well. My idea w to do the program in three parts. T first part would be a group of us sayi 'Hmm' in all sorts of different ways; the second part we'd say 'O.K.;' and the third part we'd say 'There.' 'The There There There There.' I thoug it would be nice if some truck driv turned on the radio late at night a got a bunch of people going 'Hmm' 'There.' But the program manag wasn't too happy, and she kept aski questions that weren't very interestir

Vhy do people ask such uninteresting uestions? My grandmother is close to inety, and she's never once asked me hat the play means or why people are oing around in it without their clothes n. Most of the important things never et communicated in words anyway."

HE backdrop for Act VII is a landscape on the moon, or some ss familiar planet. The red runner usses in the deepest zone, and Julia usto turns and turns on the down- age platform. A pair of tourists ap- ar, outlandishly garbed; the man kes a photograph of a hole. Smoke mes from the hole, and then Sheryl tton, reciting a speech from "Me- a." Stagehands drag in a platform aring four people: a man who holds quizzing glass to his eye and intones smic news reports, a woman who ads from a book, a man with a tree his head, and Queen Victoria, who ces restlessly back and forth. Their ices sometimes combine and overlap, metimes fall silent. The man with e tree on his head is Stefan Brecht, ho writes on theatre (his wife, Mary, signed the costumes for this play, nong others); he was also the red- ired waiter in Act IV, and the old an who counts to ten in Act VI. efan is the son of Bertolt Brecht, ho almost certainly would not have proved of Robert Wilson. Stefan ads from a Ford Foundation report, om the Book of Job, from "Gestes et pinions du Docteur Faustroll," by fred Jarry. Other familiar figures me and go: Freud and Anna, Ivan Terrible, the dancing Heavyman. ilhelm Reich is dragged offstage by o vigilantes shouting "Communist!" man in a long fur coat comes on rrying two large blocks of ice. Slides a closing door are projected. High in the darkened sky, a shape like a ral nebula glows luminously, out- ing the figures of a bride and groom. he bride appears to be strangling the oom, but without violence. A winged rse flies across the sky. The lights me up onstage, the nebula fades out, d another cycle of action begins.

There are about four hundred peo- left in the audience, some of them eep. "Sometimes people go to sleep d see things that aren't there," Wil- n says. "When you have a group people together for twelve hours or enty-four hours, all sorts of things ppen. The brain begins to operate a slower frequency. Ideally, in our rk, someone in the audience might ich a point of consciousness where he n the same frequency as one of the



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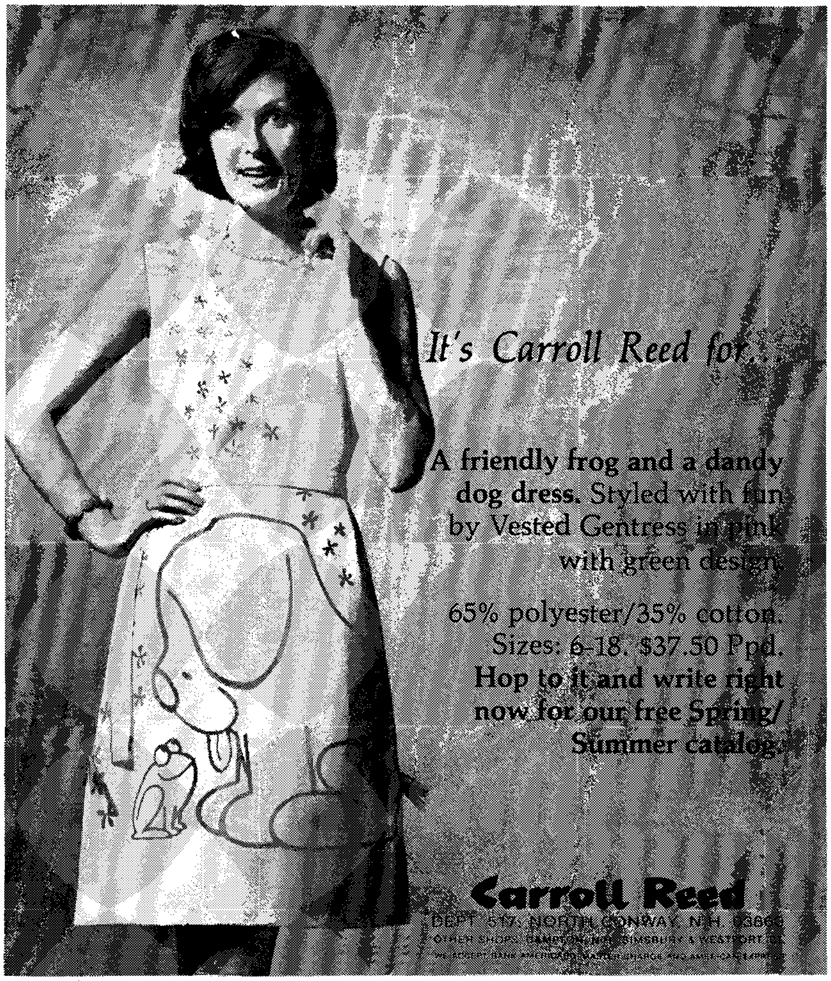
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performers—where he receives communications directly."

Time passes. The man with the melting blocks of ice says, "It won't be long now." Ann Wilson, the woman reading the book on the platform, recites a speech that Wilson wrote five years ago—a sort of prologue to "The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud." She has a lovely, strong voice, and she reads it beautifully:

> And now in saying something, something introductory to get something settled or someone adjusted there is going on and getting started. ON WITH THE SHOW! as they used to say in the days that I like to remember when people used to waltz. And when they square danced. And when they sat in drawing rooms and played pianos gently to themselves. Then it all changed. Someone got an idea Things were never the—no, no I won' say it but, then I see in the same pictures and in the flood of encoding the detail the voices of beasts the power coming over the walls through the memory as they do slicing the onion the man into (his) particulars and appearing as they do on the trail of a voice singing a void arresting a beach dissolving through his ears of the cave.

"It won't be long now," says the iceman.

In the distant sky, where the nebula glows, the city of Moscow is in flames A ragged mob in thick military overcoats thunder across the stage. They are stopped with a gesture by Stalin—a slim Stalin (Sheryl Sutton this time) in military green. A telephone ring onstage. Stalin answers it ("This i Joseph Stalin"), and expresses mild surprise that an aide will not speak up for a friend who is about to be shot Stalin climbs a flight of stairs and stand looking down on the motionless crowd A bassoon sounds. Violin and flute take up the accompaniment, and the crowd starts to hum a Baroque chorale by th seventeenth-century German compose Pachelbel. Slowly, very slowly, at six fifty in the morning, the curtain come down. Everybody is onstage when it comes up again—a hundred and forty-four people plus a few stagehands, wh have been pulled there by Wilson and others. The applause sounds tremendous. The cast is applauding back, and then suddenly, in some access of unspent energy, the cast is jumping up and down on the stage, applauding and jumping and raising a great cloud of golden dust as the curtain come down for the last time.

—CALVIN TOMKIN

•

KISSINGER SEES
NO MIDWEST WAR

—*Headline in the Lansing* (*Mich.*) *Stat Journal.*

Whew!

THE THEATRE

TENNIS WITH THE NET DOWN

MURRAY SCHISGAL's "All Over Town" is a ramshackle theatrical misadventure, in which he energy of a large and amiable cast s spent in a frantic attempt to conceal he fact that the author, not for the irst time, has allowed self-indulgence o take the place of the hard work of writing a play. Mr. Schisgal's trust in his talent is touching, and would be enviable if the consequences of that trust mounted to a substantial piece of thetre, but what we are being offered at he Booth is a flimsy mockup, with whose failure we can feel only an iritated impatience. Mr. Schisgal appears to be under the misapprehension hat farce, strictest of all forms of dramatic composition, consists of putting a rowd of disparate eccentrics onstage nd allowing them to muddle about n a cobbled-up simulacrum of a plot ntil, a sufficient period of time havng passed and a sufficient number of ight and verbal gags having been encted, the curtain can be rung down n a final, hard-breathing implausibilty. Once, upon being asked his opinion f free verse, Robert Frost replied that e would as soon play tennis with the et down; Mr. Schisgal writes plays in that fashion and would perhaps be uzzled to know why he should emloy a more arduous one. Is he not eing showered with praise for being any? (A Broadway puff word often sed by my colleagues when even the softest touch among them is unable to ring himself to type the word "witty.") Is he not said to be providing us with "inspired lunacy"? True, one would have thought that inspired sanity was what our contemporary theatre was most in want of, but no matter: such s it is, Mr. Schisgal has his little it.

Here and there in "All Over Town" we catch glimpses of what may ave been the author's earliest intenons in writing his play. A distracted sychoanalyst has been hired by the New York City Welfare Department to give counsel in respect to certain difcult cases. One such case concerns an nemployed young man of irresistible exual charm who hurries about getng women pregnant and arranging or his progeny to be put on welfare. Now, I would not describe as promising a play that, this late in our century, pokes labored fun at neurotic analysts, at people on welfare, and at women rushing helplessly into the arms of a casual stud; still, a series of actions aimed in a single direction (singleness of purpose being of the essence of farce, however complex the plot) might have imposed a certain discipline on Mr. Schisgal. Instead, he has brought in eight or ten other stereotypes—a nearsighted burglar, a homosexual con man, an innocent errand boy, an amorous maid, and the like—and has tried to pretend that they are all in a necessary relation to his subject. In fact, the only coherence in the play is to be found in Oliver Smith's ingenious setting, which is at once realistic and out of some architectural never-never land. It purports to be the interior of the analyst's residence, and it consists mostly of doors—eleven in all, on two levels—which open and shut with relentless regularity, in dim homage to "Hotel Paradiso." We are always aware that there is no space for rooms behind those doors, as we are aware that there are no genuine motives behind the conduct of the characters.

Cleavon Little plays the messenger boy, who, delivering a pair of shoes to the analyst's house, is mistaken for the philoprogenitive stud. Mr. Little is lively and attractive but lacks idiosyncrasy; an air, very welcome in farce, of being suddenly caught up in something beyond one's control and responding to it according to one's nature is absent from his interpretation. Probably in fear that his role, too, would be seen to have too little idiosyncrasy, Barnard Hughes, as the analyst, has given it too much; throughout the play, I recognized his face but not his overacting. Dustin Hoffman is making his début as a Broadway director with "All Over Town." I cannot say that he has illuminated the play, but he has kept its shadows moving in skillful disorder: a creditable start.

"THE HASHISH CLUB" is a production of the Company Theatre Foundation of Los Angeles—"an experimental repertory theatre dedicated to both the exploration of the newest processes, techniques, and materials of today's theatre world and the reinterpretation of classic dramatic works." The definition of the foundation's purpose is prolix and fuzzy; one must be given some means of distinguishing among "processes, techniques, and materials," or it is idle to list them. The play that the company is putting on at the Bijou is also prolix and fuzzy. It gave me the fidgets, and I leaped to my feet at the end of the first act thinking that the play was surely at an end, but, to my astonishment, a second act was to follow. The plot: Five young men once banded together in college to form what amounted to a secret society, the chief ritual function of which was to take drugs. Now they are a few years out of college and have returned to reënact the old rituals; on this occasion, the food of their love feast has been laced with three times the usual amount of drugs. They look forward to taking a trip of exceptional severity and risk, and perhaps of exceptional reward. This trip becomes the substance of "The Hashish Club." For me, the play fails, as for me almost all accounts of the irrational mind in eruption fail, whether the eruption is induced by alcohol, cannabis sativa, the divine mushroom, hypnotism, or what you will; I, the observer, by remaining rational, remain largely unmoved. I may be shocked by what I see and hear, as the sight of an automobile accident may shock me, but I cannot become implicated.

"The Hashish Club" was written by Lance Larsen, one of the five members of the cast. I understand that the four others—Jack Rowe, Gar Campbell, Dennis Redfield, and Michael Stefani—also helped to prepare the script. The play gains a cumbersome authenticity by being the work of many hands; the heaped-up maudlin discursiveness of the dialogue rings all too true. (One is put in mind of Yeats' having to sit through a rendition by his friend John McCormack of the lachrymose ballad "Mother Machree." Said Yeats in anguish, pounding his fist on his knee, "Oh, the damnable clarity of the words!") In contrast with the text, the acting is crisp and self-assured; the well-trained cast performs with the grace of dancers, in a modest setting by Stuart Wurtzel. The lighting is by Ken Billington, the costumes are by Sara Brook, the special effects are by Russell Pyle, and the direction is by Jerome Guardino.

THE New Phoenix Repertory Company has introduced, at the Helen Hayes, the third of the three plays scheduled for this season; it is Carson McCullers' "The Member of

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the Wedding." Miss McCullers, who died in 1967, adapted the play from her novel of the same name, and it was given its première on Broadway exactly twenty-five years ago, with Julie Harris as that miserable adolescent Frankie Addams; Ethel Waters as the maid and surrogate mother, Berenice Sadie Brown; and Brandon deWilde as the pompous little John Henry West. We forgive a novel for being literary, but we never forgive a play for committing that sin; in a novel, a thinness of structure, and perhaps even a thinness of feeling, can be disguised—can even be taken advantage of—by the artful dodging of an author with a gift for stylish description. On the stage, no such dodging on the part of an author is possible, though actors and designers can be effectively unscrupulous in this respect. The words of the play are the life of the play, and they are either true or false.

The Phoenix has mounted a capable production of "The Member of the Wedding," and what it makes clear is that while the play is a mildly charming contrivance on the surface, at bottom it is true not to any emotion of real life but to the emotions of storybooks. Frankie Addams hasn't it in her to be a female Holden Caulfield; her sufferings and the language in which she expresses them spring from the professional necessities of the author instead of from a child's heart. Faced with this difficulty, Marybeth Hurt makes Frankie a sort of sibling of Penrod, which is wiser than making her a sibling of Huck Finn—or, for that matter, of Peter Pan. (Peter Pan is always skulking just beneath the surface of the play; I kept being afraid I would hear "To die will be an awfully big adventure.") John Henry West is played by Eamon MacKenzie, who is seven and is pretty good for seven, though no doubt he will do better when he is eight. Marge Eliot is admirable as Berenice Sadie Brown; in her eulogy of a dead husband she makes us believe in her and, for a few moments, in the play around her.

The pleasant Deep South scenery of "The Member of the Wedding" is by Douglas Higgins, the costumes are by Donald Brooks, the lighting is by Ken Billington, and the direction is by Michael Montel.

"THE WIZ," at the Majestic, is a musical based on "The Wizard of Oz"—a movie as nearly immortal as any ever made—and I am relieved to report that the new version stands on its own feet, occasionally reminding us of its predecessor but feeling no need to make obeisance to it. Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, Jack Haley: if they hover above the stage of the Majestic, it is surely only to signal encouragement to a host of gifted newcomers. It happens that they are black newcomers; for history's sake, let it be noted that the show, both backstage and onstage, is almost entirely the handiwork of blacks. What is more important is that it is a big, fervent, handsome, and skillfully directed show and deserves a goodly run. The music, composed by Charlie Smalls, is serviceable rather than inspired, and the lyrics, also by Mr. Smalls, are in the current sense of the word heavy, urging upon us self-respect family affection, and other virtues; luckily, they are delivered with such gusto that we scarcely notice the degree to which we are being preached to. Tom H. John has designed a number of gorgeous settings, the best of them being a bejewelled Art Nouveau Wizard's palace on the windswep heights of Emerald City. No less gorgeous are the costumes, by Geoffrey Holder, who also directed the entire production. (Has one man ever before directed a Broadway musical and designed its costumes? Not that Mr Holder—dancer, author, composer painter, and the Lord knows wha else—couldn't have carried out severa other assignments for "The Wiz" a well. His first name should be Record instead of Geoffrey.) Taking it easy Mr. Holder put George Faison in charge of the choreography, and he has done his work well, creating dance now barbaric and now as gentle as poppies nodding in the sun. The lighting, by Tharon Musser, is especially admirable in the tornado scene, where in poor little Dorothy is swept off the plains of Kansas and into the Land o Oz.

The book of "The Wiz" is by William F. Brown, who has taken care to follow the traditional story line bu has boldly, if not always wisely, filled the dialogue with topical black slang Dorothy is played by Stephanie Mills at fifteen she belts out a song with the authority of an Ethel Merman. Th Scarecrow is a charmingly collapsible young dancer named Hinton Battle the Tin Man is a somewhat older and necessarily less collapsible dance named Tiger Haynes, and the Cowardly Lion is embodied with a ruefu unease by Ted Ross. The elusive Wi is played by André De Shields, and Evillene, the Wicked Witch of the West, is played with appropriate fierce-eyed malevolence by Mabel King. Wolcott Gibbs once wrote in this department that a certain production of "Hamlet" was well worth taking the children to on a rainy afternoon. So is "The Wiz," in any weather.

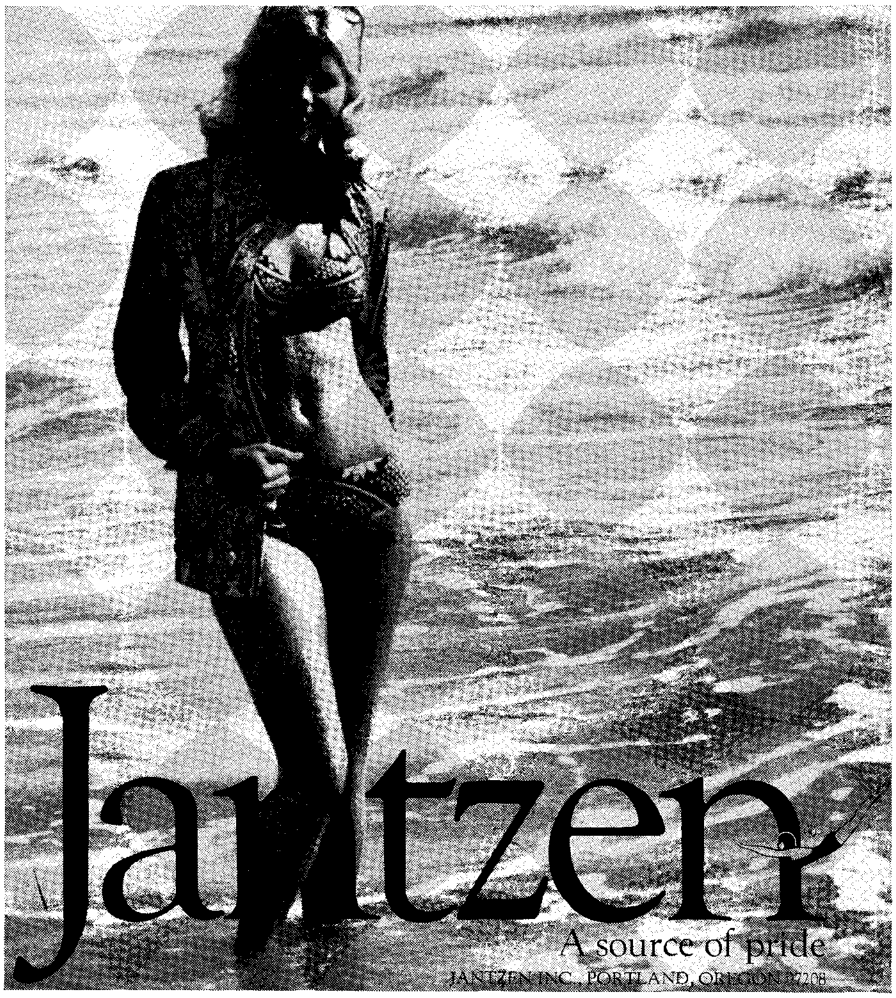
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Paris Nights and Frights

I WAS beside myself with pleasure at "Hotel for Criminals," a new musical at the Exchange Theatre, situated high up in the mighty dungeon of Westbeth. (It is in the hope that reviewers will be beside themselves that producers provide them with two seats on opening nights.) Written and directed by Richard Foreman, who also did the lighting and the eerie set, and with music by Stanley Silverman, this ravishing little work is a tribute in the form of a parody. The tribute is being offered to a French moviemaker named Louis Feuillade, who some sixty years ago began turning out weekly serials on the order of our own "Perils of Pauline." Feuillade's serials concerned themselves with a dreaded figure in the Paris underworld named Fantômas, with vampires, and with a Batman-like hero named Judex. The Messrs. Foreman and Silverman have had the laudably cuckoo notion of bringing this fictive Paris underworld to life in a series of black-and-white tableaux, accompanied by a score so seductively reminiscent of any number of twentieth-century composers that it amounts, almost from bar to bar, to a parlor game for musicologists. Dreadful deeds take place on the tiny, darkened stage, and the enchanting music tinkles and burbles on, uncaring. There are villains and villainesses, heroes and heroines, and most of them have fine, foolish songs to sing. The cast, which includes Paul Ukena, Lyn Gerb, Ken Bell, Lisa Kirchner, and Gene West, is exemplary in its musicianship; I especially enjoyed Mr. Ukena's apostrophe to his murderous silver Rolls-Royce. The music is conducted by Roland Gagnon, and the costumes—black except for tasteful touches of gore—are by Whitney Blausen.

LA MAMA is putting on a couple of short comedies by Julie Bovasso, who has not feared to undertake the direction of them. The first, which serves as a curtain-raiser, is called



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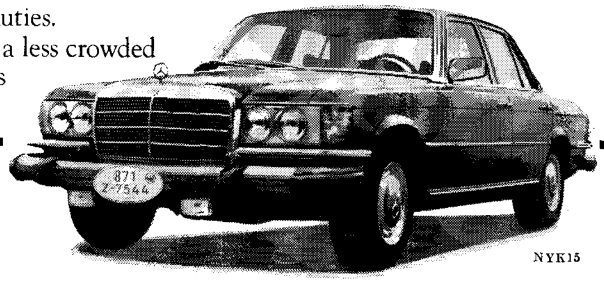

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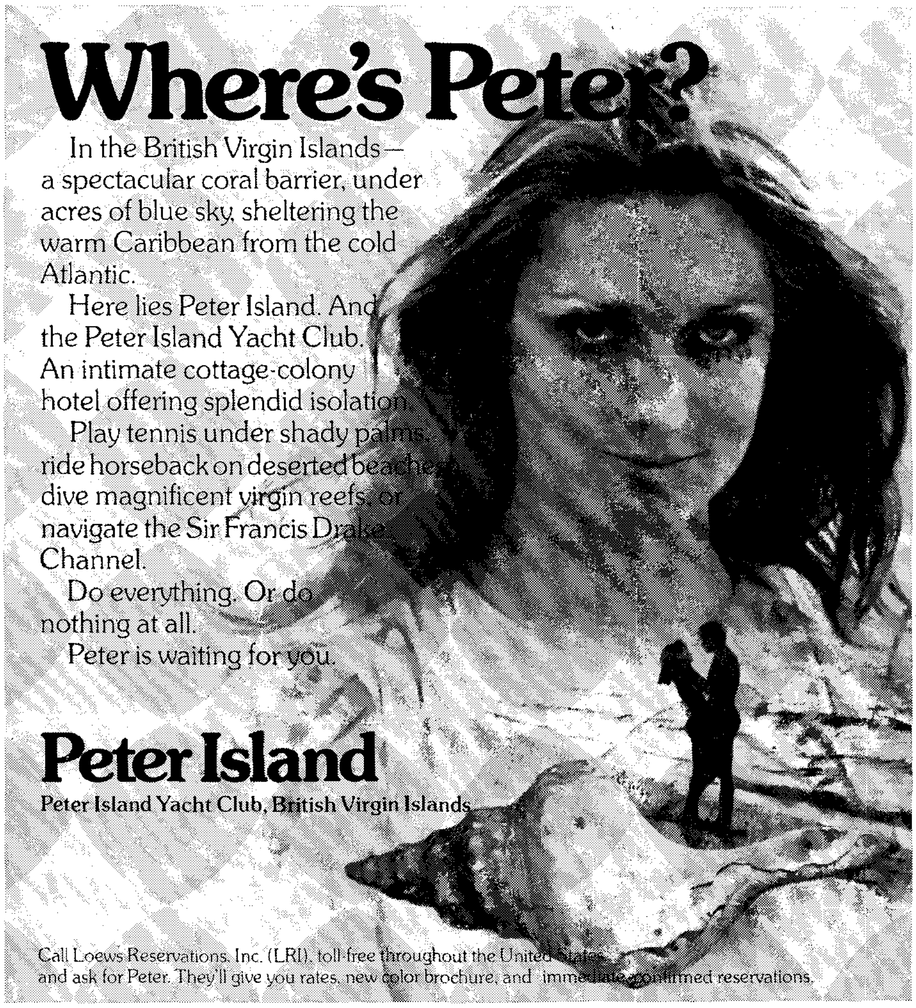

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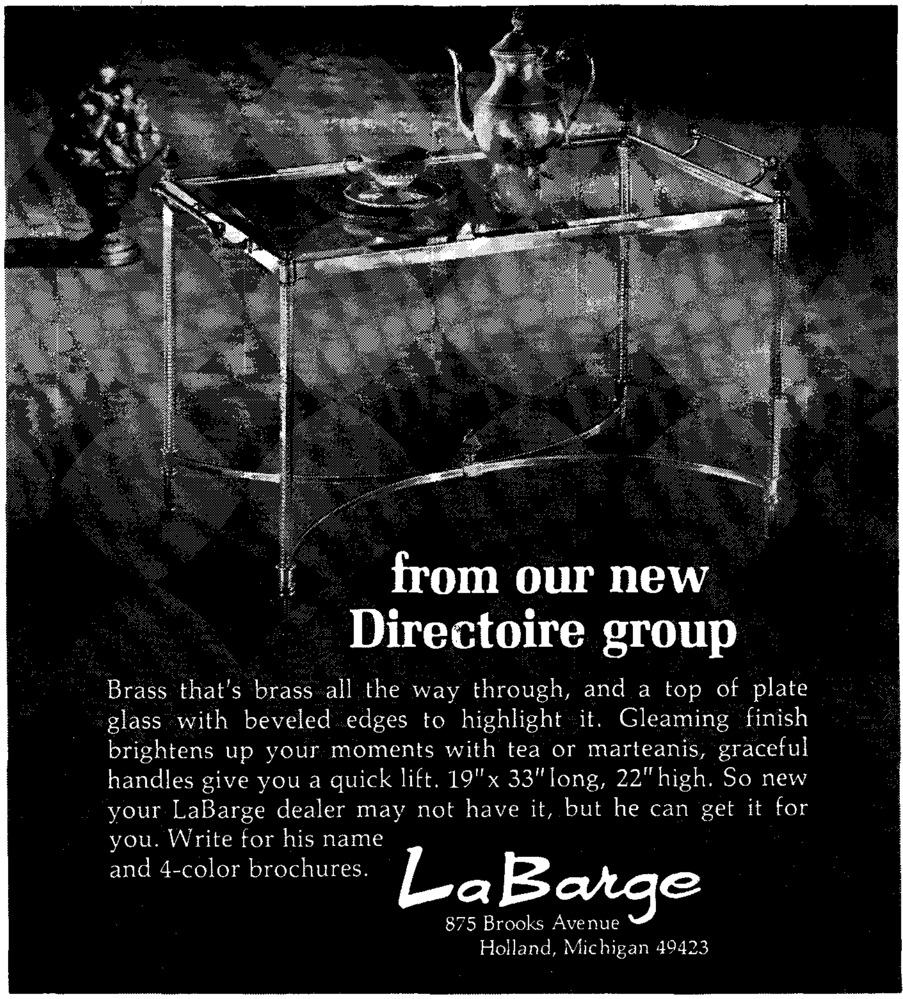

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"Standard Safety," and its setting is the grimly sanitary cafeteria of an insurance company in the World Trade Center. All activity is directed by the clock and is subject to constant supervision over closed-circuit TV. It is lunchtime, and, to the consternation of management, a single employee, Tommy Hargrave, is discovered to have left the premises; worse, he is thought to be having lunch with a woman somewhere out in the world. This reckless misconduct, which will cost him his job, enraptures a sullen young employee named Denise, who is seeking to better herself, at the moment by psychoanalysis but eventually, and ideally, by marriage.

In the second play, called "The Nothing Kid," we learn that Denise and Tommy have met by chance, have fallen in love, and have married. They are having drinks in a neighborhood bar-and-grill, surrounded by the usual variety of lost souls that playwrights count on neighborhood bars to contain. Where "Standard Safety" was a highly stylized exercise, "The Nothing Kid" is a robust, knockabout, realistic comedy; Miss Bovasso drives it along with zest, and the exaggerations practiced by her little colony of bickering misfits are no less entertaining for being in the grand Saroyan-O'Neill-Gordone tradition. The cast is superb. Kelley Martin, as Denise, can make her pretty face and body seem as tough and desolate as a stone, and Peter Rogan, as the rebellious Tommy, depicts increasing drunkenness and truculence without slipping into travesty. Peter Bartlett plays the squarest of square young businessmen, and Raychel Drexler is his conventional, well-bred wife, unexpectedly aroused by a poet who wears Western gear, calls himself Bronco Henry, and makes his conquests by the exercise of a totally wordless machismo. Ernesto Gonzalez and Vincent Russo contrive to be both funny and sad, the first as a Puerto Rican with a hundred inexpressible grievances, and the second as a very masculine but not very intelligent interpretive dancer, whose attempts to create a new dance nearly always cause him to end up on the floor in the fetal position. Melanie Michele, who is as beautiful and delicate-seeming as a morsel of rosy Dresden, plays a hatcheck girl of astonishing, indestructible hardiness; people keep hurling her across the room, and in a clutter of overturned chairs she picks herself up and resumes her fastidious, silent staring into space. Alas, there is no one like her in *my* neighborhood bar.

—B.G

AROUND CITY HALL

NIBBLING

NO one knows how many New Yorkers over the years have earnestly resolved to pay attention to the government of their city and have then changed their plans after one attempt to follow the annual City Hall convulsion otherwise known as the passing of the municipal expense budget. To many local residents it seems hardly fair that, having last June seen the enactment of a budget, after weeks of public squawling among city leaders, they should only a few months later find themselves in the midst of a second crisis over the same budget. It seems especially unfair this year, since New Yorkers had been widely assured that by voting to give City Hall over to Abraham Beame—former budget director, two-term city comptroller, a man who, as his 1973 mayoral campaign slogan boasted, "knows the buck," and whose name regularly appears in print followed by the words "fiscal wizard"—they could turn their attention to more frivolous concerns, secure in the knowledge that the city's financial problems, at any rate, were in frugal and efficient hands. (There is no truth, of course, to the rumor, possibly spread by Beame supporters, that every bandleader in the city signalled for "Hey, Big Spender!" whenever former Mayor John Lindsay swung into the room.) It was also understood that, as a longtime civil servant himself, Beame would know how to ride herd on the public-employee unions that had given the city so much expensive trouble in recent years. And there was a strong impression that under the new regime New Yorkers could count on fewer decibels from City Hall, Beame being well known as a low-key sort.

"Our orders from Abe were to take the melodrama out of city government," members of Beame's staff liked to tell visitors, and on the whole they were successful during most of his first year in office. As one sign of the transformation, the *Times* commented in mid-October on the quiet that had descended on the City Hall pressroom. Whereas Lindsay had "bombarded the press with releases and statements," the *Times* reported, under Beame "the daily outpouring of City Hall press releases has nearly ceased." In reality, the bombardment-trickle comparison was not quite as apt as the *Times* suggested, since by mid-October Beame's press office had issued five hundred and twenty releases, and at the same point in 1973 the Lindsay total had been six hundred and twenty, but in any case the report was soon passé. A few weeks later, it was like old times at City Hall, with the Mayor holding mob-scene press conferences, making provocative statements, and issuing press releases that set off almost daily front-page headlines. It all began early in November, when, in what his staff referred to as Phase I, Beame revealed that the city's eleven-billion-one-hundred-million-dollar budget for the fiscal year that ends June 30, 1975, would wind up with a deficit of four hundred and thirty million dollars—an occurrence that the Mayor attributed entirely to the declining national economy and the consequent decrease in city revenues and rise in city costs. He did not mention that last spring Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin had charged that the budget prepared by Beame's Budget Bureau already had an unacknowledged deficit of at least eighty-seven million dollars, because of an artful overstatement of income and understatement of expenses. This is a common politicians' trick to avoid having to call for more unpopular taxes or fewer popular services, but Goldin implied that Beame was practicing it to a fault. At the time, Beame insisted that his successor as comptroller (who many think is also his would-be successor as mayor) didn't know what he was talking about. After City Councilman Matthew Troy, of Queens, the brassy chairman of the Council's Finance Committee, then invited the public to watch him cut the fat out of the Mayor's budget, and identified certain areas he alleged to be overweight, including four hundred unnecessary chauffeur-driven city cars, Beame eventually exercised his political muscle and saw that his budget was passed with his figures intact down to the last decimal point. As a consequence, the finale of the annual confrontation over the budget was less melodramatic (that is, newsworthy) than usual, and the press often fell back on descriptions of the histrionics, the threats of having to fire tens of thousands of city employees, and the carefully orchestrated crisis atmosphere that, its members all maintained, would have existed if Lindsay had still been mayor. "Beame can't stand it unless everybody agrees that he's the only great fiscal expert in any room," Troy commented a few months later, after the Mayor, exercising further muscle, had punished him for his

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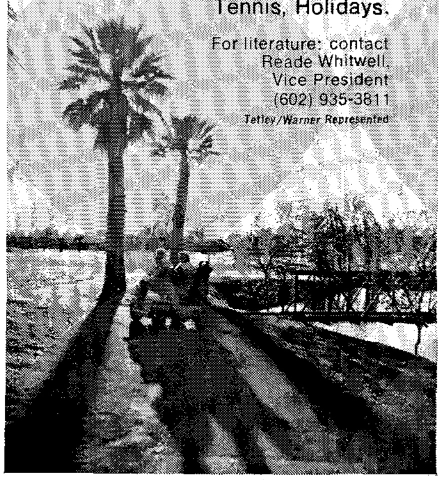

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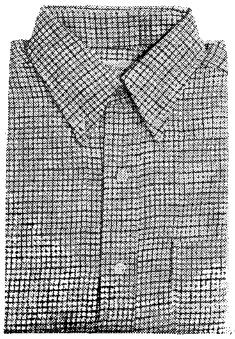

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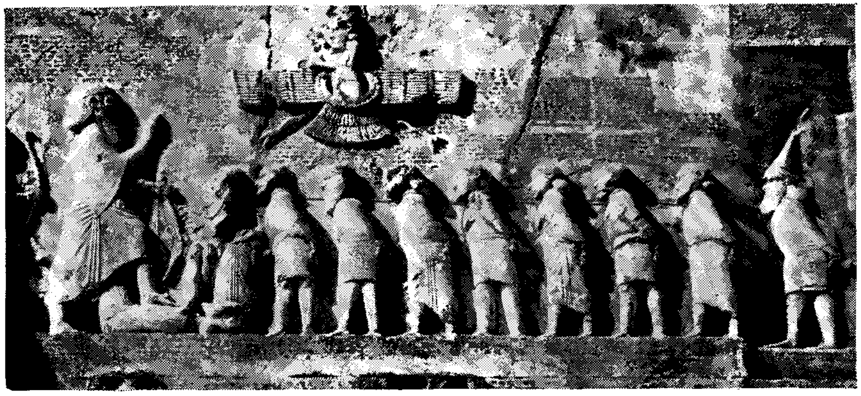
lèse-majesté by helping to arrange his removal from his most powerful post, that of Democratic boss of Queens County. Since Comptroller Goldin had been elected in 1973 for a four-year term, no equivalent retribution was possible in his case, but the Mayor may have had something to do with the City Council's later tabling of the Comptroller's request for forty-five auditors, which Goldin had announced he must have in order to conduct an adequate financial checkup on several city agencies.

Goldin responded to the Mayor's November revelation of the city's four-hundred-and-thirty-million-dollar budget deficit by indicating that once again the Mayor's figures were on the fictional side. The most conservative estimate of the comptroller's office, he said, was a deficit of six hundred and fifty million dollars. Beame answered that his figures were bound to be the reliable ones, since he had got them from the Budget Bureau, "which is much better equipped to know the situation"—a position far from the one he had taken when he was the comptroller and when the head of the Budget Bureau was David Grossman, appointed by John Lindsay. Over the next few November days, the Mayor made announcements of various arcane fiscal maneuvers that—on paper, at least—reduced the projected deficit substantially, but it was clear that this time the city's financial retrenchment would have to include some reduction in the city's three hundred and thirty-eight thousand employees, whose wages and fringe benefits account for sixty-five per cent of the budget. Discussing the crisis at a press conference, Beame described the city's condition in such dire terms that some reporters had him predicting that thirty-three thousand workers would have to go. John DeLury, the president of the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association, declared that at a meeting with union leaders at Gracie Mansion the Mayor had called for an eight-and-a-half-per-cent cut in every department ("I have it in writing"), which by some estimates could mean the firing of twenty-eight thousand workers. A *Long Island Press* reporter spent a few hours at the Mayor's end of City Hall, and the next day the banner headline on the *Press* was "$300 MILLION FROM STATE OR 20,000 MORE GET AX."

WHATEVER the final numbers might be, it was understood by all concerned that the lopping off would begin with the city's twenty-five thousand provisional employees—those hired outside rigid civil-service channels. A provisional may be a worker signed on because he or she has some special expertise, but among civil-service leaders the term "provisionals" is used as a derisive shorthand epithet for those hired because of their clubhouse connections or their special help in a mayor's most recent campaign. In the Lindsay years, Beame, to the loud cheers of union leaders, vigorously denounced Lindsay for adding provisionals to the city's rolls. ("I strongly oppose any political patronage 'spoils system' which loads the public payroll with provisional employees.") During last spring's debate over the current budget, the new Mayor received further commendation when he announced that he had just fired twenty-five hundred Lindsay-appointed provisionals. In the midst of the latest budget crisis, however, Comptroller Goldin, certainly by then Beame's least favorite officeholder, released figures showing that, far from living up to his thrifty, civil-service-oriented reputation, Beame had added twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty people to the payroll during the first four months of the current fiscal year. He had enlarged the mayor's personal staff from a hundred and sixty-nine to two hundred and twenty (including, as it happened, five press representatives, compared to Lindsay's three). Among his payroll additions were two thousand four hundred and thirty-six provisionals. This number didn't appear to be wholly outrageous, in view of the fact that the local Democratic machine, having been faced for years with a Republican governor in Albany and John Lindsay at City Hall, had been starved for patronage and understandably expected a little accommodation when one of its own finally made it back to the mayor's office, but the *News*, which had given Beame its all-out endorsement for mayor in 1973, now accused him of "slipping his own cronies and cronies' cronies into cushy provisional jobs almost as soon as former Mayor Lindsay's pets were booted out."

On November 22nd, in what his staff called a "historic" decision and designated as Phase II, Beame announced the firing of fifteen hundred and ten city employees, including a thousand provisionals and five hundred and ten civil servants. After one budget crisis, Lindsay had imposed a yearlong hiring freeze, which meant reductions by attrition—that is, no replacement of ose workers who died or retired—ut Beame's action was described as e first actual dismissal of tenured ivil-service employees since Mayor aGuardia fired thousands of work-s, along with a number of assistant rporation counsels, in the Depres-on year of 1934. A mayoral spokes-an later reminded reporters that the ty was lucky to have Beame as mayor its present crisis, since only a trusted ngtime civil servant could get away ith firing civil-service workers—uch, he said, as only a strong anti-ommunist such as Richard Nixon d been able to win acceptance for e rapprochement with Communist hina. Unfortunately for the hard-er position, the firings represented wer than five-tenths of one per cent those on the city payroll. The *News* lled the firings "a timid gesture." he *Times* editorial on the subject as headed "Nibbling the Bullet." on afterward, the *News* revealed at Beame's early additions to the city yroll last spring had included the ap-intment, at thirty-two thousand dol-rs a year, of his own Brooklyn rabbi n active helper in his mayoral cam-ign) to a job in the Human Re-urces Administration. "I'm going to ll you, rabbis are going to go before nitation men go," declared DeLury. cartoon in the *News* (which may turning into Beame's least favorite ewspaper) showed the Mayor as seen rough the eyes of city employees red just before Christmas (the wield-of a bloody axe), their families Scrooge), his supporters (a jousting night in shining armor), and his rabbi a haloed angel).

On December 11th, Beame an-ounced (Phase III) that six thousand ur hundred and twenty-five more orkers would leave the city payroll, inging the total, as citywide headlines oted, to seven thousand nine hundred d thirty-five. It undoubtedly seemed large number to anybody who was e of the seven thousand nine hundred d thirty-five. To others it seemed not large, since a week later it was an-ounced that by January layoffs at eneral Motors (ninety-one thousand rmanent and forty-one thousand tem-orary) would amount to a quarter of e company's hourly work force, and e New York State Department of abor put the total of New York City orkers out of jobs at nearly a quarter a million. Phase III was unlike hase II in that the civil servants heduled for dismissal included teach-s and also members of the uniformed rces. Four hundred of the latter were



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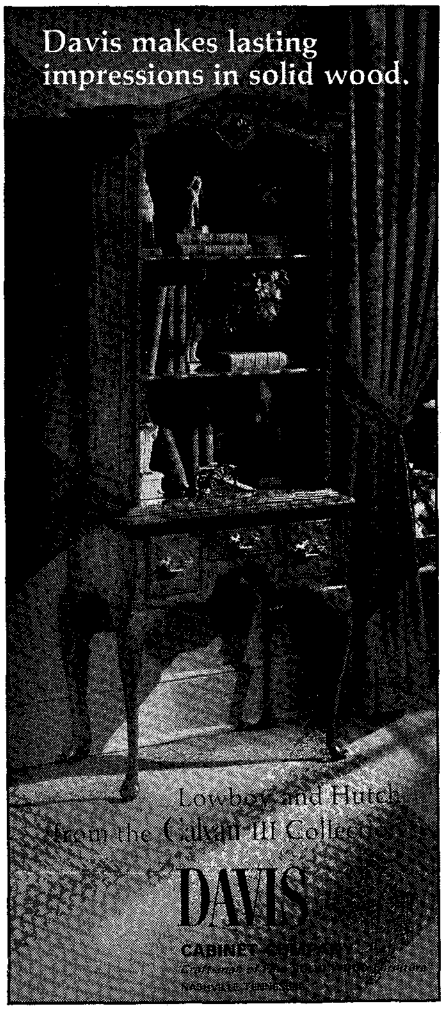
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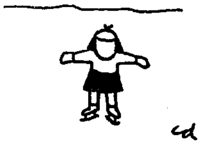
policemen (out of a force of thirty-one thousand), and a hundred and fifty were firemen (out of eleven thousand). Kenneth McFeeley, the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, predicted that the crime rate would now zoom upward. Richard Vizzini, the head of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, pointed out that the lives of the people of New York were at stake, adding, "We will take every measure to bring the city to its senses." The union leaders' ritual threats of a strike lacked their usual conviction, however. Someone at City Hall had pointed out that a week's strike, though damaging to the public, would save the city some of the money it was desperately trying to recoup by other means.



On close inspection, the six thousand four hundred and twenty-five dismissals under Phase III turned out to be somewhat different from what they had first appeared. A spokesman for the Board of Education said that by February 1st normal attrition would probably take care of the nine hundred teachers it was asked to fire. Of the four hundred policemen who were due to lose their jobs, two hundred and thirty-five would probably be men and women not yet sworn in, although they had attended the Police Academy; the hundred and sixty-five others would be police currently assigned to light duty at headquarters—a category not often mentioned during biennial police contract negotiations, when the P.B.A. insists on the equivalent of combat pay for every member of the force. The Police Commissioner, Michael Codd, told the Mayor that the cuts would not result in fewer men on the streets, and, in fact, it was estimated that the cuts, combined with routine attrition, would bring the force down only to thirty thousand two hundred, or several hundred more policemen than the city had two years ago, during the Lindsay hiring freeze. It turned out that the Fire Department also had a hundred and seventy-three men assigned to light duty at its headquarters, from whose numbers the firemen's quota could be drawn. And of the six thousand four hundred and twenty-five on the latest list twenty-seven hundred were civil servants and provisional employees for whom the retirement age of sixty-five had been extended. Although the extensions would not be renewed, they would not run out until June 30th, and it was hard to see how the workers' prospective shift to the city pension rolls would substantially help with the deficit for a fiscal year tha would also end June 30th.

Even in the case of civil servant actually scheduled to be fired, th process turned out to be much mor complicated than it was in LaGuardia' day. Beame's Commissioner on Huma Rights, Eleanor Holmes Norton, immediately pointed out that in recen years many more women and member of minority groups had been added t the city's rolls, and that dismissal o a seniority basis—that is, last in, firs out—would be in violation of federa and state anti-discrimination laws. I would also mean the firin of many young people, wh had no pensions to fall bac on. A few hours later, Beam held a press conference t announce that Jack Bigel, local union pension consultant, had come up with a remedy: instead of firing the five hundred and te civil servants scheduled to be let go i Phase II and the three hundred an fifty more who were expendable unde Phase III, eight hundred and sixty other civil servants, aged sixty-three an sixty-four, should be asked to retir now instead of waiting until they wer sixty-five. Beame's First Deputy Mayor, James Cavanagh, said that, according to his computations, if one include fringe benefits, none of them woul have their incomes reduced by a penny (Of course, they would be deprived o the chance of increasing their pension as the result of their additional salaries—and it was entirely possible that the were enjoying their work.) Throug the Bigel scheme, Beame noted, th jobs of eight hundred and sixty relativ newcomers to the city payroll could b saved. Asked at the press conferenc if he felt any personal hesitation abou forcing the retirement of sixty-three year-old employees, Beame, who wil be sixty-nine in March, was snappish "One day, I'm going to ask *you* tha question," he told the comparativel juvenile reporter. However, City Council President Paul O'Dwyer, who i sixty-seven, denounced the plan as "inhuman, discriminatory, and un-Constitutional." The local representative o the employment-standards office of th United States Department of Labo agreed that it would be in violation o the federal Age Discrimination in Employment Act of 1967. ("At a time o fiscal disaster, it is inappropriate for nitpicking bureaucrat to begin dottin 'i's and crossing 't's," declared a boar member of the Uniformed Fire Officers Association.) Beame turned th problem over to the city's Corporatio

Counsel, Adrian Burke, who is seventy, and Burke reached the preliminary conclusion that the plan was legal. Beame had a word at a local luncheon on December 16th with the federal Secretary of Labor, Peter Brennan, and two days later a delegation includng Cavanagh and Bigel set off for Washington to see if the city plan could qualify for a variance under the Age Discrimination Act. Although intergovernmental cronyism wasn't publicly mentioned, the hopes of the locals were high. Not only were Beame and Brennan friends during Brennan's days as head of the New York Building and Construction Trades Councils, but Bigel's clients include the sanitation union, whose seventy-year-old chief, DeLury, had strongly endorsed the plan. Most promising of all, Brennan's Asistant Secretary of Labor for Employnent Standards, who was scheduled to be present at the conference, was DeLury's son Bernard, whose brother, nother John DeLury, Beame had just ppointed to the New York Criminal Court. After long debate, however, Assistant Secretary DeLury and Secreary Brennan ruled the plan illegal. Back in New York City, officials and nion leaders set about trying to peruade the older employees in question o retire voluntarily. At the beginning, t least, they had few takers, but in the meantime the scheduled dismissal of he eight hundred and sixty other civil ervants was held in abeyance.

AND so it went. Six weeks after the headlines announced the first hisoric firings, and past the beginning of he second half of the fiscal year, during which a vast deficit had to be made up y one means or another, only four hunred and thirty-six city employees were ctually off the payroll. Not one of them was a member of a civil-service union. I understand that the city has a probem, but no civil servants will be fired," aid Victor Gotbaum, who is the head f the catch-all union that represents a undred and ten thousand of the city's workers, and who is generally condered the most reasonable of the leadrs of city-employee unions. Mayor Beame announced that in view of the risis he would take a ten-per-cent cut n pay, but it turned out that he would ake the cut only after he had accepted five-thousand-dollar increase (to sixty housand dollars a year) scheduled to ake effect January 1st. The Mayor, a man of modest tastes, would have been willing to take the reduction without he raise, but in that event he would ave been in trouble with some of his

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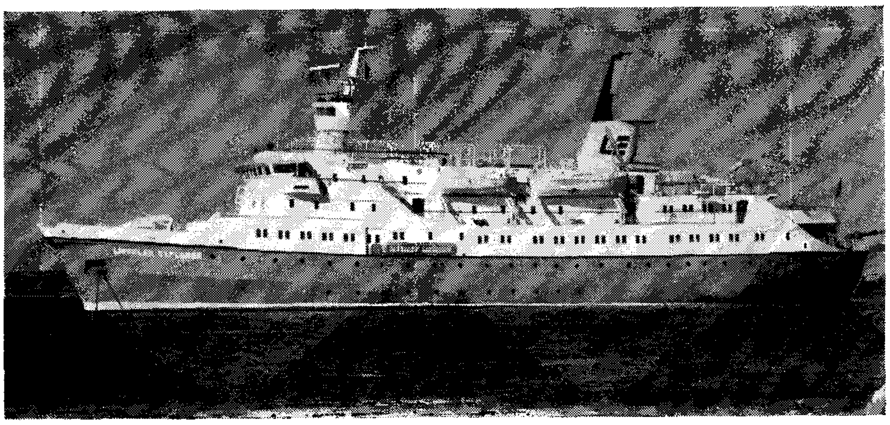

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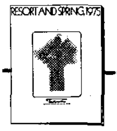

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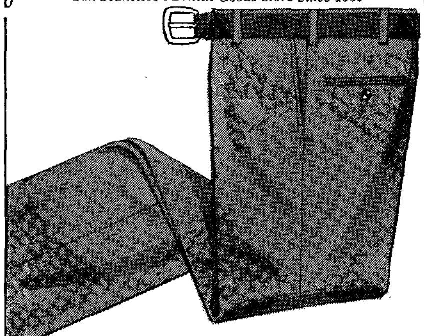

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Board of Estimate colleagues. After he announced that, by consensus, the other members would also take a ten-per-cent cut (after they got their scheduled five-thousand-dollar raises, of course), some of them said they hadn't heard about it, and Staten Island's borough president, Robert Connor, said he wasn't going along until cuts were taken by members of the City Council. Beame's call for voluntary staff cuts by city agencies was also resisted in many cases. The directors of the Health and Hospitals Corporation voted unanimously not to cut a single budget line. The Department of Higher Education said that it would *think* about complying in a month or two. Over at the comptroller's office, Goldin offered to cut the forty-five auditors that Beame hadn't allowed him to have in the first place.

Late in December, it was announced that two hundred and fifty-two of the five hundred and six employees who had been scheduled for dismissal from the Social Services Department under Phase III would keep their jobs after all. They would simply be transferred to a state program established to track down missing welfare fathers. Whether or not their efforts would indeed save the city the advertised three and a half million dollars a year—a sum that many suspected had been pulled out of the ozone—their two and a half million dollars in annual salaries would now be something for Albany to worry about. The move, of course, wouldn't lighten the burden on the local taxpayer. There was also a widespread suspicion that if any of the true Party faithful should lose their city jobs, they, too, might find a welcome at the public trough in Albany, where the new governor, Beame's fellow-Brooklynite Hugh Carey, is now in a position to parcel out jobs to Democrats after sixteen years of Republican rule. Meanwhile, any under-sixty-five employees who could be persuaded to retire early would, of course, just be transferred to another tax-supported roll—that of the city pension fund. City Council President O'Dwyer, a lifelong union supporter, said he was now concerned that city employees were being treated as if their rights were "more sacred" than those of other New York workers who were threatened with the loss of their jobs—or who, in many thousands of cases, had already lost their jobs. The rights of some city employees were clearly more sacred. Although the Mayor had promised that the firings would include *not only* low-ranking employees *but also* high-level officeholders, the four

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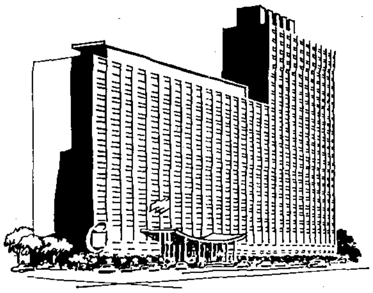

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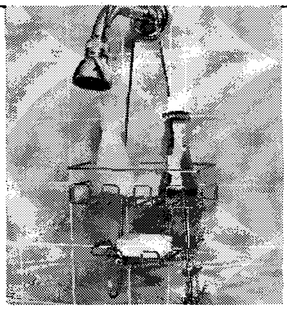

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hundred and thirty-six people fired in the first six weeks of the Great Exodus were almost all clerks, secretaries, truck drivers, typewriter repairmen, and the like, plus two City Hall cleaning women, whose dismissals were rescinded about the time the *News* ran a list of the number of Beame appointees who (along with Mrs. Beame) had been assigned cars and chauffeurs—eighty-two of the drivers being carried on the rolls of the Sanitation Department. As far as could be discovered, not a single upper-echelon political appointee of Beame's had lost his job except the rabbi, who proved to be too much of an embarrassment to keep on.

Undoubtedly, in the days to come there will be more actual firings, some of them even in the sacred category; more cancelled city programs; and, nevitably, more headlines. Meanwhile, the heads of some unions are beginning to tot up the large increases due their members, thanks to the cost-of-living-adjustment clause won from the Beame administration last summer, and the heads of other unions are meeting to discuss what wage increases they will nsist on in their next round of contract talks. Roderic O'Connor, the head of he Citizens Budget Commission, which is a private good-government group, called on Beame to impose not only a hiring but also a wage freeze until 1976. "Of course, he will have o deal with the unions on this," O'Connor added. The Budget Bureau s now almost through its hearings on he 1975-76 expense budget, which, unlike that of the state or federal governments, is required by law to be balanced. The predictions are that, no matter how the figures are prettied up at budget-passing time next June, the eventual deficit will be at least a billion and a quarter dollars. Viewing the situation with some alarm, David Rockefeller, the president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, asked Lindsay's budget director, David Grossman, who is now a Chase Manhattan senior vice-president, to meet with city officials and see f he could come up with some recommendations. Grossman reported later hat the folks at City Hall said they would be glad to see him anytime. Preumably, their message will be "Bring money."

—ANDY LOGAN

•

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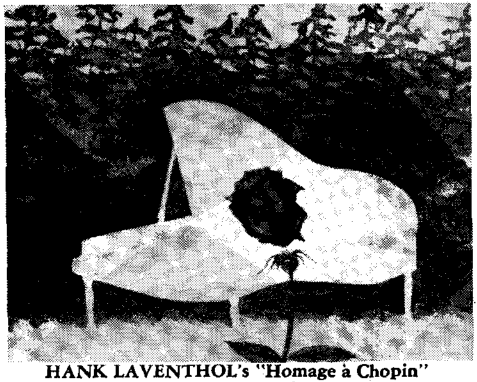

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Woman on the Road

Alice (Ellen Burstyn) is a thirty-five-year-old blond housewife with a big face and a good-sized behind. She's pretty in a clumsy, ordinary way—the face overblown and a little blubbery but with the kind of smile you can't help smiling back at. Since childhood, Alice has wanted to be a vocalist like Alice Faye, and she did some singing before she got married to a sexy but hardheaded workingman (Billy Green Bush) and wound up in a tract home in New Mexico, trying to keep the peace between a humorless husband and a smart, nervy eleven-year-old son (Alfred Lutter), who takes his cue from his mother's suppressed feelings and openly taunts his father. When Alice's husband is killed in a truck crash, she is left penniless and scared, but she's also freed from the grim boredom of trying to please a dull man; she sells off her possessions in a garage sale, packs her kid in the station wagon, and sets out to make a new life. That's the starting point of "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore," the new Martin Scorsese film, from a script by Robert Getchell—one of the rare films that genuinely deserve to be called controversial. I think people will really fight about it. It's the story of a woman who has a second chance thrust on her; she knows enough not to make the same mistake again, but she isn't sure of much else. Neither is the movie. "Alice" is thoroughly enjoyable: funny, absorbing, intelligent even when you don't believe in what's going on—when the issues it raises get all fouled up.

"Alice," like Paul Mazursky's "Blume in Love," is about the things nobody's got too well sorted out. Mazursky, a satirist as well as a romantic, can't help seeing the pratfall folly of his educated, liberal characters who have consciousness up to their ears but not in their hearts. In "Alice," the heroine is fighting for consciousness, after a long married sleep. Mazursky's pictures and Scorsese's "Alice" are the closest anybody with talent and brains has come lately to the romantic, marital-mixup comedies of the thirties. How could new marital comedies *not* be controversial? "Blume" was like a hip updating of "The Awful Truth;" "Alice" is like "It Happened One Night" played at the wrong speed. But what's the right speed? Now it isn't just a romance in trouble, or an individual marriage in collapse; it's romance itself that's in trouble, and it's the institution of marriage that's in slapstick, role-confusion chaos. Blume's wife, the stiff-jawed Nina, who was trying to find herself, took up the lettuce pickers, nutrition, and yoga but never got to Women's Liberation. Mazursky didn't raise questions about her rigidity and her frustrations: Nina remained an inscrutably frustrated woman. "Alice" tries to make its heroine scrutable. It's a realistic, new-style version of the wisecracking Depression pictures: the Problem is women trying to figure out a way to be independent without giving up men.

The comic environment is differen now, too. The American road comedy can no longer trot out drawling, innocently canny hicks; the new, media-freak hick is encased in cynicism. He isn't slow on the uptake; he may be faster than the educated, big-city person, who has had more opportunitie to break out of cultural traps, and fo whom quick comebacks aren't such big deal. Scorsese is one of the firs movie directors to show the hard-edge small-town materialists bred on TV and envy, and he does it without any ostentation or comment. In Mazursky' "Harry & Tonto"—an old-man-on-the-road movie—Harry's three children, in New York, Chicago, and southern California, lived in ways that indicated the tensions of those areas; Scorsese shows Southwestern blue-collar people who accept the sunlit disreputability of their way of life and are pretty cocky about it. These directors don' score easy points by satirizing American oddities; they know that they look pretty funny themselves. Since they don' try to distance themselves and objectify the situations, the type of comedy they produce is peculiarly unstable; you don' always feel like laughing, and even when you do laugh you may have mixed emotions Mazursky sees the craziness in middleclass attitudes as well as the crazy sadness of those who have the values and can' make it. (He's in love with monomaniacs: he sees them as less tormented than ordinary people.) "Harry & Tonto" is the most difficult kind of comedy to bring off, because it comes directly from the

"I've had all my minimum daily adult requirements, except bourbon."

moviemaker's feelings about life; that's why someone in the audience can say, "I don't know why I'm crying—this is such a silly movie." "Alice" doesn't have that transparency; Scorsese doesn't have Mazursky's sweet disposition and he isn't primarily a comedy director. Scorsese doesn't know what his feelings are; they're changing, and he's split and snagged trying to discover what they *should* be. He slips in and out of old-movie conventions, only half-parodying them. "Alice" gives the impression of a picture evolved from a story line that didn't have enough substance to satisfy him or anybody else. The story might have been stuffed and slicked by another director, but Scorsese is young and supercharged—*he's* in love with volatile situations. So he doesn't try to pin Alice down; he wants to understand why she's on the road.

Alice's idea of a new life is to return to what she had hoped to be when she was a girl in Monterey, California. She starts driving back there, stopping at motels along the way, stashing her boy in front of the TV while she looks for work as a singer. The most affecting moments of Ellen Burstyn's performance come when Alice, having shot her last few dollars on a bright-green dress and a curly hairdo, gets her first professional engagement, at a saloon in Phoenix, and starts to sing. She isn't terrible and she isn't good. She's the essence of all the pretty, aging women singers one sees in bars across the country—all those women who never quite made it to the big time and are now in a losing battle with dry, cracked tonelessness. Alice starts off with the voice of a has-been. When she sings, the sentiment comes in waves from her vulnerable—almost transfigured—flabby face. She's made up to look like a barroom kewpie, but she's more nakedly revealed than at any other time.

However, Ellen Burstyn is interested in a different kind of revelation. Stars, who dominate and control their movies, generally insist on softening their images—refusing to play scenes that show them as selfish or arrogant, claiming that their public doesn't want to see them without their aura. Burstyn, in her first starring picture, does just the opposite: instead of arranging for the cosmetic treatment and lighting that have made her glamorous in the past, she emphasizes a raw, real-person plainness, and Alice is very harsh, with sheared-off emotions and abrupt shifts of mood. She's an impatient

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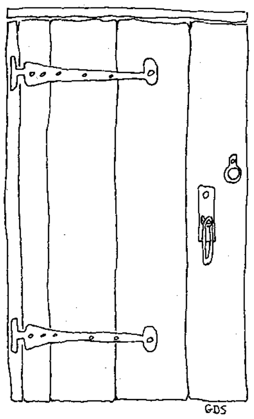
woman, quick to yell and given to sudden bursts of tears. Once her oppressively square husband is gone and she's sprung from her tract punishment cell, you might expect that her jokes would bubble up out of sheer joy, but Burstyn doesn't read them for simple laughs. She makes them bitingly funny. Burstyn comes on strong, and at times she's so vehement that we lose the sense of the high spirits that must have formed Alice's joking relationship to her son (and that attract men to her now). Alice has a locked-in resentment—an almost childish, surly refusal to consider anything more than her own needs. Burstyn appears to be so determined not to play a teasing, fake-tender woman that she flings Women's Movement anger into her work before she's absorbed it as an actress and discovered what she can use and what she can't. And so instead of seeing Alice we're seeing the collision of Alice with Ellen Burstyn's consciousness as of this moment in history. I think we'd connect more fully with Alice if Burstyn weren't trying to turn the role into a statement. On the other hand, there's a stimulation and excitement in what Burstyn is attempting. I don't really like most of her acting here—her rhythm seems a beat off—yet I'm held by what she's trying to do, and by her need to play against stereotypes. Without her ferocious attack, "Alice" might seem no more than a slight, charming comedy.



Ellen Burstyn stayed within her roles in such films as "Tropic of Cancer" (she played Henry's passionate wife, Mona), Mazursky's "Alex in Wonderland" (she was Alex's obstinate, frustrated wife, an early sketch of Nina in "Blume"), and "The Last Picture Show" (the town bitch's beautiful mother). In each of them, her role was defined by reference to someone else. In "The Exorcist," as the possessed girl's movie-star mother, she had a slightly strident quality; for the first time on the screen she wasn't quite likable, and it looked deliberate. It wasn't until her brief guest performance as Harry's daughter in "Harry & Tonto," however, that I got the first suggestion that she was trying to say more than the role could sustain. She seemed almost metallic in her determination not to show warmth toward Harry, and I didn't believe that Harry's daughter would feel like that. She was alone and bitter in ways that impressed themselves on one's memory (I remember the line of her body as she walked with her father), but there wasn't enough under her surface tension to help us understand why she and her father fought. It was a small role, but it was jarring, and it threw me momentarily outside the picture. (Why was she so snappish with the runaway teen-ager?) Harry's unhappy tough-broad daughter seemed less than a believable person yet more than the role called for. And that, on a much larger scale, is what happens in "Alice": Burstyn hits so many of those discordant notes that she must think it's a sign of liberation for Alice to be defiantly short-tempered. There is a rationale: nastiness can seem liberating after years of forced charm. But when Alice lays into people her character goes out of whack. You may get the feeling that Burstyn identifie the plight of Alice, who forced hersel to be charming and ate off it (often eating crow), with the plight of screen actresses limited to ingratiation and charm.

The trouble with Ellen Burstyn' performance is that she's playing against something instead of playing a character. And she doesn't let you forget that she can act; at times she's almost as busy in the face as Gena Rowlands in "A Woman Under the Influence." She loses some of the potentia comedy in her lines by ripping them out faste than a plausible speed o thought. Diane Ladd who plays Flo, a brittle blond, foulmouthed waitress, has the hash-hous rasp, but she's also too fast and their talks togethe have a proselytizing sisters in-consciousness tone. (could also have don without Flo's sisterl heart of gold.) But bette too fast than too slow, and there are bits in Alice's and Flo's conversations that echo in one's head—such as the way Alice says that she fel that her husband took care of he though he didn't. Lelia Goldoni is s vibrant in the small, gentle part o Alice's neighbor Bea, in New Mexico that one wants to tell the shrill, hyped up actresses to shut up and observe. Bu at the same time one knows wh they don't. Because where has Leli Goldoni been in all these years sinc "Shadows"? Why hasn't she had th big roles she might have played? It' the long history of the waste of actresses like Goldoni and the fact tha

Burstyn is obviously more than the thirty-five she's meant to be here (how many years has she waited for this starring role?) that have gone into this movie's disorderly energies and jagged, overpacked ambience. Maybe putting down an actress for venting her rage over wasted years would be as opaque as expressing disdain for a black's "irrational" rhetoric. (Ellen Burstyn is said to have used twenty-five different show-business names since she began life as Edna Rae Gillooly.) Sometimes a person's anger and overstatement tell a bigger story than the person knows how to tell. The anger may derive from deprivation of the means to express oneself calmly, "rationally;" people can be too angry to care about balance, while resenting everything that has unbalanced them. "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" is a bigger movie for what's churning around in it.

The heroine isn't a darling; she won't "make nice" for us—and that's going to scrape some nerves. One can think of plenty of movies in which the leading woman was a villainous bitch, as in "Double Indemnity," but, except for Scarlett O'Hara, where are the heroines who had motives and drives of their own who weren't saints and sweeties, and who weren't put down for their independence? "Alice" is a comedy, but it's also the first angry-young-woman movie, and, as in the angry-young-men British plays of the fifties and the angry-young-men American movies of the late sixties, you can't always be sure what the protagonist is angry about. The anger is resonant precisely because it hasn't a specific cause. The protagonist has gone beyond being "fair;" she wants you to feel her rage. You feel it, all right, and you know that it's expressing something that's in the air. There's no question but that it's harder to accept an angry *woman* stabbing out at everything around her. Before the Movement, most women who went ahead with what they wanted to do probably believed that a woman could think, work, and create without losing her attractiveness, her "femininity." Alice, who assumes her right to be as crude and domineering as a man, represents a new attitude that may offend some women even more than it offends men. What makes the film seem of this moment is the suggestion that Alice has been a victim—it's in Alice's manner more than in anything she says—and that this justifies her truculence. When her husband calls out to her, "You're the cook," her face is like a placard for

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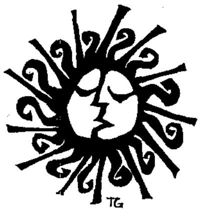
us to read, and when she goes into a little fit after a sexist insult, she's Alice the standard-bearer.

"Alice" is a runaway movie. Martin Scorsese seems to have let the characters go loose; the camera is hyperactive, tracking them. Probably Scorsese was ready to question a lot of things he had been taking for granted—even how a movie should be made and how its tone should be set. He took chances on this picture, especially considering that it's a David Susskind Production for Warners. (Susskind, who on his TV show expresses puzzled disbelief that any woman might want something in life besides tidying the nest for his return, must have howled in pain and betrayal when he saw the rushes.) Scorsese's associate producer is Sandra Weintraub, and they are a couple; the production designer is Toby Carr Rafelson, who worked on "Five Easy Pieces" with her director husband, Bob Rafelson; the editor is Marcia Lucas, who worked on "American Graffiti" with hers, George Lucas. Scorsese has brought together some of the most talented young women in Hollywood. You feel that he's listened to them, because he knows that the rumblings and undercurrents he's getting are more urgent—and hotter—than the written conception. And so he frames the movie around what Burstyn is doing.



It would all fall apart if it weren't for the funny malice and good-hearted bitching in the dialogue. Getchell (a California schoolteacher; this is his first script to be produced) has a talent for scenes that play out differently from what one expects. There's a new comic twist in his domestic situations: Alice and her kid, Tommy, cut each other down lovingly, and sometimes the boy, a little scared, but gutsy and abrasive, like her, tests to see how far he can push her before she'll explode. Their fast-patter twosome may seem like a stunt, but it probably delivers more small shocks of recognition than any other parent-child relationship in films of recent years. (Wiredrawn little Alfred Lutter has crack comedy timing. He doesn't seem studied; he seems to play from impulse, which is practically unheard of in a child actor.) And Getchell has a good sense of where to place action: some of the best scenes are set in a Tucson diner, where Alice works as a waitress. Scorsese uses the floor of the diner like a stage for improvisations, and a dark, scrawny waitress—a complete clumse (Valerie Curtin)—goofs up her orders and skitters about playing musical chairs with the plates. The film has its comic epiphany in the diner when Valerie Curtin links arms with the two other waitresses and they become the three Graces. But Alice doesn't go to enough places. If the script had a valid dramatic logic, we'd see what she made of herself with and without men; we'd see whether she trapped herself trying to be Alice Faye or grew up. Getchell creates a heroine who has the humor and energy to make a new life—to bomb out or get there on her own. But then he (or perhaps those *putting up the money?*) thinks the answer for a widow must be a new fella—a better kind of guy than the old one. And so the movie contradicts the logic of its own story and, as in the movies of yore, gives Alice a dream prince—Kris Kristofferson as a rancher, but a rancher *who is willing for her to go on with her singing career.* If Ibsen had written "A Doll's House" for the movies, Nora would have taken her children and moved them right into the warm, permissive home of a rich, liberal suitor who was waiting in the wings. Alice gets a double helping of pie in the sky: she gets a warm-and-sexy good provider, and she can pursue her idiot dream of becoming an Alice Faye.

Alice and her suitor work out their compromise in shouts across the crowded diner—a paste-up happy ending from the thirties, and execrably staged. The women involved in the production end of the film may have concurred in this compromise; since they've got their men and their work, they may not have seen how illusory Alice's career is. They—and perhaps Burstyn, too—may have thought that what mattered was for Alice to have the independence to continue with her own career, even if it wouldn't come to anything, and that this was different from just getting the guy, as per old Hollywood. But this ending makes bubble gum of the movie we've been watching—a movie that seemed to be concerned with a woman strong enough to face facts. If the Women's Movement is about women having the freedom to fantasize, they may just as well go back into the tract house and dream away. The ending is apparently intended as a victory for Alice, yet it's a defense of women's right to be the silly, impractical creatures men have said they were.

The film moves with a breakneck

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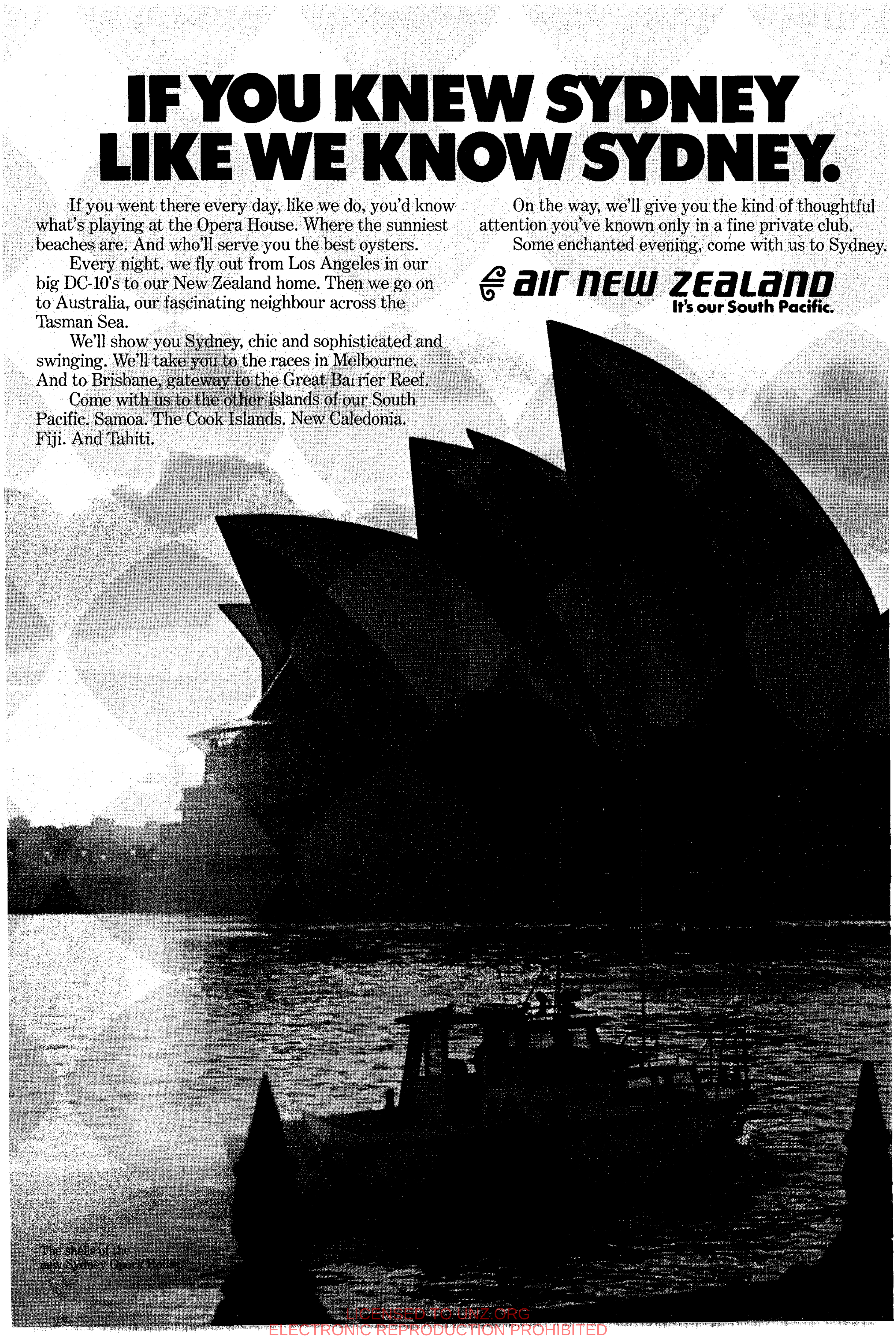
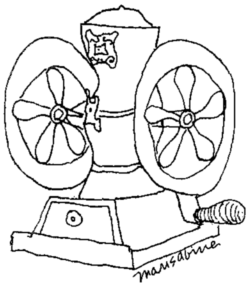


The shells of the new Sydney Opera House.

itality, and Scorsese gives it a hotfoot vhen he puts Harvey Keitel on the creen in the role of Ben. In Scorsese's 'Mean Streets," Keitel was the wormy-ouled Sicilian-American protagonist; ere he's a young Southwestern stud, vith a little-boy grin and a sly, wheelling way with women. He's macho leaze incarnate; he's the kind of teasng stud a woman can know is rotten nd still find irresistible. The movies ave rarely shown the sweet-talking ex salesman that women know better han but fall for anyway. There's a ery good reason that movies have arely shown him: he's all too often he hero, and the whole movie is ledicated to keeping everybody in the udience from knowing better than. Keitel has only a few minutes of screen ime, but you understand at once that Alice's brains don't enter into the quation where a smiley Ben is conerned, and not because he's a dark, arthy, Lawrencian lover. (Lawrence ever dealt with the Bens.) He's a over to hide; Alice's brains only make er ashamed to have people know she's nvolved with him. Her son puts her n the spot when he asks her directly if he's sleeping with Ben. Her quiet, lying nswer creates more empathy for her han anything else in the movie. Alice he sentimental singer without a voice s a weak woman; Alice the mother who's also a sexual being is a strong woman caught in a bind. She's right o lie to Tommy—she isn't lying for erself (or to herself) when she does. At the turning point where Ben is rossed and becomes violent, Keitel erforms with virtuoso intensity; the equence says as much as ny scene on film about he abject terror that women can have of men. The contrast between Keitel, an unconditional, ll-out actor, who in this role holds the audience in a macho vise, and Kris Kristofferson, who's barely an actor at all and can nly be "natural," is plain funny, because they're both so right for the way they're used.



With Kristofferson as the rancher, the pairing-off ending doesn't seem completely old-style simple. He's so appealingly peaceable that you want to believe in what he offers Alice—the moon. His rancher isn't a pre-city rural; he has been to the city and rejected it. In his first picture, "Cisco Pike," it was Kristofferson who was on the road—he played a former pop idol who couldn't get off the sixties dream road when the sixties were over. Kristofferson smiles with the knowledge that things aren't really going to get better. He knows there's trouble and accepts it; he's troubled himself, yet tranquil. A soft-spoken, unhurried man who has an immediate intimacy with whomever he's talking to, Kristofferson fuses geniality and sexiness. What other nonthreatening male is so sexy? Who else could placate a stubborn, exasperated woman in as relaxed a way as big, furry-faced Kristofferson? The role might come right out of his affable personality; Kristofferson's motor is always idling. As Elmo the drifter in "Blume in Love," he was just the right lover for tense Nina: Elmo's stoned contentment was the best protection against her high-mindedness. (Elmo was so likable that even Nina's husband had to like him.) There's an otherworldliness in Kristofferson, with his nice padding and his sensual relaxation—and his angelic, nostalgic spirit. It's the dream tucked away somewhere in him that makes him so sunny; the things going on around him don't get to him much. Alice can grate on him without being afraid, because he has no rough edges to fight back with. His roly-poly fleshiness is a cushion against disaster; he's Big Daddy Santa Claus, he's the greatest goddam pillow in the world. What an ironic hero for a women's-lib movie—a declawed, defanged man who yet offers security and sex.

As in "Mean Streets," Scorsese uses music as an element in the characters' lives; his choice of barroom songs is convincingly right, but he doesn't use the music as thematically as one might hope. Pop music has shaped Alice's soul, but the split between the slow, soft Alice who gives herself over to sentimental lyrics and the quick, hard Alice who tries to figure out what she's doing in her life is something the movie never really gets into. (There's a terrible dream-red prologue, with Alice as a child and Alice Faye on the track singing "You'll Never Know;" it's staged like an anti-"Wizard of Oz" joke, with Alice as an infant cynic, and it doesn't work even as a cheap gag.) Parts of the picture are very scrappy. The opening scenes are weak, because you feel that Alice's husband is Tommy's stepfather rather than his father. (They don't seem father and son even in their hostility.) After the husband's death, the movie works much better,

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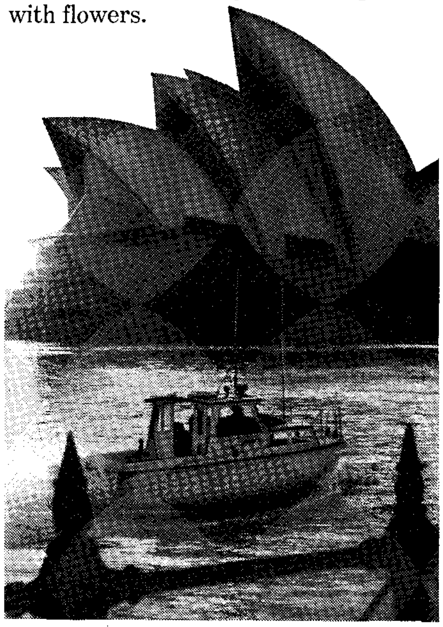

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but it leaves out elements that we could use (such as what Ben means to Alice sexually, and why the rancher is willing to give up his ranch for Alice and her kid when he wouldn't for his ex-wife and his own kids). "Alice" is by no means all that it might be. "Blume" wasn't, either; there were scenes that dawdled on, and in some ways I really liked "Blume" better when I thought back over it than when I was seeing it. (It was funny to think about how Nina's humorlessness had made her seem inhuman, while Blume was redeemed by his romantic foolishness.) Those characters have stayed with me, and I expect that moments from "Alice" will, too. Despite the romantic engineering (which is no more illogical than the endings of the angry-young-men plays and movies), nothing really feels pat. Scorsese's instinct is sharper than the movie's resolution: the last shot he gives us isn't of the happy lovers—it's of Alice and her knobby-minded, maddeningly smart kid. The true relationship in the movie is between these two. Scorsese can't lay a romantic, old-movie benediction on us; he doesn't know how to lie effectively. It's a gift all Hollywood has lost—and if we're lucky it won't be recovered.

—PAULINE KAEL

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WASHINGTON—The prestigious independent Commission on U.S.-Latin American Relations called Tuesday for an end to the trade embargo against Cuba....

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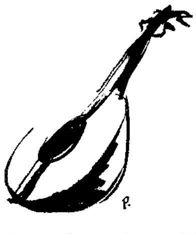
MUSICAL EVENTS

A Hundred, Not Out

LAST year saw the hundredth birthdays of Schoenberg and Ives; of Gustav Holst, Josef Suk, and ranz Schmidt; of Hugo von Hofannsthal and Gertrude Stein. This ear, the centennial names are mainly rench. Bizet, the greatest of them, ill no doubt be much performed. A ore lasting memorial would be a dent edition of his works; today not e of the stage pieces can bought in an unadulterate ore. In 1875, the year of izet's death, Ravel, Reyldo Hahn, Henri Février, d Jean Nouguès were rn. Ravel is hardly in ed of promotion. Hahn's ngs—in particular, the delicately ased "Chansons Latines"—deserve be more widely known. Stage revals of Février's "Monna Vanna" d Nouguès' "Quo Vadis" are unely outside France, but perhaps some dio station will give us studio perrmances of those two operas, which ere once widely admired. Two centries ago, François Rébel died (the illiard School's admirable baroque rformers should be doing something out that), and the rival composers drien Boieldieu and Nicolo Isouard ere born (the latter in Malta, but it as in Paris that he made his name). oieldieu is a good composer who ars revival. Who has heard more of ouard than the air from "Le Billet Loterie" recorded by Frieda Heml?

Compiling centenary catalogues is tle more than a harmless pastime. o deep conclusions can be drawn om the fact that "Carmen," Anton ubinstein's "The Demon," Sullivan's new and original cantata" "Trial Jury," Goldmark's "Die Königin on Saba," and Ignaz Brüll's all but rgotten "Das goldene Kreuz" were e new operas of 1875; or that Cot, Millet, and Mörike died in that ear and Rilke and Thomas Mann ere born. But it is a little more than pastime since, by tradition, each hunred years after an artist's birth and eath his work is reëxamined and realued. The first concert of the New ear in New York was devoted to hamber music by Donald Francis Toey, born in 1875. In CAMI Hall, Jens ygaard presented the Trio for Clariet, Horn, and Piano, Opus 8, and the onata for Cello and Piano, Opus 4. is concert was "gratefully and lovingly dedicated to the greatest of all my teachers. . . . I wish that I could have known him personally."



Tovey deserves tribute. On all English-speaking musicians his thought has left its mark—either the direct impress of the "Essays in Musical Analysis" or ways of thinking and writing about music passed on by teachers trained on their Tovey. He established our orthodoxy. The great articles he wrote for the great edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the eleventh, have been surpassed only by his own revision of them for the fourteenth. (So it is not altogether fair to say that since 1911 the Encyclopædia has been in steady decline.) It is easy to disagree with Tovey in detail. Time has disturbed some of his dicta. ("Mozart's 'Idomeneo' is the grave of some of his greatest music, including many genuinely dramatic strokes," he wrote in the Encyclopædia; but today "Idomeneo" is a living repertory work.) Perspectives have shifted and horizons are wider than even he, who ranged so widely, could have foreseen. Modern executants have a nicer sense of historical style, when playing music of periods before their own, than had Tovey and his friends and colleagues—Joseph Joachim, Adolf and Fritz Busch, Casals (who deemed Tovey "the greatest musician we had"). In his British Academy lecture "The Main Stream of Music" Tovey charted its course from the fifteenth century to his own. Today, we paddle or wade through higher reaches of the stream than he thought worth much exploration, and strange new channels have been cut since 1938, when he delivered the lecture. But, essentially, what he says about the making and meaning of Western music remains true. Our new methods of measurement have added only details to his map. To read Tovey is to be stimulated and tested by contact with a superior mind, that kind of "Eton and Balliol mind" (Tovey didn't go to Eton, but his father, the editor of Thomson and Gray, was an assistant classics master there) which, happily, still survives—and is still apt to provide reactions similar to Tovey's on reading Herodotus: "It is very revolting to realize what a wonderful writer Herodotus is,—in the same process in which one realizes that one's own work is abominably hasty and superficial."

His writing was often hasty (quotations, he declared, were better left unchecked when checking might destroy the point he wished to make) but never superficial. His mind flowered early. The ideas formulated in the essays, written from 1900 onward, are adumbrated in undergraduate letters from Balliol. From the start, it was a musical mind: "I have (this sounds like fantastic nonsense, but it isn't) frequently caught myself positively *solving* some problem (of a more or less philosophical nature) in, say, the key of A minor, where I had utterly failed to reason it out in words." The compositions began early, too. On holiday in Scotland, during the first long vac, in 1895, he writes: "Agamemnon, Bray, Oxford in general, Durness, the Firth of Forth, the delightfully quiet and gay and intellectual Cornishes and their absurd live seagulls and cormorants, and the pompous Chester and the sea-fog with the glassy water, and the clear ring of cold gray sky with a perspective of cold gray clouds seven layers deep, have suddenly turned into an extremely gay and jovial cello sonata in F major, and a very romantic and melancholy and prehistoric trio in C minor for pfte., clarinet and horn. . . . The romantic and utterly unearthly effect of the mere combination of instruments (pfte., clar. and horn) has gripped me strongly, and I think I can ensure that it does not pall." Three years later, there was more work on the Trio, again in Scotland. A dozen years later, both the Sonata and the Trio were published by Schott of Mainz. (Unknown to Tovey, his patroness, Sophie Weisse, had paid for their publication.)

Anyone who came upon the Trio and the Sonata in CAMI Hall without knowledge of their author may have found it hard to place or date the compositions. Brahms is the immediate point of reference; the piano textures, the balance of periods, the pace and carefully directed progress of the harmonic shifts, and the general shaping of the themes suggest him. And yet an individual voice, not an imitator, is speaking. "Voice" is perhaps not the just word; it implies melody, and Tovey did not have the heaven-sent (i.e., inexplicable) gift of creating inspired melodies which distinguishes the great composers from the good. (A melody can be a theme, but a good theme is not necessarily an inspired melody.) What we hear, rather, is the thinking

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of a superb musical mind, a mind thinking aloud and "solving some problem" in C minor or F major. Yet poetry and romance are not missing. "Dry" and "academic" are not epithets to apply. The performances were, aptly, romantic. Mr. Nygaard is a warm and persuasive pianist. In the Trio, he was joined by Jean Kopperud, clarinet, and Dave Jolley, horn. The cellist in the Sonata was Joel Krosnick; in his playing, physical rapture in the sound of the instrument and a firm grasp of form were tellingly combined.

It is easy to echo the conventional judgments on Tovey's music—that of the London *Times*, for instance, after the 1932 performance of his only opera: " 'The Bride of Dionysus' is a remarkable work from every point of view save one—that of sheer musical invention. . . . The actual substance of Tovey's music bears on it no distinctive mark of its author or of its time. . . . If only his themes were in themselves as significant as his use of them is psychologically right." But the critic also wrote, "Yet, as though this were but a small thing, the opera grips and holds the attention through the whole of its course of four hours." E. M. Forster said that the opera was most beautiful in total effect, "most certainly not the dull academic stuff which certain critics have been pleased to find it," and "something that is delightful to listen to, interesting to think about, and impressive emotionally." Perusal of the vocal score suggests as much, but only a performance could show it. (Who could deduce from the vocal score of, say, "Pénélope" that Fauré's opera proves so dramatically potent in the theatre?) Fritz Busch planned to do "The Bride of Dionysus" at Glyndebourne in 1940, but the war put a stop to that. A revival is long overdue; may the centenary year provide one. And also full publication of Tovey's voluminous correspondence with his librettist, R. C. Trevelyan. The excerpts printed in Mary Grierson's life of Tovey are an exciting sample. They show that keen intelligence ranging over all the problems of opera—subject matter, diction, word setting, pacing, scoring, form. Trashy or at best unnecessary books on music pour from the presses; this one—whatever the merits of "The Bride of Dionysus" itself prove to be—would be something worth having.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA SAMMARTINI died two hundred years ago come Wednesday, and Clarion Concerts will be marking the occasion. The Clarion season began last month, however, with a Marian Vesper sequence newly assembled by James Moore from Francesco Cavalli's "Musiche Sacre" of 1656. As an opera composer, Cavalli is now in fashion all over the world. His sacred music has received less attention. Three Magnificats from his 1675 Vesper collection were published in 1960 by Giuseppe Piccioli. In 1950, Bruno Stäblein published four Marian pieces from the "Musiche Sacre," and in 1966 Raymond Leppard (the man who put Cavalli on the modern operatic map) produced his realization of the Messa Concertata from the same collection. Until the rest of it is put into score (it survives in separate partbooks), and performed, we can hardly shape any very clear ideas about Cavalli in church. Any fool can hear that, whether in sacred or secular vein, he was no Monteverdi. But while in the theatre he had distinguishing excellences of his own—a melodic fluency; a flair for pathetic, affecting utterance; a rare command of contrast, theatrical pace, and striking dramatic effect—in concerted church music there is less scope for their deployment. In the Vesper sequence, the solo motet "O quam suavis" provided one opportunity; it might have been a moving aria from one of his operas. And in the four-part "Salve Regina" there was a beautiful quasi-dramatic effect when the alto, rather like an offstage character or echo, repeated an unchanging call of "ostende" through shifting harmonies from the three other voices over a bass that slowly descended. These movements were incandescent. For the rest, although there were several striking and felicitous ideas, they were set amid a good deal of what seemed, at this first encounter, to be sound, well-wrought, but fairly conventional stuff.

To complete the "service," Mr. Moore provided chanted antiphons. The "Domine ad adjuvandum," the one Vesper psalm missing in Cavalli's "Musiche Sacre," he borrowed from Alessandro Grandi's "Salmi" of 1629. The orchestration was that called for in the continued part (strings, cornetts, trombones, varied continuo instruments) and in addition a trio of recorders and bassoon. The vocal disposition is double choir and double solo quartet. Two of the eight soloists were exceptional in style, in timbre, in fluency: the tenor Robert White and the countertenor Daniel Collins. Mr. Collins

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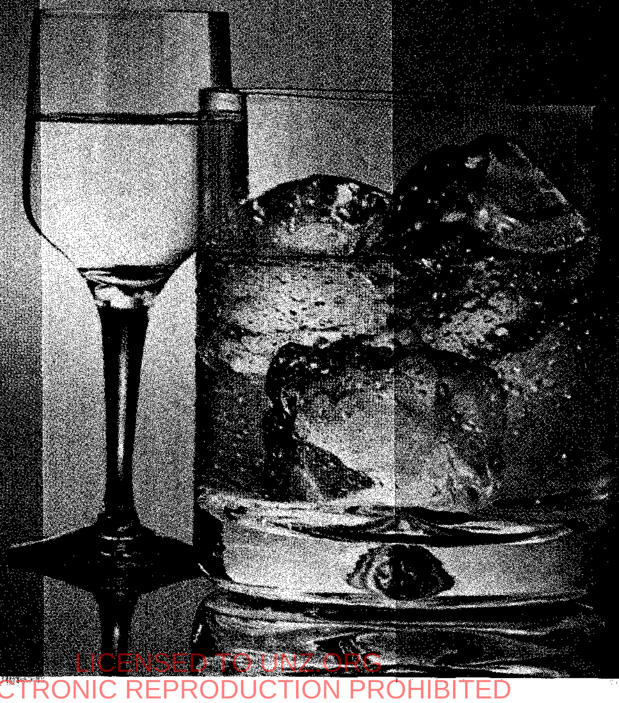

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ın be an uneven artist. At a pleasant :hristmas Eve recital by the Ensemble)r Early Music, in the Cathedral of t. John the Divine, he sang some ırols as if his mind were elsewhere ıd others (notably Attey's "Sweet 'as the song the Virgin sung") with ıarvellous beauty and intensity of ex- ·ession. Cavalli evidently brings out ıe best in him. In the opera "L'Eris- ıena," at last year's Holland Festi- ıl, and again in these Vespers, his ee, bold handling of the lines, his early projected tones, and his fleet- ∍ss and delicacy in adornment were ıodel. Newell Jenkins conducted with)nviction but on occasion allowed ımple speed to take the place of rhyth- ic vitality. In any case, Alice Tully all is not the place for such music. is of conventional design, and there- ·re unsuited to music of the seven- enth or of the twentieth century, hich needs more than one sound ·urce. Instead of being separated, the ıtiphonal choirs and bands were nged side by side on the small plat- ·rm. There must be many churches New York that, both spatially and oustically, would serve the music bet- r. Nevertheless, this Cavalli revival as a notable event, another feather in larion's bright cap of new-preened umes. —ANDREW PORTER

•

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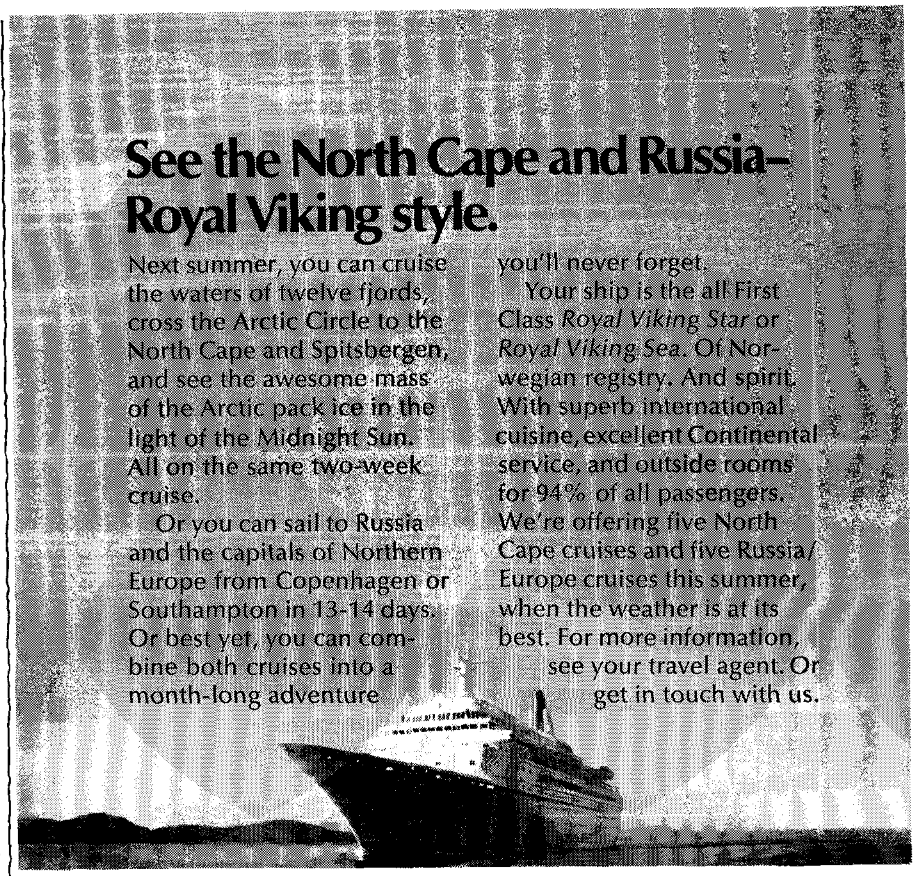

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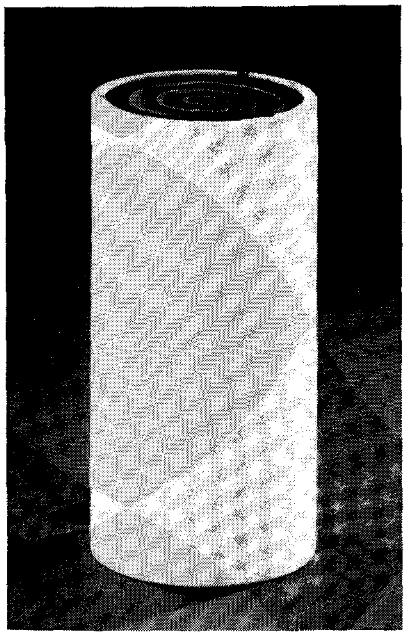

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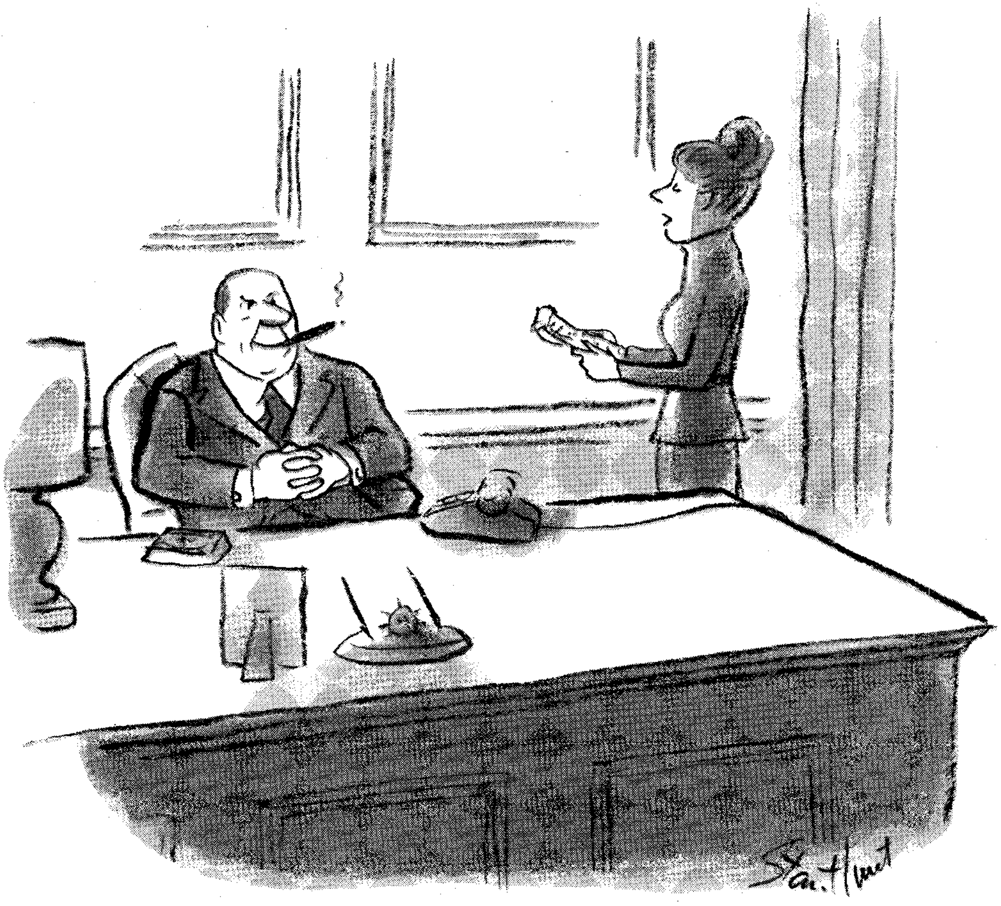
BOOKS

The Mystery of Life

THERE is a long tradition—extending from Aristotle ("Historia Animalium," circa 335-32 B.C.) to Dr. Lewis Thomas ("The Lives of a Cell," circa 1971-74)—of biologists who write marvellously well. Perhaps this is because until the end of the nineteenth century, when the chemists and physicists began to influence the subject, biology was essentially a *descriptive* science. If a biologist was not able to communicate brilliantly and popularly, it was quite likely that no one would listen to him. Contrast Diderot, writing in the eighteenth century (groping toward the concept of biological evolution: "The tiny grub wriggling in the mud is perhaps on the way to becoming a large animal; the huge animal that terrifies us by its size is perhaps on the way to becoming a grub, is perhaps only a particular and transient production of this planet"), or Darwin, writing in the mid-nineteenth century on evolution and natural selection ("It may be said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinising, throughout the world, the slightest variations; rejecting those that are bad, preserving and adding up all that are good; silently and invisibly working, whenever and wherever opportunity offers, at the improvement of each organic being in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life"), with Gregor Mendel, the Austro-Czech monk, who, a contemporary of Darwin, established the study of modern genetics—a man whose writings are full of such remarks as "The offspring of the hybrids in which several essentially different characters are combined exhibit the terms of a series of combinations, in which the developmental series for each pair of differentiating characters are united. . . . If *n* represents the number of differentiating characters in the two original stocks, 3^n gives the number of terms of the combination series, 4^n the number of individuals which belong to the series, and 2^n the number of unions which remain constant." Mendel's styl and language would be perfectly home in a modern biological treatis in *Nature* or *Science*. It is a languag that physicists had become accustome to since Newton, and mathematicia since Euclid, but it had been total alien to biology. For that reason, non of Mendel's contemporaries, includin Darwin, had the slightest interest what he was saying. Mendel, wh published his results on the crossbree ing of pea plants during the late eigh een-sixties, had read Darwin—an a notated copy of the "Origin of Specie was found among Mendel's effects af er his death—but neither Darwin n any of the other evolutionary biologis who, it turned out, needed to unde stand the modern theory of genetics order to make their observations con prehensible had ever heard of him. H was known in some degree to his loc contemporaries as a social reformer, b his influence upon scientists was nil u til his work was revised by other hand at the beginning of this century. Me del, a very great scientist, was trag cally isolated from his colleagues b cause he could not communicate wi them.

This bizarre irony is discussed in t brilliant "The Logic of Life: A H tory of Heredity" (Pantheon), by t French geneticist François Jacob. Pr fessor Jacob—he is head of the D partment of Cell Genetics at the I stitut Pasteur and a professor at t Collège de France—is quite at hom in the modern biological idiom of st tistics and probability and molecul chemistry and quantum mechanic he shared the 1965 Nobel Prize f Medicine with André Lwoff a Jacques Monod for his work on t genetic mechanisms of bacteria a bacterial viruses. But he writes in earlier tradition, and with fine hum "After hatching, the young gosli follows the first object it sees movi and hears calling. Usually, it is its r mother that the gosling follows. B if, by chance, it is another organis Konrad Lorenz, for instance, then t gosling considers Konrad Lorenz its mother and follows him eve where." The book is not a conve tional scientific history; there is lit attempt to sort out who did which e periment and when—in fact, in t sections on modern genetics there almost no mention of specific c tributions by specific people, includi



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th a book like this. A lesser scientist
uld have worried that by not
ing names and dates he would in-
the wrath of his colleagues. Hell
h no fury like a scientist whose
rk is not properly cited. Jacob's book
the perspective of a man looking
k on our period in science fifty
rs from now, when all the present
ims and counterclaims of priorities
scientific discoveries will have be-
ne the bits of human foolishness
y really are, and when only the
ubitable merits of the great ideas
l matter.

The book is concerned with the
damental theme of heredity. Its five
ions are "The Visible Structure"
rly ideas on the origin of life and
roduction), "Organization" (the
ponent parts of living things),
ime" (the notion of evolution),
he Gene" (the origins of genet-
, and "The Molecule" (the chemi-
and physical mechanisms of the
and its components), and all of
m are fascinating. One thing the
k reveals to the general reader is
interconnection of the development
iological ideas with the development
the rest of science and technology.
s, for example, hardly an accident
the modern concept that the
A molecule in a cell functions as
"tape" for a "computer" program
taining "instructions" for its own
elopment and replication has been
gely evolved since the Second World
r—after the creation of the modern
tronic computer. Jacob notes that
erything urges one to compare the
c of heredity to that of a com-
r." It is a fact, although Jacob
s not point this out, that as early as
8 John von Neumann, the creator
he "logic" of modern computers,
developed an abstract theory in-
ing machines that could be or-
ized to reproduce themselves. In
course of determining what such a
hine would require in principle
, its logical structure) he ended up
a model very much like the bio-
cal cell—all this several years before
molecular biologists had worked
the four-symbol alphabet of the
etic code and the functions of the
Unlike Mendel, von Neumann
universally recognized as a mathe-
ical genius of the first rank, but this
ct of his work does not seem to
e been widely appreciated or under-
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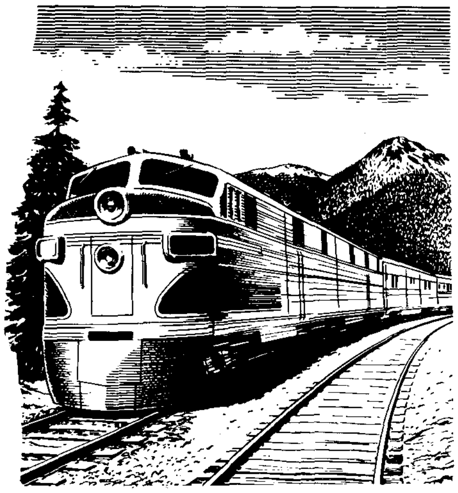

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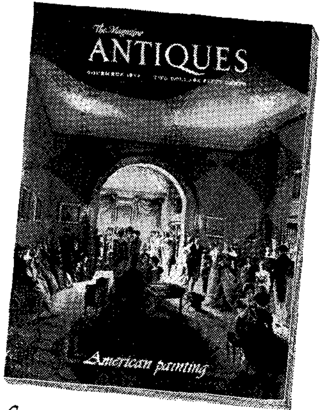

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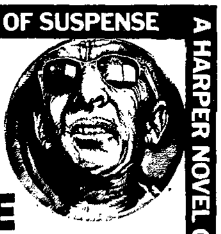

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nothing to do with any new development in technology; the ancient Greeks could have carried out experiments on the hybridization of pea plants in their gardens just as easily as Mendel did in the garden of his monastery. His "problem" was that he was thirty years ahead of his epoch in his concept of an acceptable scientific law. *Until the mid-nineteenth* century, the ideal scientific law was strictly deterministic: given a set of conditions, it should, in principle, be possible to predict all future events with perfect precision. But in the *nineteenth* century a new form of scientific law—the statistical, or probabilistic, law—had to be introduced into the study of physics. This was because physical "systems" involving enormous numbers—millions, billions—of components came under scrutiny, such as the number of molecules in a given volume of a gas. It was impossible to predict with any accuracy the motions of each of these myriad molecules, but their behavior en masse *could* be predicted; for example, heat will flow from a "reservoir" maintained at a higher temperature to a "reservoir" maintained at a lower temperature. Mendel's laws of heredity—the frequency with which certain characteristics of parents are passed on to their children—were of precisely this statistical nature, and his contemporaries found it difficult to make anything of his ideas.

Jacob remarks, "It has often been said that Mendel's laws were 'rediscovered' at the turn of the century. What was rediscovered, however, was above all Mendel's approach, that of statistical mechanics: the same attention concentrated on a small number of characters with sufficiently striking differences for discontinuity to be introduced; the same method of enumerating the descendents of a [biological] cross, counting types and distributing them in finite classes; the same interest in populations rather than individuals . . . the same statistical analysis of results; the same use of factorial symbols. . . . This approach to the analysis of heredity became so general that Mendel's work, which had been neglected for more than thirty years, was 'rediscovered' simultaneously in Germany, Austria, and Holland and then in England, the U.S.A., and France." By now, we are aware of the statistical and probabilistic aspects of physical and biological laws, and aware that (as these laws have postulated) the maintenance of life is a constant struggle to keep the living system from going from "ashes to ashes, dust dust": a struggle in which we atten to survive by acquiring organizati from the molecules of the food we e a struggle we eventually lose becau imperfections have been programm into the genetic code from the beg ning—imperfections that lead to c growing old and dying.

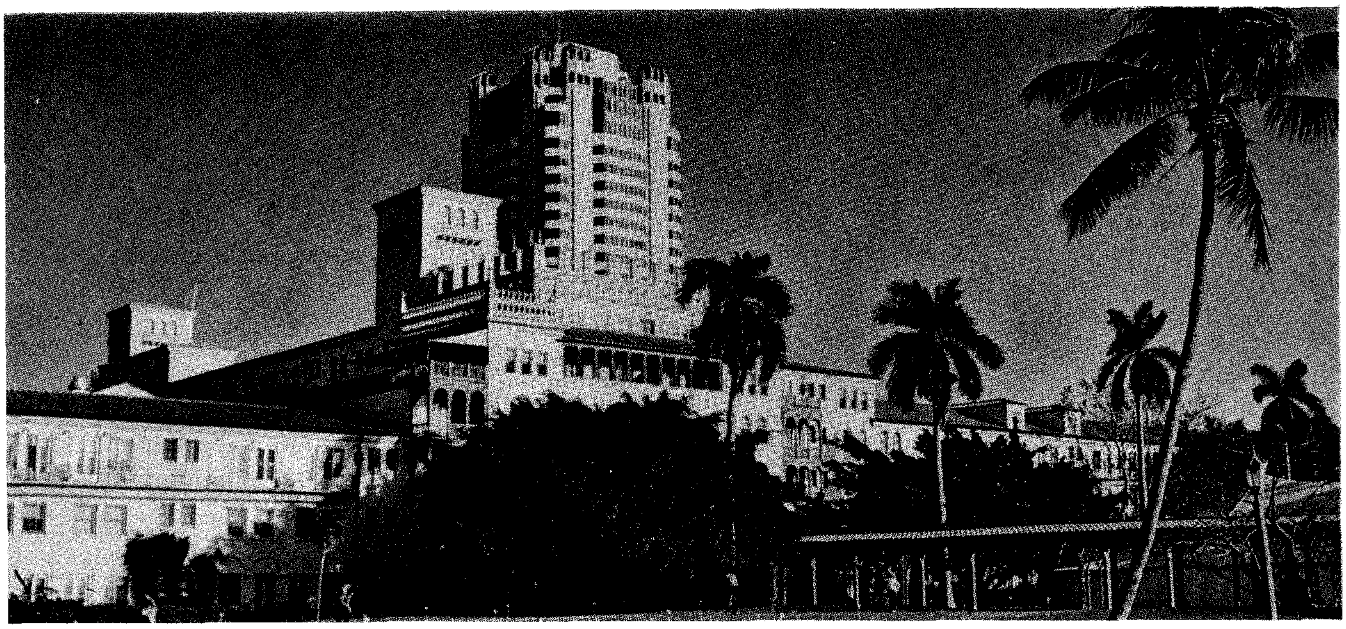
It is not possible in a few words sketch the depth and richness of P fessor Jacob's contribution. The pop lar success of Dr. Thomas's "Lives a Cell" and, it is to be hoped, of Jacob book can be attributed not o to the sheer brilliance of the writ but to something deeper. After read these two volumes, one *feels* bettei more serene, and in possession of enlarged perspective on who one is a on one's place in the natural order a scheme of things. Ours is a strai and fragmented time. The traditio ways of delineating human affair religions, states, philosophies, and tions—have lost much of their fo and attractiveness. Science is not ab to replace them, but a deeper kno edge of the workings of the unive and of ourselves may provide us w more self-respect, tolerance, and mility. —JEREMY BERNST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IN THEIR WISDOM, by C. P. Sı (Scribners). Early in this padc out seminar-talk of a novel, the thor describes his countrymen as ' most totally unprudish about more prudish about death than t predecessors: and, as they didn't to recognise, far more prudish al money." Lord Snow's intent then, is to examine matters tha thinks other Englishmen prefer to discuss. He scrutinizes the cont ing of a rich man's will, and lates the lives of three peers *politician, a scientist, and a hist* an—as they variously approach t own deaths. His characters are tangled in a web of financial neuvers and lethal medical f Dignity, manners, intelligence, complishment, and honor are main distinctions in this cold wc Love and happiness exist, but alı in the form of clinical specim Lord Snow's style, which is ma by a very personal mixture of handedness and solemnity, seems propriate for expressing his b views.

STREETS OF GOLD, by Evan Hu (Harper & Row). A pop epic



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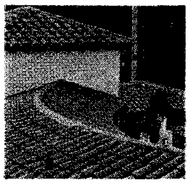
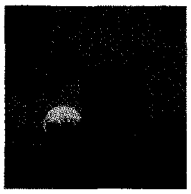


The style and grace. From the seemingly endless variety of native flora which abound everywhere to the rich woods of imported Spanish furniture to the classic design of the hotel itself.

The ambience. With all due modesty, there is no place in the Western World to match the Boca's character and charm. You feel it everywhere you go. From the very minute you make your way up the entrance of towering royal palms.



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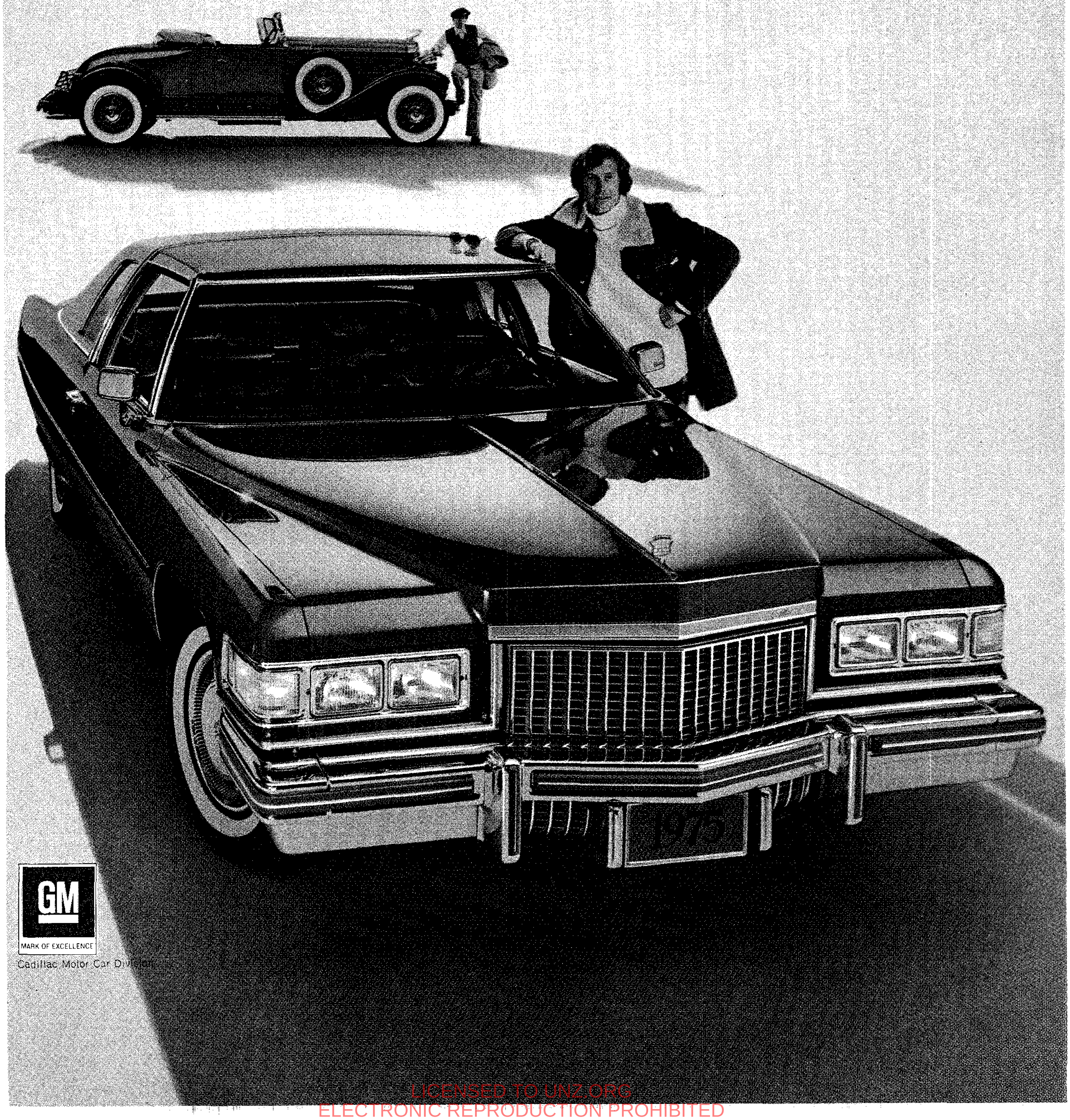

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takes the form of a family history and autobiography by Iggie Di Palermo—in later years known as Dwight Jamison—a blind jazz pianist who rises from a New York slum and attains stardom briefly in the fifties and sixties. The book begins with the subway-building exploits of Iggie's grandfather, then breezes through the modest lives of Iggie's parents, Iggie's blind birth, his rough-and-tumble childhood, his small-time start in jazz, his marriage to a *zaftig* Jewish girl, his overnight success, and his decline and disillusionment. At times, Iggie speaks of the confusion of someone who has exchanged his ethnic past for an Anglicized "American" illusion; since Mr. Hunter is also of Italian blood, the book can be read as a disguised search for the author's own roots. The scenes of tenement life are warm, witty, and accurate-sounding, yet tend toward coarseness and violence, and it's an open question whether the truthfulness of, say, the homosexual-rape scene (reminiscent of the teen-age rape that climaxes Mr. Hunter's "Last Summer") can redeem its squalor and familiarity. When we come to Iggie's decline, which hinges on a bit of standard adultery, the familiarity of his story becomes really depressing. Yet much of the book has a definite personal stamp, and its evocations of jazz—of a "jump into water that's icy cold and deep"—are pleasant.

GENERAL

"ALAS! THE LOVE OF WOMEN!": BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS, VOLUME III, edited by Leslie A. Marchand (Belknap/Harvard). Proceeding at a stately pace, Professor Marchand has restricted the letters in this volume to a single year, 1813, during which Byron published "The Giaour" and "The Bride of Abydos" and parted from Lady Oxford and became emotionally involved with his half sister Augusta Leigh. The greatest number are to Byron's publisher, John Murray, and to Lady Melbourne, his confidante in his amorous affairs, but the most interesting are the seven letters to Miss Milbanke, who, having rejected a proposal of marriage from Byron and regretted it, was working her way around to getting him to repeat the offer. They show a side of him—deferential, delicate, sensitive, serious—that no one was ever again to

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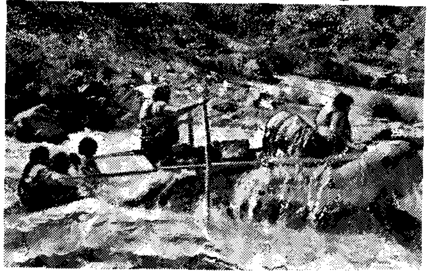
see. "If you hear ill of me," he remarks, "it is probably not untrue though perhaps exaggerated." The journal entries are for the winter and early spring of 1813-14 and suggest that it is a cause for considerable regret that his journal-keeping was so intermittent. Two months before his twenty-sixth birthday, he wrote, "Is there any thing in the future that can possibly console us for not being always *twenty-five*?" And, on a Sunday in December: "Dallas's nephew (son to the American Attorney-general) is arrived in this country, and tells Dallas that my rhymes are very popular in the United States. These are the first tidings that have ever sounded like *Fame* to my ears—to be redde on the banks of the Ohio! The greatest pleasure I ever derived, of this kind, was from an extract, in Cooke the actor's life, from his journal, stating that in the reading-room of Albany, near Washington, he perused English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. To be popular in a rising and far country has a kind of *posthumous feel*."

BETWEEN ENEMIES: A COMPASSIONATE DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN ISRAELI AND AN ARAB, by Amos Elon and Sana Hassan (Random House). Mr. Elon, the Israeli, is a journalist and author, and Mrs. Hassan, who is Egyptian, is a Ph.D. candidate at Harvard. The two met in the United States, discovered that their opposite numbers had neither horns nor tails, and began to discuss the past, present, and future of the Middle East. This record of their conversation is at once moving and appalling—appalling because these educated, intelligent, sophisticated, and well-meaning people found out they had no notions of the other's country; years of hostility, hot wars and cold, closed borders, and loathsome propaganda had left them even more ignorant than inimical. They could not agree precisely on the proper next steps toward peace, but both believed that it was the only conceivable goal. Perhaps these speakers are not representative of their fellow-countrymen; even so, their conversation stirs hope.

BOLINGBROKE AND HARLEY, by Sheila Biddle (Knopf). A young American scholar studies the careers and personalities of the two Tories who, under Queen Anne, dished the Whigs (Marlborough and Godolphin) and ended the War of the Spanish Succession with a peace that was proba-



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bly inglorious and disloyal to Britain's allies, and probably necessary, too. Dr. Biddle's Harley looks a lot like Stanley Baldwin—serious, plodding, exuding reliability—while Bolingbroke's rakehelly, egomaniacal impetuosity recalls the troublesome magnificoes that the first Elizabeth was always having to discipline. Though Bolingbroke could not have guessed it, he was by the early eighteenth century an out-of-date personality in English politics. Dr. Biddle's book is striking and original in its departure from received ideas about the political role of the Queen. The legend of her reign puts Anne under the domination of favorites, but Dr. Biddle's documents do not support the legend. Harley and Bolingbroke found the Queen quite unmanipulable. The policies of Great Britain in Queen Anne's reign were Queen Anne's policies, and Pope's jesting "great Anna! whom three realms obey" turns out to be no joke.

'AIL FACTS AND FEATS, by John Marshall (Two Continents). A very English flutist and woodworker recalls the thousands of questions that laymen ask about railways ("What is the fastest train?" and the like) and that devotees ask ("What is a 'petticoat' blast-pipe?"), and answers them all, to the accompaniment of a continuous stream of handsome, diverting, and often wistful photographic illustrations. A low-key, unself-conscious charmer of a book, and a unique one.

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